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JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

AT my first commencement as a student at Fordham in 1879 the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon Dr. John Gilmary Shea. I can just remember the small, not very striking looking man with rather delicate, refined features, but a fine intellectual head who responded to the name of John Gilmary Shea and received his degree from the hands of Cardinal McCloskey. Later when I was teaching at Fordham in the early nineties I met him several times there and learned to appreciate something of the scholarship of the man, though I must confess that I had no proper realization of the work that he had done for the Church in America and how much it would mean for succeeding generations. He did not talk of many things, but on subjects with regard to which he was willing to express an opinion he displayed abundant information and thorough consideration of all points of view. The amount of information that he possessed on certain subjects, especially the early history of the country in all that concerns our relations to the Indians and the development of religion, was literally encyclopedic. None of the rising generation, however, really appreciated all that his work meant. I fear that we were inclined to think of him as just an impractical student, who delighted in old dusty volumes and unpublished documents and who had little touch with or ambition for the ordinary affairs of life. So the scholar will always be considered by his younger contemporaries, I suppose, and only the after generations will sometimes reward his diligent

study and research by the admiration and remembrance of the students who benefit by his labors.

We in this country have been much more deeply interested in the development of our natural resources and in the material progress of the country than in the phases of the intellectual life, and above all in the gathering of historical material that might be of use to subsequent generations. In all departments scattering rather than accumulation has been the watchword. Conservation is a comparatively new idea. In spite of our occupation with material things, however, there have always been some men whose intellectual tastes, instincts we might almost call them, have tempted them to turn aside from personal gain to perform tasks for which there was very little reward and often little appreciation at the time, though their work was to be very precious for succeeding generations. Most of the men of their own time could scarcely understand the tastes that ruled them and the incentives that urged them. Many were frankly inclined to think that their careers represented a certain lack of power of adaptation to ordinary life and a visionary regard for things intellectual. Their reward was to come in the after-time.

Such a man was John Gilmary Shea, who in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when all the world was intent on making money, utterly regardless of that, set himself the task of gathering materials for our Catholic history here in America and accomplished the task with fine success. Kipling once said, "Watch the man whom money does not tempt and see how far he will go."

John Gilmary Shea was born in New York city on July 22, 1824. His father, James Shea, had come to this country in 1814, impatient as many another young Irishman of that period with the bitterness of life for Catholics under the English penal laws of the time and the crushing of all opportunity for the Irish under the English rule. After many vicissitudes he succeeded in making his way in this country. James Shea had somehow secured much more of education than usually fell to the lot of the young Irishman of the time, and this proved a help to him. The biographer who told the story of his life in the *Church News* (Washington, D. C.) for March 31, 1889, has described what happened just after James Shea's landing in America:

"It was the year the great French captain met the allied forces on the bloody field of Waterloo that a captain of a sailing vessel from Ireland, having treated his passengers so badly, that, fearing to take them to New York, he ran his ship up the Shrewsbury River and landed them in New Jersey. Among the passengers was a young Irishman by the name of James Shea, who, having a liberal

education and being provided with means and letters of credit by his father, who, in spite of the penal laws, had succeeded in keeping some little property, came out to the United States to enter one of the professions.

"As James Shea walked up the country road that bright May morning he saw a farmer plowing in his field and stopped to talk with him. The dinner horn sounding, the farmer, who was no other than General Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame, asked him to dine with him. At the table was another guest, a Protestant minister, who at once began to attack the Catholic religion, but Mr. Shea answered him in defense of his faith with so much ready wit that he soon got the better of his adversary, and so pleased the old General that he engaged him as tutor for his sons and nephew.

"After remaining with General Schuyler for several years, Mr. Shea, having lost by a financial failure the means he brought with him as well as whatever he had acquired in America, opened a school in New York. About 1829 he transported his pupils to Columbia College Grammar School and became one of its principals."

In 1820 Mr. James Shea married a descendant of Nicholas Upsall, who came over with Governor John Winthrop in 1630 and settled in Boston. Upsall will be remembered as a character in one of Longfellow's New England tragedies. The bitter intolerance of the Puritans with whom he lived could not bring Nicholas Upsall into any such frame of mind as to let their inhuman laws regulate and above all repress his feelings of Christian charity. There were some starving Quakers in the colony, and over and over again in spite of repeated legal prosecution he provided them with food. He was fined a number of times and finally imprisoned for life. This was his ancestry on his mother's side, and John Gilmary Shea then, was fortunate in his genealogy on both sides of the house.

As a boy Shea was tutored by his father, a really good scholar, in the old-fashioned solid way. Later quite naturally he entered the Columbia Grammar School, in which his father was one of the most important members of the faculty, and here laid the foundation of a thorough education. After graduation from the grammar school he resolved rather to take up a business life than to devote himself to any of the scholarly or professional careers. Like many another, his youthful, immature selection of a vocation was to give way to his deeper instincts for the intellectual life almost in spite of him.

When young Shea resolved to take up a commercial career he found employment in a Spanish trading house, where he soon obtained an excellent knowledge of the Spanish language. His

bent as an historian showed itself very soon, and he was only a little over fourteen when his first historical article, an account of the heroic services of the soldier-Cardinal, Gil Alvarez Carrillo de Albornet, to his country and his Church made its appearance in a Catholic magazine for young folks then in its infancy. This article attracted the attention of Bishop Hughes, who was at the time acting as editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and he commended the young author's work in an editorial note.

After a time, coming to the realization that a mercantile career would never satisfy him, young Shea took up the study of law, and in 1846, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to the bar in New York. He was not satisfied with the practice of the law, however, and two years later he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, then established at St. John's College, Fordham. The Jesuits gave him a taste for the languages and literature and for serious study in all branches, but he was very delicate in health, and after some six years it seemed better that he should withdraw from the order. He went back to the practice of law in New York then, disappointed at the failure of his religious vocation and yet with his intellect stored with the special knowledge obtained in his period of religious life and the invaluable spiritual experience gleaned from the busy years of association with the Jesuits. He was particularly fortunate in having been under the influence and enjoyed the intimacy of Father Martin, S. J., a man of broad philosophic, literary and historical sympathies, deeply cultured and an unfailing inspiration to others.

To the ordinary observer it would seem that John Shea's life was not likely to mean much, since apparently he did not know how to settle down to one thing long enough to accomplish any definite purpose in it. He had been a merchant's clerk, a lawyer, a Jesuit and now again a lawyer, before he was thirty. A little consideration, however, will show that every one of these occupations was to be of great value for his future life work as an historian. His thorough knowledge of Spanish gained, or at least well begun in his commercial experience, was to be a precious possession, because the history of Catholicity in America is so largely to be found among the Spanish peoples and in the Spanish tongue. His law studies and practice were to be of value in his historical researches in enabling him to understand the legal documents better and to appreciate the place which law occupies in history. His years with the Jesuits gave him training of mind, completed his knowledge of Latin, perfected his French, for St. John's College, Fordham, was at that time in the Province of New York and Canada, and most of his professors and nearly all of his

associates were French, and all the members of the order were required to know French very well; in a word, without planning it at all, he had in many ways secured the best possible training for his future career as an historian. The discussion of theories of evolution, and above all the exaggeration of the place of natural selection as a factor in evolution, have taken us away somewhat from the idea of the rôle played by Providence in the world, but a little detailed study of the life of almost any individual who accomplished anything worth while brings it back very emphatically.

How much his years of religious life had affected him and how deep and simple was his devotion to his religion all during his life may be best appreciated from his middle name, Gilmary, which he adopted as a sign of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The name is an English adaptation from the Irish expression which means servant of Mary. He was very slight of build, with a rather high voice, and his playmates had nicknamed him Mary. He accepted the designation and was proud to wear it in this modified form all his life—indeed, being known by it rather than the name John, which was much less used.

On his return to New York city after his years with the Jesuits, where his natural love of books had been fostered, the New York Historical Society's library quite naturally attracted the attention of the young scholar, unsuspecting as yet that he was to be the future historian. Its fine collection of historical documents offered opportunities for the study and the employment of his leisure hours that were gladly taken. It was inevitable under the circumstances that John Gilmary Shea should write, for he was no mere accumulator of knowledge for knowledge's sake, and a series of articles soon appeared in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, published in Baltimore. Among its contributors on the theme of history at this time were such well-known Catholic scholars and writers as Right Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville; Rev. Dr. Charles I. White, Rev. Constantine Pise and others.

Shea was fortunate in the direction to which his work was applied in his early years, for it made a magnificent foundation for the serious studies of his later life. His first noteworthy publication, issued in 1851, when he was twenty-seven years of age, was the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi, with the Original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin and Anastase Douay." It was dedicated to Jared Sparks, president of Harvard University, as a mark of the personal regard of the author and a recognition of the encouragement he had given the young writer. This attracted wide attention and was praised by both the *Westminster Review* and the *London Athenæum* for its scholarly char-

acter and interesting contents. In 1854 he published a "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854." The amount of labor and research required for this can scarcely be estimated, but it formed an excellent preparation for the "Library of American Linguistics," which was to appear in the next decade. His work on the Mississippi led him to realize the value of many of the old publications with regard to the voyages of early explorers in America, and so he began in 1857 the "Cramoisy¹ Series" of reprints, which eventually numbered twenty-six volumes, and in which were published many rare and valuable geographical and biographical pamphlets and personal narratives of great human interest telling of travels in this country.

This series, printed by Munsell in Albany, were practically all edited by Shea. Most of the little volumes consist of the so-called relations of the early missionaries. They are letters to their superiors in France, in which some usually rather detailed account of their missionary work among the Indians in America is given. Most of these works are spoken of as Jesuit Relations, though sometimes the accounts were written by missionaries other than Jesuits. There was, of course, a very limited sale for these books, and their preparation must have involved considerable trouble, but they have proved almost invaluable to historians since. Oftentimes there was only a single copy in manuscript in existence, and this was hard to reach and might have disappeared in some of the many vicissitudes that such perishable articles are liable to. Shea did much to call attention to the value of these letters as sources of history.

For the Church the story of the hardships of these pioneer priests is most precious. Those of the household of the faith know her power to inspire to self-sacrifice, but the glorious record of these martyrs among the Indians comes home to us with special force, because their blood was shed on our own soil and under circumstances where everything round about was discouraging, and only supreme faith kept these noble-hearted men up to their lofty mission of winning souls to Christ. In this respect John Gilmary Shea's work represents a glorious chapter in the history of humanity.

Shea's studies in the Indian missions proved particularly valuable as a training in the use of original documents in history. Only those who have tried to arrange such scattered documents as were available for its history can appreciate the difficulty. On the other hand, it is only the working through such difficulties that trains a man properly for the larger view in history and for that devotion

¹ So called in honor of Cramoisy, printer to the French King in the early seventeenth century.

to original documents that are so important for historical studies that are to be of lasting import. A man trained in the use of secondary and printed materials in historical writing only would have failed completely in the great work that crowned Gilmary Shea's latter years, his "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." This was particularly true for all of that history that related to the early years, for it would have been quite impossible to write it with any fidelity to truth without patient examination, transcription, collation and translation of scattered originals.

After having written his story of the missions, Shea took out of the book a series of the most interesting incidents to publish them in a separate volume, called "Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness; or, Narratives of Shipwreck and Indian Captivity Gleaned From Early Missionary Annals." The book was issued in Boston by Patrick Donahoe and bears no date on the title page, but has at the end of the preface the legend, "New York, Anniversary of the Death of Father Jogues, 1856." This little volume contains the most stirring incidents from the lives of Fathers Lallemont and Jogues, Ren  Goupil, Fathers Br beuf and Daniel and Father Emmanuel Crespell. Any one who knows something of the lives of these men—above all, any one who has read Father Campbell's stirring sketches of them in "Pioneer Priests of North America"—likely to realize that no set of adventures by land or sea was ever more soul-stirring than could be found in the travels of these men.

It was this that Shea made into a popular work, and it had a very wide scale. I remember it very well, because it was one of the scant dozen of books that we had at home when I was a boy. I know nothing that I would rather put into the hands of young people than this series of adventures, with all its appeal to the boyish love of adventure and distant travel and his need to have heroes for whom danger means nothing and the dread of death is absolutely lacking.

While Gilmary Shea had a genius for research and patient investigation, and above all that quiet persistence which means so much in the study of documents, it would be a mistake to think that he was not able to write popular history. I have recently been going over his "Child's History of the United States," which was issued by the old firm of McMenamy, Hess & Co. in 1872. It was in three volumes, bound in the heavy moulded leather familiar in the gift book binding of the time, and with many illustrations. Nothing that I know that has been issued in recent years surpasses it in charm, simplicity and completeness. The opening chapters on Columbus' discovery of America and the early days of the colonies are particularly well done. I believe there was a subsequent

reissue, though the work is now out of print, but I cannot help thinking that it is a misfortune that this work is not now available for the children and the grown folk of our time. I know nothing so complete, so sympathetic and so attractive as that old history. Probably now the large volumes would have to be cut down somewhat—in form, not historical matter—and the heavy leather binding simplified, but surely it would find many readers. Nearly every page of it has something that nullifies prejudice or modifies false impressions with regard to the Church and to Catholics generally. Certainly our libraries would be very much benefited by having a set of these books.

Another work in popular history which brought Shea popular reputation and probably much more money than most of his time-taking serious history is the interesting subscription series called "The American Nation," edited and mostly written by him. This consisted of sketches of the lives of the men who had reached distinction in the Civil War. The work was issued in numbers, a popular mode of publication at that time, each number having several lives and steel plate portraits of the subjects. Among the contributors were George William Curtis and Daniel McCook, and the first life was that of Elmer Ellsworth, who as one of the first officers to fall in the Civil War, came to be looked upon as a martyr. A Confederate flag was flying above a hotel in Baltimore and Ellsworth went up, tore it down and was shot by the proprietor on the way downstairs. The death caused a great sensation through the country and made him a popular subject of interest. Many of these lives were gathered into a volume subsequently under the title "The Fallen Brave."

"Shea's Bibliography of Catholic Bibles in America" is a very interesting little volume. As he says himself, the Catholic Church does not encourage frequent reading of the Bible, as if that were the only rule of faith, or as if edification must necessarily be derived from it. It rather discourages the notion of promiscuous Bible reading, and especially for those who are not properly trained to read appreciatively and understandingly unless under proper direction. The fact, however, that in every country Catholic editions of the Bible are and have always been published in the vernacular just as soon as the Church gains a firm foothold, shows that not only is there no opposition to the Scriptures as such, but that the definite purpose is to give ready opportunity, so that scholars and others for whom they may be useful may have ready access to the Scriptures. The first edition of the Catholic Bible issued in this country was published by Matthew Carey just after the Revolution. Before that there could have been no assurance of profit for the

publisher. It is said that both Washington and Lafayette contributed somewhat to make the business of this first Catholic publisher a success.

It is curiously interesting to realize that the two most important works on the bibliography of the Bible—one on the general bibliography of the sacred writings, the other on the American editions of them—should have been written by Catholics. In my sketch on the life of Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan I called attention to his magnificent contribution to this subject of editions of the Bible, which is considered thoroughly authoritative. These two publications, when taken in connection with impressions still so prevalent of supposed Catholic opposition to the reading of the Scriptures, ought of themselves to carry great weight for those who care to know the realities of the question. The fact of the matter is that editions of the Bible were issued in Germany in German long before Luther's time, and his supposed finding of a copy of the Scriptures for the first time when he was a grown man is simply absurd. Shea has emphasized the truth of this subject even for America.

In Sabin's dictionary of works relating to American history Shea occupies several pages, with some hundred titles. It is only through such a list that one is able to understand somewhat the immense amount of labor that Gilmary Shea accomplished. Only specialists engaged in the same work can really appreciate it. Historical societies throughout the country, experts in early American history, American bibliophiles, these were the men who properly appreciated Shea's work, and he received many well-deserved tributes. He was made a member of many State historical societies, and the reward of his life came in such recognition.

Georgetown's award of a gold medal, with the publicity that came with it, was a fine tribute that touched Gilmary Shea very deeply and made him feel that, in spite of the neglect of the generality of Catholics his work was not to be without proper appreciation.

A very interesting contribution to the history of Catholicity in New York is Shea's "Catholic Churches of New York City," with sketches of their present pastors; an introduction to the early history of Catholicity in the island and lives of the Archbishops and Bishops, which was published in 1878. It was one of these large subscription books, popular at that time and during the preceding generation or two, with portraits of the pastors and photographs of the churches and containing at the end of each chapter a roll of honor of the parishioners. It is a little bit hard to determine just how this roll of honor was made up. Probably it represents the list of names handed in by pastors of parishioners who had been

faithful in their support of the Church, but there is just a suspicion that it may represent particularly those who subscribed to this volume. In spite of this feature of the work, which ordinarily would stamp it as hopelessly superficial and merely money-making, Shea's association was sufficient to lift it out of that class of books, and it contains some very valuable authentic information which any writer on Catholicity in New York will find it of value to consult with regard to any phase of our history, for New York at least.

Besides these larger works, which are usually well known and may readily be obtained in many libraries, Shea published a series of historical pamphlets on special subjects that are extremely interesting and eminently valuable for the teacher of history, but also for any one who wishes to have definite knowledge with regard to these particular subjects. They are especially significant for Catholics, because they represent the Catholic point of view on certain important subjects. They illustrate Shea's methods of historical study very well and show at once how interestingly he could write, while at the same time founding his history on documents. Because they are less known, I have thought that they deserve special mention here, with a brief abstract of their contents, since it would be difficult for the ordinary reader to get at them.

Most of these pamphlets, which are very important for American history, and especially the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, appeared in the historical magazines, especially the *United States Historical Magazine*, and are now not readily available except in special libraries. Certain of these are of sufficient importance to deserve that their contents should be generally known, and consequently I venture to dwell on them at some length. While Shea's reputation depends on his longer works, there is scarcely one of these pamphlets or shorter articles that does not bear the stamp of devotion to truth and his insistence on getting into original documents to settle mooted questions in history. Most of these pamphlets deal with subjects particularly interesting to Catholics and that Shea's faith caused him to devote the time and trouble to make them clear. I have to thank the magnificent library of the New York Historical Society and its librarian for the opportunity to see them.

Probably the most important of Shea's contributions to American Catholic history was made by the publication of the address of Catholics to Washington during the American Revolution and his reply to them. This shows very clearly how thoroughly the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army appreciated the subject at its proper weight and deprecated the prejudices which would hurt

the feelings of Catholics and make it doubly difficult for them to go on with their patriotic endeavors for the country. Copies of this letter of Washington are now to be found in all the important libraries, and they represent the definite evidence of the temper of mind of the father of our country towards his Catholic officers and soldiers. Shea insisted in his popular histories, especially in his "Child's History of the United States," on how ready Catholics had always been to make sacrifices for their country and furnished abundant evidence of how much Catholics did to bring about the establishment of our government and secure not only political, but religious liberty for this country. With such documents on record, the attitude of mind still occupied by many even supposedly educated persons becomes absurd, and Shea's researches have done much to bring this out.

There are many problems of history that Shea was able to solve the solution of which was becoming increasingly difficult as time went on, and the full discussion of which by him was of great value for subsequent history. His very full discussion of the question, "Why is Canada not a part of the United States?" is especially noteworthy in this regard. The blame for the failure of Canada to join with the other British colonies in resistance to the mother country needed to be placed definitely, and that Gilmary Shea succeeded in doing. His story of the celebration of "Pope Day" in America and of Washington's rebuke of those who in the army would have insisted on carrying out the customs of the time before the Revolution, in spite of the fact that so many of the soldiers of the Revolutionary army were Catholics, who would have been properly insulted by such unseemly display as was made, is of itself a most interesting chapter in American history. In general, Shea's study of the Washington documents made him an authority on Washingtoniana, and, above all, enabled him to bring out very clearly how genuinely broad and liberal-minded in all matters of religious toleration and racial prejudice the father of his country was.

Shea indicts John Jay for the loss of Canada, not only because of his bitter intolerance and his frequent expression of it before and during the negotiations undertaken with Canada shortly after the beginning of the Revolution, but also because of the part he played in the peace negotiations at the end of the Revolution. Franklin was intent on insisting that Canada should be ceded to the colonies as a part of our final settlement with Great Britain, but John Jay secretly and on his own responsibility, assuming plenipotentiary powers, concluded the negotiations leaving Canada out. He feared the influence of the French Catholic Canadians, and, above all, he was determined that the colonies should have as little as possible to do with Catholics. Considering all that

Catholics had done for this country before the Revolution and how bravely Catholic soldiers had fought for American liberty during that struggle, this frame of mind shows clearly the narrow prejudices of the man. John Gilmary Shea has brought this out very emphatically, and the well-deserved stigma thus placed on the character of John Jay will endure. It may well be recalled as a lesson to others who even more than a century later have not given up this same unreasoning bitterness in all that concerns the Church.

Shea's article on Pope Day, November 5,² as celebrated by the Puritans is an interesting and important contribution to the history of religious intolerance in this country. November 5 used to be celebrated in England as Guy Fawkes Day. The Puritans could not, however, with any good grace celebrate the saving of King James I. from the real or supposed Gunpowder Plot—for Father Gerard's work has thrown serious doubts on the reality of the plot—since their forefathers had themselves put James' son, Charles I., to death. Accordingly they modified, as Mr. Shea traces, Guy Fawkes Day into Pope Day, and instead of an effigy of the notorious arch-conspirator carried through the streets, to be burned eventually, they made for their procession an effigy of the Pope. In Boston there used to be two parties, one from the north end, the other from the south end of the city, with rival celebrations, and they often met in bitter quarrel before the end of the day. The celebration disappeared during the Revolution as a consequence of the ill will that would surely be aroused by it in the minds of the French Catholic allies. Washington was particularly emphatic in pointing out that any such celebration was senseless and could only inflict pain and arouse the bitter feelings of the Catholic soldiers who were fighting so bravely shoulder to shoulder with Protestants in the cause of the Revolution.

Gilmary Shea has told very sympathetically the story of Beaujeu, the French commander at Fort Duquesne, who with but 1,500 men went out so bravely to meet Braddock's 4,000, and who succeeded in inflicting such a grievous defeat on him. The young commander lost his life, his forehead pierced by a musket ball, while bravely fighting in the forefront of the battle. Because our history has been written, so far as that period is concerned, almost entirely from the standpoint of the English and because our attention has been centred on Braddock's utter foolishness and Washington's successful effort in saving at least the remnants of the British force,

² It was in the celebration of Pope's day that firecrackers were used, the reason for them being the traditional connection with the gunpowder plot, and after the suppression of this celebration they were transferred to the Fourth of July.

Beaujeu has been neglected. Mr. Shea has rescued him, however, and the story of his life and of his sad fate constitute a precious little monograph that deserves to be better known than it is, and that at least provides a good store of material for those interested in the times before the colonies became the United States.

A type of the sort of work which John Gilmary Shea did to perfection and that when completed reveals all the labor that was involved in its preparation only to the writer who has tried to do something of the same sort himself is his essay on the "Bibliography of the Councils, Synods and Statutes of the Catholic Church of the United States" (New York, 1890.) To make such a bibliography complete required the most patient investigation and research and the collection of scattered documents of all kinds that could only be obtained after much travel and correspondence and much delay on the part of those appealed to in the matter who lacked the vital interest to be of prompt, efficient help. Once prepared, however, such an essay is almost invaluable for succeeding generations, and particularly for those who want to be sure of data. Done in this way, it is an *opus perfectum* accomplished once for all time and requiring but little care and diligence to keep it up to date.

One of the most interesting of Shea's short pamphlets is that on the question of where the bones of Columbus rest at the present time. When San Domingo passed from under Spanish rule the Spanish were unwilling to leave the bones of Columbus, which had been placed in the Cathedral there, in foreign territory. Accordingly, the leaden casket, or perhaps better said, a leaden casket supposed to contain the bones of the discoverer of America, were transported to Havana. In 1877, however, a similar leaden casket was found in San Domingo with an inscription that seemed to indicate that it contained the bones of Columbus. San Domingo then set up the claim that it was the remains of another member of the Columbus family which had been transferred to Havana, and proceeded to honor the Great Admiral's remains by fitting inscriptions. Immediately there was great argument over the question. Finally Mr. Shea took it up, traced the whole story of the wanderings of the remains of Columbus and came inevitably to the conclusion that they are still in San Domingo. It had been declared by the Spaniards that the leaden box found in 1877 was a modern forgery, mainly because Columbus is described in the inscription on it as the discoverer of *America*, and that term was not used in Spain in Columbus' time, but instead the Western Continent was always called the Indies. Dr. Shea points out some examples, however, of the Spanish use of the word *America* at the time when this box, if genuine, was made. Besides, the Admiral's first name is spelled

Cristoval without an *h*, though Christoval was the ordinary spelling of the time. Here once more Dr. Shea is able to show that in the Columbus family the use of the spelling of this name without an *h* was not without precedent.

For one who wishes to see briefly and easily the character of Dr. Shea's work in history, the reading of this article on the location of Columbus' bones might well be recommended. It appeared in the *United States Historical Magazine* for 1883. It is thorough, founded on authentic documents, has illustrations of all the important objects spoken of, copies of the inscriptions that are questioned and quotations from all those who have written on the subject before. It is humanly interesting, extremely simple, with no striving after effect, and sincerely historical. As it sums up the vicissitudes of Spanish history to some extent and recalls the trials the Great Admiral had to go through, it is worth the while reading for its own sake.

Among the honors that came to Shea toward the end of his life one that was very deeply appreciated was that creating him a Spanish Academician. It was conferred upon him because of his essay on "Where Are the Bones of Columbus?" In that he calls attention to the neglect on the part of the Spanish Government of the remains of the man to whom Spain owed so much of her greatness in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and who gave the New World to Europe. This is the sort of essay that might scarcely have been expected to meet with much favor in Spanish circles, but the research required for it was so thorough, the statement of the case so complete, that the Spanish Academy felt called upon to honor it. Mr. Shea was, I believe, the only one on whom the honor of membership in the Spanish Academy was ever conferred in America, for only very rarely have foreigners been invited to share the honor.

Shea's *magnum opus* is, of course, his "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," issued in four volumes, 1886 to 1892. This involved an immense amount of labor, and he had to unearth the sources of a good deal of the history. His training in Spanish and French, his excellent knowledge of Latin, his familiarity with the Indians and with Indian customs, besides his studies in the lives of the Indian missionaries, all these had prepared him well for his great work. His work as the editor of the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, which he had himself founded, had been excellent training, and the result was a history that has attracted the attention of historians everywhere, and is acknowledged as authoritative. No library of any importance is considered complete without it, and it is consulted with confidence on subjects relating

to the history of the Church that historians of all kinds and creeds want to treat. It is a monumental work that one learns to appreciate more and more the more one knows it. It is probable that when many histories written during the nineteenth century by Americans and supposed to represent distinct contributions to history would have been forgotten or relegated to library shelves where consultation is infrequent, Shea's "History of the Catholic Church" will continue to occupy a prominent place in the mind of historical investigators and in our important libraries.

The story of the finishing of his great history with death staring him in the face, knowing that it would come within twenty-four hours, is itself an interesting passage of Catholic history. The day before his death there was a consultation of physicians, at which it was decided that Mr. Shea could not live very long and that probably death would come in the next twenty-four hours. His dear friend, Rev. Father Carroll, was asked to break that news to him, and Shea received it with unruffled composure, and said he was ready to make his peace with God and receive the last sacraments. Father Carroll went away then to get the Viaticum for him, promising that he would return after a couple of hours. In the meantime, as Father Carroll learned afterwards, Mr. Shea insisted on getting up from his bed, and having his manuscripts brought to him, proceeded to finish the last chapter of his "History of the Catholic Church in America." With that accomplished, he was free in mind and ready to devote himself entirely to that immediate preparation for another world which he felt was so important. After the reception of the last sacraments he composed himself quietly for death, resigned entirely to the idea of it and consoled by the thought that he had been allowed to accomplish a work which he had every reason to hope would mean much for the Church to which so much of the labors of a long lifetime had been devoted.

It is a most striking feature of American history that in times of need great men have been raised up to accomplish great purposes for the country. The group of men who counted for most in the Revolution is particularly striking in this regard, for the conditions of the country might scarcely have been expected to foster them. The men who during the early developmental days of the Catholic Church in America represent some of the magnificent examples of men of wonderful initiative and energy with power to accomplish things in the face of difficulties. Bishop Carroll, Bishop England, the Kenricks, the Spaldings and Archbishop Hughes were men manifestly raised up for the accomplishment of great purpose. How sadly they were needed only those who know the conditions of the

first half of the nineteenth century can properly appreciate. It is the story of these men that John Gilmary Shea has properly arranged and correlated as an example and a stimulus for the modern time, and his own work is another instance of the providential factor in the Church's history. He came just when a historian was needed, or many of our precious records would have been lost, and his thoroughness and his devotion to his task, his carelessness of personal gain and his single-hearted labor in the great cause that he had undertaken of illustrating Catholic history made his work the valuable landmark that it has been in the story of the American Church.

Dr. Shea himself was always an extremely modest man who kept much to himself. In the old days he might often be found in Grant's old book store downtown, the very picture of the old antiquary and bibliophile represented in the popular picture, standing on a ladder before his bookshelves, with a book under each arm, one between his knees and another in his hands that he is reading. There were alcoves in the old downtown store. Such conveniences for consultation of books before buying have passed with the march of progress—who would want them now? Back in one of these Dr. Shea would be discovered deep in the old and dusty volumes of whom no one knew better the values than he. With all this he could be light-hearted enough on occasion and always had a fine sense of humor. Mr. Robert H. Kelby, the librarian of the New York Historical Society, once told me of having said to Dr. Shea, whom he knew to be the editor of the Frank Leslie publications: "But who writes the joke columns of the Frank Leslie's?" Without a word, Shea simply pointed to himself and went on to talk about something else.

During the last three years of his life Dr. Shea was the editor of the *Catholic News*, in New York, and succeeded in giving that paper a distinction that it had not enjoyed before. It seems almost too bad, however, that with all his power of accomplishment for greater things that he could not have had more leisure, but must for the sake of earning a living devote himself to routine work that might well have been done by some one else. No one ever heard Shea himself complain of the matter, or at most only in passing. Life was to be lived, work was to be done, duty was to be fulfilled and a man was bound to accomplish all that he could.

Many people fail entirely to be able to understand how a man can give himself to such work as that of Shea and keep at it so faithfully. Undoubtedly the historical writer, like the poet and the artist and the teacher, is born and not made. Some one has said recently, modifying the old saw, that the poet is born, not paid.

This, too, is true for the historical writer, at least for the historian who consults original documents. The writer of secondary history who popularizes what has been found and puts it in shape to be palatable to the many often makes money. He is usually much better known in his own generation than the searcher of originals. The debt of the race to him is much less, and in the aftertime that comes to be recognized.

It is not for fame, however, that such a man as Shea works among the dry-as-dust, crabbed, old hand-written documents that provide him his material. It is the special inspiration of his vocation and the love of truth for his own sake and the purpose of nature working itself out in him. Not that his work is inevitable, for many a man who has the inspiration resists it at the beginning and fails to acquire that habitual state of mind and satisfaction in work that comes from an endless task, some portion of which can be completed each day. The men who do such tasks are eminently the happy ones among humanity. It is literally true that "blessed is the man who has found his work," and only those who find their work get any real happiness in life.

It must not be thought, however, that the satisfaction of the occupation repays completely or keeps the worker always in that exalted state of mind where work is needed. Sometimes when appreciation comes from some one whose opinion is well worth while there is a satisfaction almost unequaled in life. The long years of toil, however, of many hours and days of disappointment and discouragement, especially when those who ought to recognize the value of the work for the great cause in which they are engaged, fail to appreciate it, or when incapable critics carp and chance reviewers utter superficial criticism. There are times when only in the consciousness of how much the work will mean for the future for a great cause and the feeling that the consultation of original documents well done is an accomplishment that need never be repeated, and that therefore represents enduring work, that keeps the writer to his task and the searcher to his researches, until finally the complete work is used from his pen. Doubtless few men have been happier than John Gilmary Shea looked at from this standpoint, and yet he lacked most of the things that men are striving for so strenuously in our hasty, fussy, thoughtless time.

While Shea's occupation with missions, early Indian days and the dry-as-dust details of old history might stamp him as probably an old foggy lacking interest in present-day concerns and perhaps deficient in a sense of humor, any one who knew him personally would tell just the opposite. The comparatively scanty appreciation of contemporaries and the lack of pecuniary reward neither damp-

ened his ardor for historical research nor darkened his spirit. He was one of the most cheerful of men, always had a smile and a joke and could joke about nearly everything. Even when things did not go so well in life and when illness and serious obligations were upon him, he could still be joyous and hearty and had his joke for every one. His letters nearly always, when they occupy more than a page, have a flash of humor somewhere in them. He sends a book to a friend, and when that friend returns a postal order for it, he suggests in the next letter that much reading must have made his friend mad, for surely nothing else would cause him to think that a postal order would be accepted for the book sent in token of friendship and of gratitude for coöperation. He jokes about his own forgetfulness, about the necessity for reminding him and about phases of his work. He writes to Wilberforce Eames for a certain edition of the Bible, understanding that it contains a complete list of subscribers, and then, after seeing it, corrects his first impression by saying that it is completely absent.

Gilmary Shea's work meant much for this country and for the Church to which he was so devotedly attached. For the country the searching out and the arranging of the sources of our early history showed how much had been accomplished by the Catholic missionaries and how much more might have been done only for unfortunate circumstances. Devoted men who labored among the Indians would have succeeded in bringing civilization and peace and happiness to the natives only that so many selfish agencies were at work exploiting the savages and caring only for opportunities to make money out of them, to secure possession of their land, to inoculate them with the vices of civilization, so that they might more readily be taken advantage of. The heroic lives of those early missionaries are a stimulus and an example for life at all time, and only for Gilmary Shea's patient researches, often under most discouraging circumstances, it would have been impossible a little later to secure anything like the details that he succeeded in bringing together. To have lost this important chapter in the history of the development of this country would have been to have missed some of the most inspiring pages in the history of the race. We cannot afford to lose any of the heroic lives and deeds of humanity, for man always needs inspiration, stimulus and example for the bringing out of what is best in him.

John Gilmary Shea is one of the worthy products of our American Catholic education. His life and work were a boon to the whole country. He was in a particularly striking way one of Fordham's contributions to the intellectual life of New York city. His training for six years there had given him a thoroughness and breadth of

view and a grasp of subjects that counted for much in his work as a historian. Without the excellent knowledge of Latin and of French, with the perfecting of his knowledge of Spanish thus acquired, his historical research work would have been impossible. Without the patient habit of industry and faithful employment of even short intervals of time which his training with the Jesuits had given him he would never have been able to accomplish all that he did, compelled as he was to earn his living apart from his work as an historian. As it was, his avocation proved of great value to his countrymen and especially to his fellow-Catholics. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was mainly what most men would call their leisure hours in which John Gilmary Shea did the life work that was to count for so much. Only the training in that devotion to a cause that came with his years at Fordham enabled him to carry out the work that was thus accomplished.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY

TOWARDS the end of last year the world was astonished to read in the daily papers that the Imperial Parliament of Germany had been disturbed by scenes of disorder and angry polemics over the attitude of the Empire towards the Jesuits. So serious did the situation seem to be that men began to talk, some with complacency and some with alarm, of the possibility of another Kulturkampf throughout the German States. After a few days the whole alarm fizzled out, prophecies were no longer indulged in and curious readers searched their papers in vain for even a passing reference to the German crisis.

For the truth was that the talk of a Kulturkampf was absolute nonsense. The question which gave rise to the somewhat heated discussions in Parliament was one which could never have assumed the dimensions that newspaper editors attempted to give it. The Jesuits, it seems, have never been officially emancipated from the law passed against them just thirty-one years ago. But, as frequently happens in such cases, the law had become a dead letter. The Jesuits were living and were thriving all over the German Empire, and the general of the order at the present time is a German. Some Catholics, however, were not quite satisfied with this state of things. They wanted to have the Jesuits among them *de jure* as well as *de facto*. The attempt to have this done brought

an outburst of bigotry from the Protestant section of the Parliament and led to some stormy scenes within the precincts of the Assembly. Most Catholics will admit that the emancipation of the Jesuits was but an act of justice, for, when the Catholic Church is officially recognized in a country, it seems unfair to exclude a body of men who, however much their particular rules may differ from others, are nevertheless approved of by the Church in just the same way as other religious bodies. To exclude them would therefore, we think, be an act of injustice to the Jesuits themselves and to the Church as well, but even the perpetration of this act of injustice would by no means justify the fears—or the hopes—of those who were anticipating a Kulturkampf. Most people were therefore entirely in agreement with the words of the German Premier when he said that those who made use of the expression in connection with the present struggle showed themselves to be only very imperfectly acquainted with the nature and importance of the Kulturkampf. To minimize the injustice of excluding the Jesuits would be, of course, very wrong, but to exaggerate it is quite as bad. And referring to the question as a renewal of the Kulturkampf is certainly a very big exaggeration in the eyes of those who are acquainted with the history of that long and arduous struggle.

Why precisely there ever was such a thing as a Kulturkampf in Germany is a thing that has puzzled many writers. But there can be little doubt as to the reason. The Kulturkampf arose not from any desire to overthrow religion, but simply because Bismarck, the maker and for many years the real ruler of United Germany, was unable to understand the necessity of one of the marks with which the true Church must be stamped, viz., that it should be Catholic. There is good reason to believe that Bismarck would never have objected to the Catholic Primate of Germany claiming all the privileges, within the limits of the German Empire, which the Pope claimed over the universal Church. What he did object to was that an outside prelate should dare to meddle with even the ecclesiastical affairs of German subjects, and an attempt to prevent this was the aim and object of the Kulturkampf. Bismarck failed, not because he was a bungler, but because he had attempted the impossible. But the history of his attempt, his partial victories and his final overthrow form one of the most interesting chapters in the modern history of the Catholic Church.

Up to the year 1870 the gigantic ability of Bismarck was entirely too much occupied to allow him leisure for dealing with the important question of Catholicism. Germany was being gradually built up amid opposition and difficulties such as few modern states-

men have had to contend with. But the work was heroically carried on and received its finishing touch from the great spirit of patriotism aroused throughout the length and breadth of Germany by the Franco-Prussian War. This war it was that united the Northern and Southern States of Germany, and when, at its conclusion, the Prussian King was crowned Emperor of United Germany at Versailles, Bismarck's mind was freed from any apprehensions of internal troubles, and he proceeded forthwith to deal with what he regarded as the dangers to Germany from without. And foremost among these was the power which the Bishop of Rome, an outside prelate, exercised over the spiritual affairs of twenty million German subjects.

Ever since the beginning of the war with France Bismarck had not hesitated to declare that the whole campaign against Germany was entered into at the instigation of the Vatican. How such an idea could have entered into his head is by no means easy to explain. If there was one man in Europe who by nature and by his position was opposed to warfare of any kind, it was Pope Pius IX. What lent credibility to Bismarck's theory, however, was the fact that the Empress Eugenie, who was a most devoted Catholic, was said to be strongly in favor of the war, and, of course, from this it was argued that the Pope was in favor of it also. It needed the lapse of time and calm consideration to convince men that Pius IX., though it was not his place to interfere between the two nations, was deeply grieved to see them at war, and, above all, had nothing whatsoever to do with the political opinions of the Empress Eugenie.

But the feeling which was stirred up against the Church and the Pope was nevertheless of the greatest assistance to Bismarck in the campaign which he now started. Without it he could never have achieved such success as he did in the beginning, and, strange to say, it was just the same factor that afterwards contributed to his downfall. For, after a while, the public began to get sick of the campaign, and, when that reaction set in, Bismarck's sun had set.

The Minister of Worship whom Bismarck called to his side in the anti-Roman campaign was Dr. Falk, a dogmatic, fearless, but not very able politician, whom the struggle against the Church has immortalized, for even in centuries to come students of history will still hear narrated what their ancestors in Germany suffered during the period in which the Falk Laws were enforced. That Bismarck entertained no very great opinion of him is evident from the fact that when he afterwards dropped the Kulturkampf he also dropped Dr. Falk. But that was not till they had fought many hard battles together. Falk was by nature a fighting man; conciliation and diplomacy were entirely foreign to him, so that, while

fighting was to be done, Bismarck kept him close by his side, but immediately that friendly negotiations were entered into, Dr. Falk was politely asked to go.

It would perhaps be regarded as extraordinary if we went on with our narrative without making some reference to the general attitude of the man whose opinion should have been of the highest importance in any question affecting the welfare of millions of German subjects. What the old Emperor William thought about the whole conflict no one can profess to say with certainty. He was an old-fashioned, bluff soldier, whom many people detested for his political narrow-mindedness, but whom every one admired for his honesty. To his credit it must be said that he was by no means a bigot. If there was one thing in the world he detested it was the idea of persecuting any one for following the dictates of conscience. For he was a man of an intensely religious nature, and in the domain of conscience he would never dare to meddle with the humblest of his subjects.

But Bismarck was far too clever to represent the Kulturkampf to him as a campaign against conscience. It was a national necessity, the only means of safeguarding the Empire. By the most roundabout of means Catholicism, and consequently Catholics, was represented to him as a political peril and a menace to his safety. Catholics, insinuated Bismarck, are bound hand and foot to the Vatican, the Vatican is the ally of France, France is the relentless enemy of you and of your Empire. As a result, the old Emperor was induced, though not without many misgivings, to let things go ahead as Bismarck wished. But he never appears to have been fully convinced, and when, later on, peace loomed on the horizon, he readily advanced half-way to meet the overtures of Pope Leo XIII.

Freed thus from the fear of France from without or of the Emperor's opposition from within, Bismarck entered upon the campaign against the Church. Had he not undertaken it, he could have boasted, like Cæsar, that he had never been finally beaten in any struggle. As it is, his reputation is rather like that of Napoleon; he accomplished great things, but his career ended in defeat.

In the meantime the Catholics were by no means backward in making preparations for the conflict which, they could easily foresee, was about to be waged against them. The joining of the Southern States to the national confederacy had greatly augmented their strength, and after that event the Centre, as the Catholic party in the Parliament was called, became a body to be very seriously reckoned with. The great figure which shines out on the Catholic side throughout the whole of the Kulturkampf is that of Ludwig

Windthorst, a man who, like O'Connell in Ireland, can hardly be regarded in any other light than one of those instruments of Providence which have at all times been supplied to the Church in her emergencies. In him Bismarck recognized the man who more than any other must be crushed. He had felt his power and his ability before the Kulturkampf, for it was mainly through Windthorst that a pet scheme of his had been defeated in 1868. In that year he had attempted a forced march on the Southern States, for, having summoned what is known as the Tarrif Parliament to settle some economic questions, he made a desperate effort to force the Assembly into recognizing the union of Northern and Southern Germany, with Prussia at its head and Austria excluded. But the pro-Austrian sentiment still found favor in the eyes of many, especially of the Catholics, so that the Chancellor's project met with very determined opposition, which ended in its defeat.

There was one religious movement in German life at this time which Bismarck considered would render him the greatest assistance in his campaign. This was the Old Catholic schism, which had just broken out after the Vatican Council and which was a system of religion quite conformable to the ideas of Bismarck. It was a distinctly national Church, and, with a little care, could easily have been brought into entire subjection to the State. He wrongly calculated that this sect would be accepted as a *via media* by the Catholic masses when he had made it clear that intercourse with Rome would not be tolerated. To any one who is acquainted with the dispositions of a practical Catholic the idea seems absurd. There is not a practical Catholic on the face of the earth who would not as soon become a Buddhist as an Old Catholic. But very few Protestants understand what Catholicism really means to a Catholic. Their idea is that, provided we are allowed to wear gaudy vestments, burn candles, sprinkle holy water and perform various other ceremonies of that kind, we are quite content and would never raise any question about such trifles as the authority of the Pope. Bismarck's mistake, therefore, was that he regarded Catholicism as mere outward show. And we must not judge him too harshly for it, for, as we go through life, we will find that there are very few Protestants who are not imbued with the same idea.

The spirit with which Bismarck entered into the Kulturkampf was exactly the spirit that tyrants have at all periods of history adopted. His first idea was to split the Catholic forces into hostile parties. No one knew better than he did the supreme value of the well-known axiom, "Divide et impera." And his first attempt to do this was indeed a bold stroke which, had it succeeded, would very probably have altered the whole history of German Catholicism

since 1870. For in the opening months of 1871 Bismarck made a tremendous effort to have the Catholic party in the Parliament censured by the Vatican. To accomplish this he managed to have them misrepresented at Rome as disloyal to the Emperor, hostile to the Empire and a source of danger to the lawful authorities. But Rome does not move very quickly and does not issue a condemnation until both sides of the question have been thoroughly sifted. An able and fearless defense of the party was speedily made by the illustrious Bishop Ketteler, and as a result Bismarck's plot came to grief. The answer finally given by the Vatican was that it did not think the circumstances justified any interference in German affairs—an answer with which Bismarck was highly dissatisfied.

Foiled in his attempt to set the Catholics at variance with the Pope, the Chancellor's next effort was to set them at variance with their leader, Windthorst. On February 2, 1872, he made a furious attack on Windthorst's leadership of the Centre. It was an undisguised offer of peace to the Catholic population on condition of their abandoning Windthorst. He dragged to light all Windthorst's old leanings towards Austria and warned the Catholics that, if they did not desert him, they would bring the hostility of the whole Empire upon themselves. But this second attempt was as dismal a failure as the first. The Catholics would not desert Windthorst, for they knew quite well that, with his powerful influence removed, the peace which Bismarck would give them would be one which they could not accept. Windthorst was the one man capable of fighting the Chancellor, and they were quite determined to support him in doing so.

From that time onwards the policy of the Chancellor was entirely changed. The "divide et impera" had become an impossibility, so he had no alternative but to face German Catholicism, whole and entire in itself and encouraged, furthermore, by the confidence and sympathy of the Vatican. The task was no easy one, but neither was Bismarck the man to shirk a difficult situation. He entrusted the management of affairs to Falk, but it is more than probable that he himself privately directed every move of the campaign.

On July 4, 1872, the first anti-Catholic measure was passed through the Reichstag. Its victims were, as we may expect, no other than the Jesuits. By the law passed on that date the society was handed over to the arbitrary supervision of the police and was subject to be expelled at a moment's notice from the Empire. The Imperial Supreme Council furthermore interpreted this law to mean that the Jesuits were excluded from all public ministry in either churches or schools. The Jesuits thereupon left the country. The

following year this same law was extended to the Redemptorists, Lazarists, Fathers of the Holy Ghost and Ladies of the Sacred Heart, these orders being regarded as closely allied to the Jesuits.

The Government further adopted the policy of filling up all vacant posts with members of the Old Catholic sect. This policy gave rise to many conflicts between the Bishops and the State officials, the invariable result of which was that the Government sent an ultimatum to the Bishop informing him that, if he did not accept its decision, his salary would be withdrawn. But the Bishops, on their side, were not idle. On September 20, 1872, they issued from Fulda, where they were assembled, a memorial to all the German States. In this document it was pointed out that the recent measures clashed with certain rights of the Church recognized both by national and international law, which violation could not be suffered to pass without protest by the Catholic population. As a result the agitation against the new measures waxed stronger day by day, and a new Catholic association, the Mainzer Verein, which adopted an almost threatening attitude towards the Government, obtained a following of no less than 200,000.

From distant Rome came unmistakable evidence of the Pope's opinion of the conflict. Efforts had been made, as we have already said, to have the blame thrown on the shoulders of the Catholics themselves. But Pius IX. was not long in perceiving that in reality the struggle was one in which the very existence of Papal authority in Germany was at stake and that it was on the loyalty of Catholics and not on the soothing promises of Bismarck that he had to rely. On June 24 the Pontiff, in his address to the German Catholics in Rome, spoke very reprovably of Bismarck, who, he said, had placed himself at the head of the persecutors of the Church. "Who knows, however," he continued, "but that soon the little stone will fall from the mountain and strike the feet of the colossus and shatter it?" These words did not, at the time, seem likely to be verified; yet they came true, though Pius IX. did not live to see their fulfillment.

At the Christmas consistory of the same year Pius IX. came out even more strongly against Germany. He dealt especially severely with the civil officials, whom he described as "men who not only do not belong to our holy religion, but do not even know it, yet arrogate to themselves authority to decide concerning the doctrines and the rights of the Catholic Church."

The outspoken words of the Pontiff and the determined opposition of the Catholics within the Empire urged the Government on to more stern measures than before. To Bismarck's mind these two things ran hand in hand. The Catholics were determined

because the Pope spoke strongly; the Pope spoke strongly because he saw that the Catholics were prepared to fight. Pressure upon the Pope he could not hope to bring, so the only course left to him was to crush the Catholics. For this purpose it was that his Minister, Falk, prepared to draw up a code of laws, the whole effect of which would have been to make the Bishops independent of the Pope, the clergy independent of the Bishops, but both clergy and Bishops entirely dependent on the State. The means by which he intended to accomplish this design were the following: The education of the clergy was to be taken almost entirely out of the hands of their ecclesiastical superiors. Every student, therefore, before being ordained priest, was compelled to do his course of studies at a university whose professors had been nominated by the State. There is little doubt that by this means it was hoped to imbue the priests of the future with the spirit of Old Catholicism, for it was from this sect that Falk intended to choose all the professors of theology. Secondly, all nominations to ecclesiastical posts had to be notified to the civil governor of the province, who was authorized to cancel the nomination if he considered that the candidate was likely to prove at all troublesome to the civil power. Another decree declared the primacy of the Pope to exist no longer in Prussia; forbade any ecclesiastical court outside the kingdom to exercise any disciplinary power over the Prussian clergy, and provided, furthermore, that the decisions of any ecclesiastical court within the kingdom could be annulled by a body known as the Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs. In other decrees the punitive and disciplinary authority of the Church was in various ways restricted, and thus it was hoped that little punishment could be inflicted on any priests or laymen who chose to obey the State rather than the Church.

These were the main ideas embodied in four bills laid before the Landtag by Dr. Falk, the first in November, 1872, the other three in January, 1873. Their passage through that assembly was, as we may be sure, marked by some very heated debates. Windthorst contested every inch of the way against Bismarck and Falk. A frenzy of delight swept through the Catholic ranks when the Landtag Commission, to which the consideration of the measures had been entrusted, declared some of them contrary to the Prussian Constitution, which guaranteed to the Catholic Church an independent administration of her own affairs. The Commission, therefore, felt constrained to declare that, if these measures were to be passed into law, there should be added to them another changing entirely the status of the Catholic Church in Prussia.

This further measure was added to the other four, and the

Parliamentary debates were once more resumed. On January 30 the Bishops of Prussia issued a solemn protest against the measures, and thus gave additional moral force to the Catholic party in the Parliament. Windthorst's brilliant ability was displayed at its best throughout the whole proceedings in Parliament. He was always at his post and never failed to utilize an opportunity. Even Bismarck paid him a high tribute in parliamentary debate. But the Government had the legions at its back, and all the eloquence of Windthorst could not control these. One by one the measures were passed, and at last, on the 11th and 12th of May, the four bills of Dr. Falk, together with the measure altering the Constitution, received the final sanction of the Parliament and became the law of the land. They are sometimes called the Falk Laws, because of their having been introduced by Dr. Falk; more generally, however, they are known as the May Laws, because of the month in which they were finally passed.

Seeing that the inevitable had to be faced, the Prussian Bishops had on May 2 issued a common pastoral, setting forth to the faithful the reasons why they must offer to the coming legislation a passive but unanimous resistance. On May 20, after the measures had been sanctioned, they sent a declaration to the Prussian Ministry to say that they refused absolutely to coöperate with the Falk Laws. All over the country the clergy, practically to a man, remained loyal to the Bishops and refused to obey the laws. Nor was there the least sign of disloyalty among the laity. The failure of the Catholic Deputies to stave off the May Laws had led many to believe that one of two courses would be adopted, either of which would have played into the hands of Bismarck. Either the Catholic Deputies would bring pressure to bear upon the Bishops for the purpose of making them accept the new legislation, or else they would adopt the offensive and incite the Catholics throughout the Empire to civil war. But the Catholics fell into neither of these traps. Immediately after the protest made by the Bishops, Windthorst had pointed out to Dr. Falk how the coming legislation would be received by himself and his followers.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the Government, to carry out its purpose, the character of which every one knows, will make use of all the means which the present or any future laws may place at its disposal. There need be no conjectures as to the position which we shall take up. We shall never do anything illegal in opposing the intentions of the Government. The day that the Catholics allow themselves to be drawn into some illegal action they will compromise in a most regrettable manner the victory which is already close at hand. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, noticing

the murmurs of dissent, "I say it is close at hand, for the justice of our cause is beginning to make itself felt. I know that certain of our opponents desire nothing more than that the Catholics should have recourse to illegal means. But, besides these, there is a method of passive resistance, entirely justified in the case. This is the method we shall adopt, and against it, sooner or later, everything that is contemplated in these laws shall be shattered to pieces."

In the face of this unanimous resistance the exasperated Ministers immediately began to put into operation the penalties applicable to those who violated the law of the land. Heavy fines were imposed on the clergy, and as these were never paid willingly, their being forcibly collected gave rise to general feelings of irritation and not unfrequently led to scenes of tumult and disorder. This was especially the case during the elections which took place in November, 1873. Feeling ran high everywhere, and the rank and file of both parties often transgressed the limits of moderation, which their leaders were most anxious that they should observe. The result of this election proved a great blow to Bismarck. He had left no stone unturned to get the Catholic members ejected from every constituency which they held. They were the violators of the laws, they were under the thumb of a foreign prelate, they were opposed to the exclusion of Austria from the German confederacy, and they were, worst of all, in secret sympathy with France. By party cries of this kind Bismarck hoped to incite the voters all over the country to repudiate the Catholic Deputies. But the result crushed his hopes. For the Centre returned to Parliament ninety-one instead of its former sixty-three, and each individual of it could now justly claim to have received from his constituents a definite mandate to fight Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy to the bitter end.

Fresh measures of repression, directed chiefly against the clergy, were the only means by which Falk sought to overcome the verdict of the country. Early in 1874 he passed through the Reichstag a measure known as the Priests' Expulsion Law, which ordained that all priests deprived of their posts for violation of the May Laws should be handed over to the discretion of the police authorities. Very soon the prisons began to be filled with the most distinguished ecclesiastics the land possessed. One of the first victims of the new law was the illustrious Mgr. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen. He was dragged off to prison at 3 o'clock of February 3 and confined in the dungeon of Ostrowo. While still a prisoner here he was created Cardinal by Pius IX. on March 13. The Government in a rage declared him deposed on April 15. Having been imprisoned two years to a day, he was liberated, but

was compelled to leave Prussia. He betook himself to Rome, but still remained Archbishop of Posen till 1885, when, in the interests of peace, he resigned his see.

During the same time the Auxiliary Bishop of Posen was in prison also. The Bishops of Treves and of Paderborn likewise came under the ban of the law, and both were imprisoned almost within stonethrow of their respective residences. In some cases the civil authorities seemed to put themselves out of the way to offer insult to their distinguished prisoners. This was very noticeable in the case of Mgr. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, who, having been imprisoned for six months, received on being released a document to certify that he had behaved himself well while in prison!

Besides these more illustrious victims, there were, of course, thousands of others, for, if the Bishops were not spared, we may be sure that little mercy was shown to the rank and file of the clergy. The prisons were soon filled, most of the parishes were quite destitute of priests, every episcopal see in Prussia was vacant, every one of the Bishops having been either imprisoned or banished.

But, in spite of all this, the end desired by the Government was not brought about. No cathedral chapter attempted to elect a new Bishop, and the mandates of the old Bishops, whether in prison or in exile, were obeyed as loyally as though the prelate were free and in the midst of his people. The parishes refused to attend the services of the Old Catholic priests whom the Government sent to them, and to add to the turmoil and dissension, Pope Pius IX. spoke out once more and declared the May Laws invalid. Exasperation on both sides was now raised to such a pitch that Bismarck saw that the very foundation of the civil power was in peril and resolved to take charge of the campaign himself.

The advent of Bismarck brought about a complete change in the tactics adopted by the Government with a view to compelling the Catholics to obey the May Laws. One of Falk's mistakes had been his taking it for granted that the lay Catholics of the country would obey the new legislation once the clergy were got out of the way. And it was in this hope that he devastated the pastoral ministry and imprisoned or exiled the Bishops and priests. This hope had been completely crushed by the action of the laity, and Bismarck, in consequence, came to the conclusion that the best plan was to let the priests remain at their posts, but to coerce them into submission. Once the clergy had given in, he rightly considered that the opposition of the laity would very soon cease.

To bring about the submission of the clergy was, he foresaw, no easy task. The only method which he thought likely to accom-

plish it was a strong appeal to their material needs. For this purpose he passed through the Parliament in April, 1875, a measure which decreed that no State payment would be made to any Catholic Bishop who should refuse to comply with the May Laws. This bill was soon followed by another, passed on June 20, which confiscated all the property of the Church and turned over its administration to lay trustees, who were to be elected by the members of each parish.

What Bismarck expected this last measure to accomplish there is now very little doubt. The laity, he hoped, who would be in rebellion if the Government starved the priests, would now have a powerful weapon in their own hands. They were sick of the conflict and would either force their priests to comply with the laws or else welcome any outside priest who would do so and thus bring them peace. The result of these measures was indeed a heavy blow to the Catholic cause. It has been estimated that between 1875 and 1880 the Church was deprived of sixteen million marks, while close on two thousand priests had fallen victims to the new legislation. Not only parishes, but even whole districts were without a single priest, and thousands of Catholics were passing out of the world deprived of the sacred rites of the Church.

But still the desired end had not been achieved. In spite of a condition of things for which—in the last century at least—no parallel can be found, the Catholics were still unconquered. From beginning to end the Kulturkampf was a series of disappointments to Bismarck, though it took him a long time to see that the reason of this was that the whole struggle was founded on an error. Bismarck began the Kulturkampf with an erroneous idea of Catholicism, and each disappointment he received was merely an additional proof of that fact. For Bismarck's fundamental idea was that Catholicism was not a reality, that it was a species of fanaticism which Catholics had inherited from their parents, but of which they were in no determined way convinced. He could not understand—very few Protestants can—that to the Catholic mind there is no *via media* between Catholicism and irreligion. Bismarck himself was of a temperament which could not very easily entertain such an idea. He was not an atheist, but he was just as far from being a theologian. He saw no great difference between one Church and another, provided each of them believed in God, and such expressions as Apostolic succession or valid orders would in all probability have been quite meaningless to him. Consistently with these views, he regarded it as certain that Catholics, if pressed far enough, would grant him any concessions he wanted.

His appeal to the weapon of hunger was therefore merely a

means to an end, and, like all his previous devices, ended in disaster. The stopping of State payments only succeeded in bringing forth voluntary contributions so liberally that in many cases the priests were better off financially than they had been before. Nor did there seem to be the slightest idea on the part of the laity to take on themselves the power over ecclesiastical affairs which the State was willing to grant them.

Meanwhile, various external circumstances forced upon Bismarck a more conciliatory policy. In the first place, his effort to have Windthorst pilloried through the country had been a complete failure. For the Catholic leader was, if anything, an ultramontane loyalist. Never once during the conflict had he failed to impress upon his followers the necessity of moderation, nor did any one doubt that he would have jumped at the slightest concession as a means of repressing any excessive zeal which may have existed among the more impetuous of his followers. The attempt to impugn Windthorst's loyalty because of his attachment to Austria was not a very effectual weapon now, for already more friendly relations had set in between Austria and Germany, and the prospects of a future alliance were being freely discussed. This alliance was eventually formed in 1879.

But the strongest of all the forces which militated against Bismarck was the voice of public opinion. People had begun to get tired of the conflict, and were asking themselves where it was all going to end. Stern measures had been tried and had failed, the priests had endured prison and hunger and their people had still remained loyal to them. Was the Government determined to refuse more than twenty millions of its subjects the right to take their part in the building up of the Empire and was the young and struggling nation to be for ever deprived of the brilliant ability of such men as Windthorst? Such were the questions which many non-Catholics were everywhere beginning to ask. The more religious among the Protestants entertained, moreover, a profound distrust of Dr. Falk. It is too much to say that they would not support him in his attack on Rome, but their suspicions were aroused as to whether the attack was to be directed against the Catholics only. For all the irreligious elements of the country had been brought to the front during the Kulturkampf. The anti-Catholic cause had been gradually associated with the most Godless form of Liberalism, and Protestants naturally began to fear that, once Rome was crushed, their turn would come next. This possibility Bismarck had not foreseen, and it was only brought home to him when he found himself brought more and more into contact with the elements he would have liked to avoid, and being gradually deserted

by the very men whose support he wanted. As a consequence, though not a single move of repeal had as yet been made, things were already beginning to look a little hopeful for the Catholics when, in 1878, Pius IX. died and was succeeded by the Pontiff whose most glorious achievement in a long pontificate was to be the complete restoration of religious peace in the troubled Empire of Germany.

One of the first acts of Pope Leo XIII. after his elevation to the Papacy was to send a personal letter to the rulers of the three States—Russia, Germany and Switzerland—in which the Church was at this time subjected to severe persecution. The letters were, of course, official announcements of his elevation to the Papacy, but Pope Leo nevertheless took the opportunity of discussing also the general condition of the Church in the country. It was not that he intended to deviate in any way from the policy of his predecessor, but he rightly considered that the election of a new Pope and the beginning of a new pontificate was a very suitable occasion for making a move in the direction of peace. It is, moreover, an undeniable fact that Pope Leo XIII. was much more disposed to negotiate and set much more value on diplomacy than his saintly predecessor.

The letter which the new Pope sent to Berlin was one which could not have failed to touch deeply the heart of the Emperor William. It was so evident a contradiction of what had been represented to him as the "spirit of the Papacy." There was no bitterness, no reviling for past injuries which could not now be undone it was simply an appeal to "live and let live." "Since, to our great regret," wrote the Pontiff, "the harmonious relations which formerly existed between the Holy See and your Majesty have been interrupted, we appeal to your magnanimity in order that peace and freedom of conscience may be restored to a large number of your subjects, and the Catholic subjects of your Majesty will not fail to show themselves, as their faith commands, loyal and devoted to your person. Fully convinced of your Majesty's sentiments of justice, we pray the Lord to bestow upon you the fullness of His heavenly gifts, and we pray that He may unite your Majesty and us in the bonds of the most perfect Christian charity."

Such a letter would have been answered with as great frankness by the Emperor William, were he the only one concerned. But the day had not yet come when the throne was independent of Bismarck. The Emperor's mind was still filled with tales of Catholic disloyalty and the dangers of making any concessions to the Pope. His answer to Pope Leo was in consequence formal and cold, and, were any one so foolish as to believe that it set forth the feelings of his

heart, would seem to hold out little hope of peace. He laid stress upon the fact that the German people had ever been distinguished for their loyalty to religion, as no doubt, from a Protestant point of view, they have been. The present disturbance, he held, had been brought about by a little clerical agitation; the laity would never have made any objection to the May Laws, had they not been told to do so by a few priests under the pretext of injuries and grievances which had no real existence. "The cordial words of your Holiness," he added, "lead me to hope that you will exert the powerful influence which the Constitution of your Church gives you over its ministers, in order that those among the priests who have refused to follow the example of the people committed to their charge may be induced to submit themselves to the laws of the country."

The letter of the Emperor was countersigned by Bismarck as Prime Minister of Prussia. But the ideas contained in it leave no doubt as to its author. Practically every line of it looks like a suggestion of Bismarck. The whole letter was indeed nothing but a reiteration of a story which will be told by oppressors till the end of time. No real grievance, no, none whatsoever, just a few agitators stirring up, for some selfish motive, discontent and rebellion among a loyal and contented people. That was just the idea that Bismarck had instilled into the mind of the Emperor, so that, if the Chancellor was not actually at the Emperor's elbow when the letter to the Pope was written, the chief ideas which it contained could nevertheless be referred back directly to his influence.

But Pope Leo XIII., like everybody else, knew quite well that the Kulturkampf was repugnant to the Emperor, though perhaps the time was not yet ripe for him to say so. The Pontiff therefore determined to supplement his first letter by a second, in which he could explain to the Emperor the Catholic position more fully than he had been able to do on the first occasion. On April 17, therefore, he wrote to the Emperor a letter which might almost be regarded as an answer to the attack which the latter had made on the loyalty of some of his Catholic subjects.

The Pope first thanks the Emperor for his kind words to himself and for his wish that his pontificate may be happy and fruitful, but immediately adds that he finds himself obliged to direct his attention to a matter vitally affecting the peace of his Catholic subjects.

"In recalling the happy past," the Pontiff continues, "in which the good sense of the German people has faithfully preserved civil peace and obedience to authority and in deploring the attitude adopted at the present moment by the ministers of the Church,

your Majesty solicits the intervention of our authority to bring back such precious peace by means of the submission of all the Catholics to the laws of the country in which they live.

"We in turn beg your Majesty to consider carefully whether, if there is a noticeable difference between the attitude observed by Catholics in the past and that which you point out as their attitude to-day, this must not be attributed solely to the changes made in the civil legislation, which, in some places interfering with the divine Constitution of the Church, in others setting the civil law at variance with her canons, has inevitably given rise to an agitation in the consciences of Catholics, who thus find that they are, through no fault of theirs, faced with the unpleasant alternative of either refusing to obey the new laws, or, should they obey them, of failing in the sacred duty imposed on them by the law of God and of the Church?

"From this your Majesty will easily understand the meaning of the appeal which we made to you in our previous letter when we asked you to restore peace of mind and of conscience to so large a number of your subjects. Our appeal was simply to implore you to remove the obstacle which prevented Catholics from reconciling obedience to the laws of the Church with submission to the decrees of the civil power, for it is an undeniable maxim of our holy religion that strict observance of religious duties should be united with obedience and respect to the civil authorities and the laws of the State."

The Pope then begs the Emperor to inquire into the matter for himself. The object of Pope Leo's letter was quite obvious. He agreed with the Emperor that a time had been when the German Catholics had been a quite contented body; he furthermore agrees that at the present time they are certainly not so. The reason for this difference, however, was, Pope Leo contends, the changes made in the civil law, and the great question now was: Should the Pope accommodate canon law to the recent legislation of Germany, or should Germany amend its recent legislation in such a manner as to bring it into harmony with the canon law of the Catholic Church? Any Catholic can see that that first was entirely out of the question, so any alleviation of the conflict could only come through the repealing of the May Laws. This was what Pope Leo stated in as many words, and it must be admitted that his letter created a rather bad impression in diplomatic circles at Berlin. For there, as in many other places, the character of Pope Leo XIII. was hopelessly misunderstood. He succeeded to a Pontiff who set no value by diplomacy and who was usually regarded as ultramontane and narrow-minded, while, on the contrary, Pope Leo was expected to

inaugurate some entirely different kind of policy. It was, of course, a tremendous mistake; there was not an iota of difference between the principles of Leo XIII. and those of Pius IX. as far as ecclesiastical discipline was concerned. There are naturally different ways of attaining the same end, but that was the only difference between the two Popes. Those who had hoped to see Pope Leo purchasing religious peace by simply sacrificing all the principles which Pius IX. had upheld were doomed to disappointment.

This blunt exposition of the Pope's opinion, viz., that peace could only be brought about by the repeal of the May Laws, was, as we may expect, rather distasteful to Bismarck. It was neither of two extremes, either of which would have been acceptable to him. The Pope did not cringe to the Emperor and humbly crave some concessions, but neither did he plunge into any abuse of the new German legislation. The latter course especially would have played into Bismarck's hands in just the manner he wanted. He could then have worked upon the mind of the old Emperor and persuaded him that these denunciations were merely poured out in the hope of exciting the enmity of the Catholic States against Germany. But the Pope's letter was rendered all the more annoying by the fact that, while its argument was unanswerable, its tone was entirely devoid of passion. Nevertheless, there was only one answer to be made to it at the time, namely, that the State could not see its way to retract any more than the Church. Such, no doubt, would have been the substance of the Emperor's reply, had it ever been sent. But before any reply had been sent to the Vatican the whole German nation was thrown into consternation by the happening, in rapid succession, of two events destined indirectly to have an important effect upon the religious legislation of the country.

On May 11, while the Emperor was driving through the avenue Under den Linden, a young tinsmith made an attempt to assassinate him. The attempt failed, and the would-be regicide was immediately taken prisoner. He proved to be an uneducated fanatic, who had belonged at various times to all political parties. It was on this occasion, when a deputation of the ministers waited upon him to offer him the congratulations of the nation on his escape, that the Emperor let fall a sentence which showed his real nature. "This only shows us," he said, referring to the attempted assassination, "how we must take care that the people shall not lose their religious principles." All true Christians, not alone Catholics, heard these words with joy, and the newly-elected Pope on hearing them must have felt that, with such a man at the head of the State, religious peace was only a question of time. Such great hope was kindled in the breasts of the Catholics by the Emperor's words that the

leading Catholic newspaper, the *Germania*, organized and sent to him an address, setting forth in forcible, though respectful language the grievances of the Catholics. There is little doubt that some of the things which William I. learned in this address were things which he never knew to have been carried on in his Empire. He now learned for the first time that in many cases the most elementary laws of justice had been flagrantly violated in the appropriating of Church property. The address contained the testimony of several Protestant officials with regard to the illegality of confiscating the churches and handing them over to the Old Catholics and so forth. But it laid emphasis upon the fact that, in spite of so much injustice, Catholics would never tolerate revolutionary ideas to be spread among them, and that their abhorrence of the attempt upon the Emperor's life was as deep and as sincere as that felt by any Protestant.

What impression this address made upon the Emperor we cannot say with any great certainty, but one of the historians of the *Kulturkampf* says that "judging by the attitude of reserve maintained by the Government organs, the address must have made a deep impression on the mind of the Emperor." Immediately that the Emperor's danger and his fortunate escape became known at Rome, Pope Leo sent him a letter of congratulation. It has been said that Pope Leo appended to his letter the Syllabus of Pius IX., in which the doctrines of Socialism and Communism were condemned. But this is not certain, nor does it seem very like a thing which Pope Leo—or any other Pope—would do.

The immediate effect of the attempt on the Emperor's life was the introduction by Bismarck into the Parliament of a series of measures by which the Socialist guilds and their official organs were placed under the control of the police. Great interest was taken in the attitude of the Catholic Deputies towards the new measures. For these measures were exactly similar to some parts of the May Laws, and men began to wonder if the Catholics, having fought so strenuously against the latter, would now turn round and vote for the former. But the Centre had no intention of doing anything so inconsistent. In an able speech Windthorst made it clear that the Government would receive no support from the Catholics, for it was by inculcating the principles of religion and not by unjust laws of exception that the social evils of the country were to be remedied. The Centre in consequence voted with the National-Liberals, and as a result the measure was defeated by an enormous majority, only 57 voting for it, while 251 opposed it. The affair threatened to complicate matters between Bismarck and the Catholics still more, but before there was any time for further

developments the nation was once more thrown into horror and amazement by a second attempt on the life of the Emperor.

The circumstances of this second attempt were entirely different from the first. The assailant was actuated in no way by the fanaticism which springs from lack of education. He was an educated professional man, Dr. Nobiling, who had, like many others, been won over to the strange creed that the first step in the regeneration of the world was the murder of all its crowned heads. In the attempt to murder the Emperor, Dr. Nobiling made use of small shot, several of which wounded the Emperor, though not so seriously as to cause alarm. The shots had been fired from a window of the doctor's room, and when the police forced an entrance they found the regicide lying dead, having discharged the pistol into his brain on seeing that his attempt upon the Emperor had failed.

But great as was the sensation created by the occurrence itself, popular feeling was excited still more by a report which was rapidly spread throughout Berlin that the assassin was in some sort of communication with the Catholic press and the Catholic leaders. There is no reason for thinking that there was the slightest malice on the part of those who started the report. Its origin was very natural, and at such times stories fly from mouth to mouth with incredible rapidity. The fact was that when the police entered Dr. Nobiling's room they found there several copies of the *Germania*, the Catholic journal of which we have already spoken, and also some visiting cards on which he was styled as co-editor of that paper. Needless to say, after a day the whole fable was dashed to the ground and the *Germania* exonerated, but, in the meantime, bit was added to bit till finally it seemed certain that it was either Windthorst or the general of the Jesuits that had engineered the attack upon the Emperor. It would be hard to find in the pages of bigotry a more diabolic act than that of Dr. Nobiling, for he contemplated a double act of treachery. Having resolved to put an end to his own life, he desired that his criminal act should be the means of bringing discredit upon the Catholic body, with which he had never the remotest connection. This second attempt turned all waverers in favor of Bismarck's policy of repression against the Socialists. The Parliament was dissolved, and the newly-elected Deputies passed the measures which had, only a few weeks before, been rejected by such a large majority. The vote, however, was by no means unanimous. The Centre, faithful to principle, voted against it, but feeling ran very high at the time, and the bill was passed without much debate.

Once more Pope Leo addressed himself to the Emperor to convey to him his abhorrence of the attempted outrage and his felicitations

at his happy escape. This time the Pope's letter was officially answered, not by the Emperor, for the shock and the wounds he had received prevented his transacting any business, but by the Prince Imperial Frederick, who acted as Regent during the indisposition of the Emperor. The Prince's letter began with an apology for the fact that no reply had been sent to the Pontiff's letter of April 17. The delay was occasioned, he explained, by the hope that some better understanding might in the meantime be arrived at, for at the present moment the standpoint of the Holy See and that of the Government were diametrically opposed and an exchange of letters could only tend to emphasize that regrettable but undeniable fact. The Prince expressed himself sorry to hear that Pope Leo felt himself unable to command the Catholics to obey the laws of the State as they now stood, and for that reason obliged to encourage them to at least passive resistance. "As regards the wish of your Holiness," he continued, "to see the May Laws modified in such a manner as to make them conformable to the principles of the Catholic Church, no King of Prussia could accede to that request, for the independence of the monarchy would thus be weakened and the freedom of its legislative action subjected to an outside power."

Many historians have been astonished to think that such a letter could have been written by the Prince Imperial. For he was in politics a Liberal in the best sense of the word, one who was entirely opposed to any sort of religious persecution, and his words to the Pontiff in consequence came as a shock to those who had expected to find in him a determined opponent of the Kulturkampf. But no such disappointment would have been felt if people had only taken into consideration the capacity in which Frederick wrote to Pope Leo. He was not King of Prussia, but merely Regent, and hence it would have been entirely unwarrantable for him to compromise the Emperor by setting out his own views, which were probably much more conciliatory than his letter would seem to imply. And again, he did not write as one upon whom the mantle of authority was just about to descend. His father's indisposition was very slight, and every one knew that in a few weeks he would once more be able to assume the reins of power. Nothing is more probable, therefore, than that the ideas, if not indeed the words, of the Prince's letter were inspired by the Emperor, who, of course, received in turn a little inspiration from Bismarck. It would have involved the greatest unpleasantness if Prince Frederick had on this occasion raised any hopes in the breasts of Catholics which would have been again dashed to the ground when the old Emperor resumed his place at the head of affairs. But the concluding passages

of the letter are couched in a tone which indicate the real feelings of the Prince himself and seem to show that, when a better understanding became possible, he at least would use all his influence in the interests of peace.

"If it is not in my power," he concluded, "nor perhaps in that of your Holiness to mitigate the conflict of principles which has gone on in Germany for more than a thousand years in a greater degree than in any other country, I am nevertheless prepared to discuss the difficulties arising from this conflict, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, in the spirit of peace and conciliation which the Christian faith dictates.

"Convinced that I shall find the same dispositions on the part of your Holiness, I shall never cease to hope that, where an agreement on questions of principle is impossible, the conciliatory sentiments by which both parties are animated may open to Prussia the road to such peace as has always been possible to other States."

There is very good reason to believe that Prince Frederick assisted the Catholics in the most practical manner, namely, by bringing his influence to bear upon the Emperor. For there is no doubt that the latter, from the moment he took up his duties again, began to act in an entirely different manner. It was not that his nature had undergone any change, but the difference was that, whereas he had formerly looked on and abstained from interfering, he now began to assert himself very firmly. Some influence had evidently been brought to bear upon him for the purpose of getting him to release himself from the thralldom of Bismarck and act as he in his heart thought right. And the Prince Imperial would certainly be the only one whose influence was sufficient to oust the Chancellor. At the same time there is no doubt that the two attempts at assassination had of themselves made a deep impression upon the thoughtful mind of the Emperor and forced him to the conclusion that it was by the forces of Socialism and anarchy and not by the upholders of Catholicism that the safety of the Empire was menaced.

To the world at large it soon became evident that the conciliatory sentiments expressed by the Prince Imperial were endorsed by the Emperor and that the prospects of peace now for the first time looked very bright. For almost immediately after the Emperor's recovery negotiations were opened up with the Holy See. At first, however, it looked as if the haughty demeanor of Bismarck would render peace impossible. His very first step was a diplomatic blunder and threatened to cause much bad feeling. The Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, Mgr. Aloisi-Masella, was at this time in Dresden, representing the Pope at the celebrations got up in honor of the

silver jubilee of the royal family of Saxony. Bismarck invited him to come from there to Berlin for a conference. The Nuncio, acting no doubt under orders from Rome, declined the invitation. The reason he gave for his refusal was that, considering the state of things that existed in Prussia, he could not see his way to hold a conference in its capital city. By the whole world the visit of the Nuncio to Berlin would have been regarded as a triumph of the Government. The Nuncio's object, it would have been said, was to humbly sue for peace in Bismarck's stronghold. So natural, however, was it for the Vatican to refuse that almost at once the Chancellor put forward a second and a much more satisfactory scheme. Every year Bismarck was accustomed to go to Kissengen, in Bavaria, for his rest and cure. So also was Mgr. Aloisi-Masella. Why should they not go there at the same time and meet? To the man in the street the affair would seem to have been quite a chance, and even if shrewd ones had a suspicion of the arrangement, there would be no humiliation attached to it, as there would have been to the Berlin journey.

But when the meetings did come off, it looked at first as if the negotiations were about to come to nothing. Bismarck, in the first place, made it clear that he had no intention of repealing the May Laws. What he was willing to do was to modify their application, obtain from the Parliament certain discretionary powers in the interpretation of the laws and so forth. But in strong contrast with the indefiniteness of what he was willing to do for Catholics was the extreme definiteness of what he wanted Catholics to do for him. He wished, firstly, that the State should possess the right of veto over all ecclesiastical appointments, and to this end wanted an agreement that no Bishop or parish priest was to be appointed until his name had been submitted to and approved of by the Government. Then in political matters the Catholic party was to become the tool of the Government. On all questions except those concerning Catholic interests directly the Catholic Deputies were to hand over their freedom of judgment into the keeping of Bismarck.

There could not have been a moment's doubt as to the answer of the Nuncio to these suggestions. Bismarck was merely asking for much and giving practically nothing in return. As a matter of fact, the only one thing he did promise, namely, that the May Laws would not be administered so severely, was dependent upon his obtaining the permission of the Parliament to use clemency. On the other hand, the veto which he sought was one which the Church could not be expected to grant. It was almost the same thing as had been proposed a century ago to the Irish Bishops and by them rejected and defeated. But even more unthinkable still was his

proposition about the Centre party. In things unconnected with religion the Church has not—and never claimed to have—any right to compel her followers to vote this way or that. The Pope might ask the Catholics to break up their party and fall in with one of the other parties, but allowing the party to stand and denying to it the most elementary freedom was out of the question. Nothing, therefore, followed immediately from the conferences, but the ice was broken, and neither party was despondent because no great results had as yet been obtained. The Nuncio returned to Munich and Bismarck to Berlin, and it was now only a question of time, tact and patience.

Meanwhile the news of the diplomatic negotiations between Rome and Berlin began to get known widely and soon became a topic of universal discussion. As we may expect, the failure of the negotiations was attributed to all sorts of reasons. Some said that the Centre was in revolt against Rome for attempting to come to an agreement without consulting the Catholic Deputies; others held that Rome was disgusted with the militant tendencies of some members of the Centre, and had, through Cardinal Franchi, inflicted a severe reprimand on that body. On all sides the rumor was spread and believed that between Rome and the German Catholics there was considerable friction, and that therein lay the real reason of the negotiations being broken off.

It is scarcely necessary to say now that these rumors did not contain an iota of truth. Rome had neither slighted the Centre, nor was the Centre in revolt against Rome. The Pope had, of course, no consultation with the leaders of the Centre; but, then, what could any such consultation have been about? There was question of a code of laws against religion, and surely the Pope knew better than any layman how far these should be altered to fit them in with the doctrines and the principles of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, the rumor that the Catholic Deputies were dissatisfied with the Vatican was nonsense. These men knew quite well that the Pope had not the slightest intention of curtailing their freedom in political matters, and in the fight against the anti-Catholic legislation they were quite prepared to follow out loyally any path laid down for them by him. The absurdity of any contrary rumors and the harmony between Rome and the Catholic members were well set forth by Windthorst during his speech in the Parliament on December 11.

"If any agreement," he said, "can be come to between the Curia and the Government, we will welcome it with a *Te Deum*. We will submit ourselves without reserve to this agreement, even if we should think that, for the sake of peace, too many concessions have been made to the State."

And there is no doubt that this was the opinion of every Catholic in Germany, with the possible exception of the few cranks who are to be found in every community. Every one knew now that the so-called failure of the negotiations was only a temporary suspension which, anybody could foresee, must inevitably happen when there were such fundamental differences of opinion between the two contracting parties. For the Pope was, of course, the personification of a Church universal, unfettered and independent, while Bismarck, on the other hand, was a whole-hearted believer in the maxim, "*cujus regio, illius religio*."

After a while it leaked out that the whole arrangements between Bismarck and the Nuncio had been carried on without the knowledge of Dr. Falk. When the latter came to hear of the whole thing, he very naturally felt that an intolerable slight had been put upon him. He immediately tendered his resignation in consequence, feeling no doubt that it was for this express purpose that he had been so openly snubbed by the Chancellor. The Emperor, however, refused to accept the resignation. His doing so at the moment would have been inopportune as well as ungrateful. Falk had been a loyal follower of Bismarck, and if mistakes had been made, the fault was primarily with the Chancellor. Furthermore, Bismarck himself very probably advised the Emperor to refuse the resignation just then. For the dismissal of Falk would have been put down to the influence of the Vatican, and such a rumor at this moment would be able to do much mischief.

Nothing had so far been accomplished in the way of a repeal of the May Laws. Yet the Pope was more than hopeful; he was certain that peace was at hand. This was shown by the tone of the letter which he sent towards the end of this year to Cardinal Nina, the new Secretary of State.

"You are aware, my Lord Cardinal," he said, "that, in obedience to the impulse of our heart, we appealed to the powerful Emperor of the noble German nation, which claims all our attention because of the trying situation of the Catholics in that country. Our words, which were prompted alone by the desire of seeing religious peace restored to Germany, have been heard with favor by its illustrious Emperor and have been the means of bringing about a friendly conference, which it is not our intention to let pass as a mere armistice, giving a breathing space in preparation for further conflicts. We wish, after a few obstacles are removed, to arrive at a true peace, which will be as solid as it is lasting. The great importance of this object, which has been fully appreciated by those who direct the destinies of that Empire, will induce them, we feel sure, to offer us the hand of friendship in our efforts to bring it

about. The Church will certainly be pleased when religious peace has been reëstablished in that noble nation; the Empire will have no less reason to be satisfied when it finds that its Catholic sons are, as before, its most loyal and most devoted subjects."

Nevertheless, the situation remained unchanged, and though every one felt that something was about to be done, yet nothing had as a matter of fact been accomplished. How bad the existing condition of things was may be gathered from a letter which Pope Leo sent to the intrepid Mgr. Melchers, who had sent to the Pontiff, at the approach of Christmas, an expression of obedience and of loyalty on behalf of the whole episcopate.

"Our heart will never find any rest," said Pope Leo in this letter, "when we know that, greatly to the detriment of souls, the pastors of the Church are condemned to exile, religious functions impeded by all sorts of obstacles, the monastic orders and associations of the faithful dispersed and the education of our children removed from the supervision of the Bishops."

And so things ran on for a while, till the hand of Providence made use of a purely political squabble, entirely unconnected with religion, as a means of bringing about the first move which eventually led to the entire repeal of the May Laws.

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THE COMING OF CHRISTIANITY.

ONE day there passed through the gates of Rome a man from one of the most far-flung of her Oriental provinces—a Galilean Jew on whose feet was the dust of much journeying and under whose arm was the sum total of his earthly possessions. His hair was gray, and his cheeks furrowed from much weeping, an old legend tells us; but though he was bowed down from long wrestling with himself there was withal a most striking determination in his gait and carriage. Something in his bearing attracted attention to him; it was the iron courage and cool daring of a man who was conscious that he possessed the twin secret of whipping men's blood to quickened flow, and of compelling them, somehow, to take a decided stand, one way or another, on questions that were still hotly debated. And the mailed sentries, who sat in their sheltered recesses by the great gate, looked up interestedly from their dreary watch and nudged one another knowingly as he passed them into the crowded street. Here was, forsooth, another of those Oriental adventurers who came up from

a hidden corner of the empire to try his luck or make his fortune in the bounteous City by the Tiber. Had those guards been prophets any other where than over their wine cups they would have shut the gates of the city in the face of Peter of Galilee.

For it was he who now set foot in Rome with dreams of a universal conquest and an unquenchable assurance of the undying rule of a line of Fishermen Kings. He came to the proud city to challenge the Roman wolf in her own den. For he knew that he would capture the world just as soon as he should have succeeded in forcing Rome to capitulate to him. He came unarmed, for his weapons were of the spirit, and he sought not gold nor lands, but souls. He came unheralded, for the message he brought would one day make his name known and loved far beyond the frontiers of the empire. He came alone, for he was in search of associates. He had nothing but his own faith in the promises of his Master, and an oceanic love for Him the greatness of whose love for man formed the whole content of a new, unknown romance, a veritable "story beautiful."

For hundreds of years men had been longing to see this divinest "Romance of Love" lived out in their midst. In the dim past the patriarchs had sighed, in the name of the entire Jewish people, for the heavens to rain down the Just One who was to cure the moral weakness and growing helplessness which became more chronic as years followed upon that most fatal day of the primal catastrophe in Eden. Depending upon his own wisdom, man gradually began to look upon this world as his one home beyond which there was no other. Besides, since Jehovah tarried in his coming, the human race did not think it necessary to go to Him by love and a thorough conversion of heart, but preferred to fashion in His stead new gods out of clay. Even the Chosen People ran perilously near forgetting the great expiation which had been promised their fathers. The Jews only maintained their belief as to the unity of God and the coming of the Messiah through the burning appeals and dire threats of special heralds whom the Almighty, in His love for His own people, sent them from time to time. They, indeed, expected a Messiah, for His coming and the vicissitudes of His life were outlined all too clearly for them in their sacred books and the words of the prophets; but despite these prophecies, which grew more clear and distinct as the hour of His coming approached, the Jews, who had now lost political autonomy at the hands of Rome, changed the idea of a spiritual deliverer into that of a victorious leader who would free them from their political oppressors and would restore not the broken pact of Abraham's children with God, but the glory of the Jewish nation.

In the fulness of time—when peace reigned everywhere in the world—Christ came. Heavenly choirs saluted His coming, because there were only a few men to be found who were ready to adore a divinity which in consideration of our weakness hid itself in a poor mortal envelope of flesh. For thirty years Jesus labored in secret with His hands like the lowliest of those He came to save and lift up to dizzy heights of spiritual greatness. Then He appeared before men teaching by word, as one having authority, resuming in Himself, even to the last tittle, every word of the prophecies and doing works by His own powers which none but God could do. He gathered a college of disciples about Him to whom He revealed the full truth of the law and the secrets of the divine will, disciples whom He instructed, by word and example, in the almighty extravagant greatness of the divine condescensions of love. He passed up and down the country doing good; yet men nailed Him to a cross which He and His own looked upon as a throne, but which the world mistook all along for a gibbet. On the third day He arose from the grave by His own power as He had foretold, thus giving a final seal to His teaching and mission and providing a ready and irrefragable proof of His everlasting life in the Church.

For Christ had founded a visible society which was to carry on throughout the centuries the work which He had come to do. It is His own. For He abides in her by a real presence which it took the powers of infinity to invent and effect. Every phase of His earthly life is there lived out and over again in a spiritual but very real manner, because the Church is Christ's mystic body. But Christ is also the treasure of the Church. She lives and acts only for Him. She sets herself no other task than to do His will, because Christ is the Church's Spouse.

On this perfect identity, then, depends our understanding of the Christian past. Without it the Church were no better than any of the other countless religious bodies which have, at one time or another, claimed the attention of men. If the Church differs from all other religious organizations, if she is unique, it is because she alone possesses Christ as He possesses her alone. If the Church were any other than she is, we should have to put it down as the most gigantic foolishness for the world to have taken especial notice of her from the very first. Rome had nothing to fear from a handful of men who came from a poor hill country where dreams of ambitious rule are never realized; Greece had nothing to fear from a band of fishermen who knew nothing of philosophy and rhetoric; the Jewish world had nothing to fear from a petty sect whose teaching went counter to that of its schools which was alone authentic and accepted by every Jew. But no sooner had she

appeared amongst men with her Gospel of salvation through love of God in spirit and truth, those men sounded the bugle of alarm, rushed to arms and attacked her from every side and angle. The world soon measured the foe who came out to battle. This was the work of God! It is only the Catholic Church which from the first was systematically hated, just as it is Christ alone whose tomb, after thousands of years, is yet surrounded by scoffers and adoring believers. Who hates Nero to-day though he was an unspeakable monster? Who loves Alexander to-day though he opened the way for the waters of culture to spread over the world? Face to face with Jesus Christ, and (which is the same thing) with the Catholic Church throughout the ages, even to our own, men must make their choice: either to hate Him in her to the death, or else to clasp Him in her to their heart of hearts! "He who is not for Me, is against Me."

This was the choice which it would soon to Rome's turn to make! But as yet no one surmised it. For the City of the Cæsars was bent on its own ways, and these did not lead, by any means, to Calvary and a Crucified Master. It was a fair, beautiful city to look upon, resting, like a couchant lion, on the seven hills from which it surveyed the country that stretched out around and before it. Across the Campagna—that stretch of level land twenty miles wide in each direction which circles Rome like a nimbus—huge aqueducts brought cool, fresh waters from distant shady mountain nooks for the refreshment of the citizens at one thousand, three hundred and fifty-two fountains and eight hundred and fifty-six public baths. On the low mountains, which stood at a respectful distance from the city, in seeming awe, hundreds of vineyards hung heavy with the tiny globes that swam in pools of their own generous distilling. The Via Savia, lined on either side with the mauloseums of the distinguished dead, led out and away from Rome—for she was the City of the Gay and the Living.

And well does Rome deserve to be called a gay city, since she abounded in countless parks, baths, lakes, menageries, theatres and race tracks. The streets were lined with the colossal palaces of rich merchants or prætors, who, returning from their provinces with fat coffers, could amply afford to erect for their own pleasure and comfort miniature cities with every known means of diversion. The piazzas were filled with rare trees and shrubs and the numberless statues which the Romans pilfered from the world and conveyed on ox carts to their Golden City. And the many ateliers were filled with deft craftsmen, brought back as prisoners from the Orient, and especially Greece, to assist in the labor of beautifying the city. Rome looked indeed a veritable art gallery with her ten thousand public statues, of which two were colossi, twenty-

two giant equestrian monuments; eighty finished masterpieces in gilt, seventy-four in ebony, three thousand, seven hundred and eighty-five in bronze. There were amphitheatres spacious enough to seat one hundred thousand spectators, with theatres of equal size.

The streets and fora were thronged with motley crowds of men of all colors and climes—lewd Syrians, conscienceless Greeks, painted Picts, boisterous Teutons, servile Ethiopians—men whose forefathers, no doubt, had been brought to Rome from their distant homes as prisoners of war, in chains, with black hatred in their hearts, but who were soon transformed, by the bewitching beauty and gayety of the cosmopolis by the Tiber, into fanatical admirers, and eventually worshipers, of the genius of this same Rome. In the morning these men lounged in the public baths, listening to tales of scandal and political intrigue, or reading the "*Acta Diuturna*" (or equivalent of our modern newspaper), which Cæsar caused to be posted daily in the Forum. In the afternoon they flocked to one of the many amphitheatres where feats were performed to satisfy their curiosity which astounded us even at this day, as when, for instance, the arena, in the turning of a hand, was changed from a stage for combatants with wild beasts into a sea upon which naval battles were fought out. At night no one remained at home, for it was absolutely safe to be abroad, since the emperor had provided each of the fourteen districts of the city with trained firemen and armed police, which latter, on occasion, would lend assistance to those who could no longer protect themselves. And after a round of wild, ceaseless merrymaking the rich Roman went abroad, with all the comforts, if not speed, of modern travel, to recoup his strength or regain new zest for pleasure, at one of the many provincial towns or resorts. For wherever the shadow of the Golden City—the Pax Romana—fell, there men somehow tried to forget the ills of life or else dozed in feigned disregard of its seamier side.

But beneath all this outer show there was a poignant, gnawing sorrow. For in proportion as Rome ministered to the body the soul of man was left to itself, starving and alone. If one man was happy, there were five thousand who were not so—for Rome paid for her gayety by the enslavement of thousands of men. Their lot was miserable to a degree, since a slave was rated at the same price as an ox or a mule, even by one of the best of the Roman emperors, Septimus Severus. To them was given just so much consideration and kind treatment as would make of them better machines or toys for the whims of their masters. Crime of all sorts raged amongst these poor unfortunates, huddled together like cattle, without respect for age or sex, driven to fanaticism by the most extravagant Oriental superstitions, helpless in face of their

masters' arrogance. Amongst them, too, was rife a sworn but secret conspiracy of vice, for thus they hoped by a subtle means which the Romans, with the exception of Cato and a few others, never thought of noticing to revenge themselves upon their masters for the loss of their own homes and liberty. Thus all classes of society were secretly inoculated with a moral poison as subtle as it was deadly. Children were abandoned, in cold blood, in goodly numbers by Roman matrons at the feet of two of the public statues in the city. Woman was looked upon as a mere chattel and plaything of man's pleasure. Seneca sardonically remarks that it was customary for the Roman women to number their years not by the names of the consuls, but by that of their divorced husbands. The gods were without credit. The four hundred and twenty-three temples of the city were the theatre of the most shameful vices which were performed in the name of religion and with its sanction. They were retained mainly because an army of small officials had to be provided by the State with a means of livelihood. Here came the Roman atheist in search of new diversion or curious sights; the Romans, too, hoped by this means to keep the better in bounds the naif woodsman who came up to the city with effete and old-fashioned notions of fear and reverence for his national gods. For the Romans had never been exclusive in their religion. They led off barbarian peoples into captivity just as easily as they imported alien gods. These "*dii adventicii*" were honored in every house and temple by a long, painful liturgy of formalistic mummeries; but there was no soul in these dry formulæ, whose former significance no one longer understood or cared to understand. Finally, the life story of the gods was travestied on the burlesque stage by broad comedians in the sight of grinning audiences. No wonder, then, that the Roman, who was at heart but a simple dicker farmer who planted his beans with religious awe and trust in the good graces of the gods, lost all trace of that stern uprightness, that "*antiquæ probitatis*" which went so far in assuring the municipality good citizens and valiant soldiers, who fought Rome's battles because Rome's gods wanted it thus. And a race of hedonistic philosophers taught blandly, in face of all the people, that pleasure was the be-all of life.

But the lie was given to these professional mockers of the human heart by the outraged human heart itself. For if Rome succeeded as no other in building up a State, and elaborating a system of laws which claimed the admiration, later, of Christian thinkers, all openly admitted that she utterly failed to satisfy the soul-hunger of the greater part of her subjects. There was one jarring chord in the measured symphony of Roman life—it was the deep, sad cry of the world-weary, pleasure-sated soul that died out in a

jangle as the music ceased and the musicians departed. Rome might beguile the day for her sons; but, like a scorpion, the thought of what all this pomp must end in stung the consciences of men at night when they had time to think. Religion was gone like a shadow and there was no reverence for the gods. Crimes of unspeakable heinousness breathed forth their putrid breath, which corrupted the children even before they had left their nurseries. The pagan soul was thrown upon itself, and found there no light nor courage for better things. No wonder there was a great soul-hunger which gave no peace to the tortured conscience; a weariness with all this hollow show; a sickness with a world that was rotten throughout. Serious men arose with an evangel of hectic quietism and Brahminic apathy for life's sorrows; yet the Stoics could not bring back the days of the old Roman probity. Marcus Aurelius might turn ornate sentences encouraging men to battle with life; Epictetus might distil words of seeming wisdom for the slaves who needed wisdom most; Seneca might attempt to teach men to bear the lashes of fate with philosophic calm. Yet no one believed these wordy formulæ of conduct—their authors least of all. There was but one door of exit—it was the door by which the Stoics themselves escaped from these giddy, sickening sights—it was suicide, which was the last word of hope, the last easement of pain and sorrow that the Roman world and philosophy could offer. And indeed a veritable passion for taking one's life—Seneca calls it a "*libido moriendi*"—drove countless men and women into the dark night from which no one was ever known to have returned, from which no sigh, or groan even, was ever known to have come. And men applauded when the curtain was rung down upon this craven comedy of life. When Otho, the compeer in wickedness with Nero, took his own life, enthusiasm for his courage ran wild in the city. Suetonius tells us that suicide was looked upon as the greatest bravery, the most consummate wisdom, in man. It is significant that nearly all the leading men of the later years of the empire threw themselves into the arms of death by suicide—men like Lucretius, Atticus, Silicus, Italicus, Petronius, Lucan, Scipio, Brutus, Cato, Cassius, Marc Anthony, Nero, Otho, probably Marcus Aurelius himself. Before them in the Greek world (where civilization ran quicker and earlier to a premature sterility, which state of things Rome prided herself in reproducing) we find the same phenomenon in the lives of Charondas, Lycurgus, Empedocles, Speusippus, Diogenes, Hegesias, Stilpo, Zeno, Cleanthus, Arkesilaus, Carneades, Aristarchus, Eratotheres, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Cleomenus, Themistocles, probably, too, Pythagoras and Aristotle. Rome, which learned this lesson of cowardice well, looked upon a countless stream of her poor, unfortunate children,

who, following the example of those who were reputed rich and happy, marched out silently by night to the Flaminian Bridge, and drawing their worn mantles over their heads, leaped into the dark, rushing waters below. For the most frequent desire in the hearts of the Romans, Pliny tells us, was to be done with life, and done quickly and painlessly.

On the night of July 19, A. D. 64, a spear of fire shot up to the heavens like a javeline discharged by some warrior who lay hidden somewhere between the Cœlion and Palatine Hills. For seven days the Eternal City smoked! And Nero smiled upon the unusual pageant which his hand, suspicion had it, prepared as a diversion. A new city sprang up with astounding rapidity, crowded with most wonderful edifices. Tacitus tells us that henceforth the City of the Seven Hills was to be called "Urbs Neronia," in honor of the man, no doubt, who had destroyed the city of his fathers in order to enjoy the building of a new one. There remained after this first conflagration, the palladium of Rome's greatness, Jupiter Capitolinus, who was still adored in his temple on the crest of the hill. But on December 19, A. D. 69, the Romans set him in flames—and thus ended the greatness of Rome, so Tacitus tells us.

Eight months later—on August 10, A. D. 70—Jerusalem, with its wondrous temple, lay in ashes.

One hundred and fifty-five years earlier Sulla had destroyed Athens and put so many people to the death that it was impossible, Plutarch tells us, to count their numbers. People only remembered how high the stream of blood arose as it flowed out of the city gates.

The three civilizations which had disputed for the mastery of the antique world were gone—Rome, Athens, Jerusalem had fallen. And Rome turned the sword inward upon her own self at last, because there was no other to put to the death. Rome was the gravedigger of the antique world.

But Rome was the Eternal City!

Peter of Galilee, because he was a weak man without material resources, built a new spiritual Rome with Christ Jesus as keystone because He had been the corner-stone which the builders had rejected. And when this "Rome falls, then falls the world," Bede of Jarrow, the English historian, assures us. Truth to tell, Rome is Eternal!

The teaching of Jesus descended upon this crumbling, smoking world of pagan Rome like the sweet showers of April upon a devastated field. It needed no especially sharp acumen, nor wide erudition in the secret lore of the knowledge of the heart, for the Roman to see that Christianity, with its definite doctrine as to one God, whose word must be final and immutable if it was to be anything at all, was far superior to the fluctuating, uncertain teach-

ing of paganism, which seemed to lead to nothing else than an endless splitting up into conflicting and contradictory systems of belief. It was a simple creed when compared with the complex involved labyrinth of the old system. Indeed, it bristled with mysteries against which the rationalizing head of the Roman philosopher must break. But it was democratic, which paganism with its esoteric teaching and worship for the adepts and initiated could never claim to be. To the Christian every man was indeed a man, and his worth was gauged, not by position or wealth, but by virtue and friendship with God. There was no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or Scythian—all were brothers in Christ, and children of the Mother Church. The Creator must love the work of His hands—which doctrine dealt the death blow to the cold, hard, heartless formula of pagan theology: "*Nihil ergo extra se amat Deus.*" Since all were brethren, closely cemented together by their love of Christ, love must reign amongst them—and from it arose what was utterly unknown to paganism, a spirit of solidarity whereby men were willing to work for one another as they were willing to stand by one another in defense and support of their rights in this world and their efforts to secure a seat in a kingdom of the other. Thus was effaced the stigma which a lazy, sybaritic world had affixed to labor, and the taint of a narrow individualism which made every pagan seek, first and always, only his own ends regardless of the rights, comforts and prerogatives of others. Life was now worth living, since by it we merited another better one which should see no end; life was now worth living for, since by a conscientious fulfillment of our social obligations we made possible for countless others the possession of eternal bliss after a few years of intimate conversing by love with the Master. Easily and naturally the supernatural was introduced into the daily lives of men, which ate away, like an acid, the two most crying sins of paganism—polygamy and infanticide. Men learned the true courage, which consisted in a willingness to live in the shadow of the Cross as long as it pleased the Crucified Master. Suicide was stamped out. Thus by every one of her doctrines; by every one of her moral precepts, which grew out of and lived upon dogma; by her spirit and temper, which were compounded of both doctrine and moral teaching, Christianity was a flat, downright contradiction of paganism as it was understood and propagated by Rome.

It is no wonder, then, that when the Apostles and their successors faced the pagan Græco-Roman world they sought by all and every means to turn the weaknesses, shortcomings and insufficiencies of paganism to the advantage of the Gospel. They did not fail to point out, as Paul at the Areopagus, the innate superiority of the Gospel, which satisfied the mind and fortified the heart in a manner

which paganism might never expect to rival; the holiness of life of the first Christians spoke for itself; the heroism which the new faith obtained easily from its most recent converts astounded a world that knew only religious cowardice. To these advantages must be added the miracles which the heralds of the Gospel wrought in proof of its divinity, as also the charismatic gifts which were frequent and abundant and showed plainly that the God of the Christians was with His people and working through them for His own ends. Every convert was proud of his new, rich inheritance and was ablaze, with a holy enthusiasm, to share its blessings with all who would hear the good news of salvation. The Greek tongue, which was current in the Roman world, as also the facilities for travel, helped an army of nameless apostles to carry the Evangelion to every town and hamlet and outpost of the empire. These advantages were looked upon by Origen and the apologists as a boon which Rome, all unconsciously to herself, prepared, under divine guidance, for the spread of the Gospel.

Wherever the Word of God was preached men came over in goodly numbers to the Master. At first it was the poor slave and struggling "colours" who sought to find in Christianity that which he felt he most needed—the love and consideration of his fellows whom he might look upon as brothers in Christ. The sin-sated came to wash his soul in the waters of regeneration; the world-weary came to find the oil which would heal his soul all bruised by the whips of life and conscience; the innocent came to find a cross whereon to suffer in love, expiation and vicarious sorrow; the learned came to find a supernal wisdom transcending that which he had already amassed—those came whose coming was precisely the best argument for the divinity of the Master and the beauty and truth of His doctrine—those whose ills paganism had caused and had been unable to cure and alleviate. But the "nobiliores" also entered the Church in sufficient proportion to save her from being what some of our modern Socialists seek to make her out to have been—a chauvinistic uprising of the proletariat, headed by one, Jesus of Nazareth, who was a demagogue and religious anarchist. Not so thought those who could judge for themselves from personal observation, the scions of such noble Roman families as the Flavii, the Caecilii, the Glabriones; royal matrons like Julia Mamaea, the mother of Alexander Severus; Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, or Marcia, the royal concubine of that foulest of Roman emperors, Commodian. Before the end of the second century the King of Edessa, Abgar-bar-Maanu, had embraced the faith. From the Elbe to the Euxus, from the Rhine to the Euphrates, in far off Britain and shadowy India—everywhere it would seem—there were assemblies of the Christians who owed allegiance to a Petrine

Rome, who believed alike and worshiped the one God in the breaking of bread.

And Cæsar began to tremble on his throne. For here was a class which in its loyalty to the crown furnished enough valiant soldiers for another Tenth Legion. But somehow this new race of men was strangely obstinate on a point about which the emperor was most keenly sensitive: it refused outright to burn the grain of incense before the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus and the "numen" of the deified emperor. For Cæsar it was sufficient cause for anger and complaint to know that these men were opposed in principle and practice to the polytheistic regime obtaining in the city, claiming for themselves the only kind of liberty which Rome saw fit to deny her subjects—the liberty of conscience.

So the battle was declared! The Roman would destroy the Christian, because the latter, whilst willingly listening to Christ, the lawgiver, refused to obey Cæsar, the lawyer. What would be the issue?

Contrary to her tastes, which were never literary, and her temper, which was never philosophical, Rome took up against the Christians the arms of Athens. This method of warfare gives us at once to understand the depths of Rome's fear and hatred of the Gospel—it was a partial admission of terror on the eve of battle than which there is nothing more fatal. Knowing that men believed that salvation had come from the East, Rome introduced thence a set of ideas that were tinged strongly throughout with a Judaistic allegorism of the ultra-Alexandrine type, as also with an Oriental dualism half-Chaldean, half-Persian. Opposed to these Gnostics and Neo-pythagoreans were the Neo-platonists, whose doctrine was an amalgam of the decadent philosophy of Greece and the pantheistic polytheism of Rome. Neoplatonism was by far the most formidable intellectual enemy of the early Church—indeed, the only one she might really fear. By a subtle system of allegorical interpretation it elaborated the doctrine of a pantheistic immanent Trinity which looked much like the true doctrine of the Church, of which it was but a travesty. A fictitious divine revelation, a direct intuition of the truth of the ascetics and the translation of pagan mythology into moral precepts made of Neoplatonism a snare and a pitfall. About this same time and profiting by the religious vagaries that were current in philosophical circles, religious fakers, who claimed a divine origin and destiny for themselves, were easily believed. The really Roman contingent in this army of intellectual warriors against the Church were satirists like Fronto and Lucian, whose vitriolic verses would have raised blisters on the faces of any but Christians. Celsus tried to explain away the Church by an argument of common sense, which was, as this

Jew with hoarded hatred well knew, the only argument which a full-blooded Roman could understand. And for those who could not read, cartoons and caricatures of the Church were prepared, such as the "Palatine Cross," in which we see an ass nailed to a cross—whose meaning was obvious to the most illiterate. No wonder, then, that the followers of Jesus were hailed by the rough, drunken mob as "Worshippers of an Ass."

But Rome's strength never lay in philosophy. Violence and brute force were the only axioms she knew and applied. Not for nothing was her symbol a wolf. Even the eagles that were carried as standards at the head of her armies were distinguishable by their talons. And these were the methods of suppressing the Christians of which Rome first and most persistently made use. By professing to believe a long series of accusations against the Christians, which were as stupid as they were unfounded, the Golden City tried to blind the world to her own intolerance and justify herself to herself for her own injustice towards them. There was, of course, an abundance of obsolete laws regulating worship which Rome might easily fetch, on occasion, from their dusty shelves. Thus, when the Christians sought to follow their Master's injunction of praying in secret, they found themselves at once in conflict with the Roman law of 189 B. C. regarding the Bacchinalia and another by Trojan against the Heteræ; thus they gave an apparent juridic basis to the Romans for persecution on the ground of insurrection and "laesae majestatis." Because they refused to adore the "numen" of the emperor they were liable to death—the slaves by beasts or fire, the free citizens by the sword—in virtue of the law of "impietas in principes." Because they refused to adore the gods they were guilty of atheism and sacrilege. The Christian miracles were ascribed to black magic, and death by beasts or fire was the portion of those who had wrought them. Finally, Christianity was not officially recognized by the State, and the adherents of a new and illicit religion were deported if they were of noble origin, and beheaded if belonging to the servile class. Tacitus tells us that the Christians were charged with sinister dealings—"odium humani generis"—because they refused to perform the pagan rites and join in the public festivities which were always invested with a religious symbolic meaning. The countless officials who lived on religion—priests, artists, literati, merchants—were stung to hatred against the Christians who were the direct cause to them of heavy losses, whilst the mob was willing to join in the persecution because it was rebuked by the holiness of life of the Christians. These two classes of men were the most frequent delators of the Christians to the pagan tribunals, since conviction always meant the entire sequestration of the Christians' possessions

into the hands of the informer. The Jews, who had been scandalized at the cross which went counter to the besetting weakness of Hebraic character—ambition—and who expected the Messiah to be a general and not a priest, spread the worst calumnies against the Christians, as St. Justin tells us. The pagans, who looked upon Christianity at first as an insignificant and harmless schismatical sect of Judaism, were ready to believe the Jews when they accused the Christians of atheism, since they adored one God in spirit and truth; when they proclaimed the Eucharist to be the unspeakably hideous rites of Thyeste; when they branded the “agape” or love-feast of the Christians as a wild orgy. Every catastrophe was laid at the door of the Christians. Tertullian remarks, in his own piquant way, that if the Tiber rose above its walls and the Nile did not, or if any other like calamity fell upon the world, the Christians were held responsible.

From all of which it is clear that Rome had determined to make out a case at any cost against the Christians. The Church had to be destroyed at all odds. Only he escaped who had a charmed life! When Rome could not invoke statute law against the Church, she made it, especially after the days of Decius. Where the engines of law failed, the dynamite of fanaticism succeeded. For cruelty of tortures, blind fanaticism, baldest injustice, vile personal motives of greed, finical refinement of hatred and prejudice the ten persecutions against the infant Church stand alone in the history of the world. It is true that persecution did not rage everywhere, at the same time and with the same violence, in those two hundred and forty-nine years from A. D. 64 to A. D. 313. But calm was never absolutely assured. The storm was raging with more or less violence all the time, in one place or another, of the vast empire. Rome, Asia Minor and Gaul were the storm centres of this mad cyclone of intolerance. During one hundred and twenty-nine years of systematic persecution countless men laid down their lives joyfully for Christ and His truth—the lowest estimate of the number of the martyrs is five thousand, a figure which it can be shown is far too meagre. This does not include the confessors whose moral sufferings were hard and painful in exile; in labor in the mines “from which no one ever came out alive,” a contemporary writer assures us; in enforced slavery; in voluntary flight, which the Church as a wise mother counseled to those who feared the danger of apostatizing owing to their weakness.

Christian historians are not straining the truth when, in face of all this, they maintain that Cæsar saw in Christ more than a match, in the Church more than a rival.

Pagan Rome had subdued every people with whom she came in contact, and with the people its gods. Rome dreamed of putting

down the Christ and His truth. But the hour of cruel disillusionment was soon to strike. In the meanwhile, however, the Roman wolf roared with the sheer love of killing, and the Christians wept in the Catacombs as small birds cry in their nest. But the Nazarene had conquered! The last persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, which was by far the bitterest and most trying, showed by its very frenzy that Cæsar knew himself to be beaten.

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FURTHER ABUSES OF OCKHAM'S RAZOR.

THE malicious mouth according to the Psalmist "vomits fire and its tongue is a sharp sword," is "pointed as a serpent's tongue," is a "whetted razor." (Psalms lvii., 5; lix., 7; lxiv., 3; cxl., 3.) This brings us back to the consideration of Ockham's razor as used, not necessarily with *malice prepense*, but perhaps even with mistaken benevolence, to cut off what seems an encumbrance, but is really a needful part in a desirable whole. Thus the difficulties against religion raised on grounds of history and philosophy or from other arguable sources are often shirked by the device of shutting out such reasonings on the plea that religion belongs to an inner sanctuary of conscience to which logic has no admission. Logically and for the speculative reason, religion according to Kant is beyond human reach and is self-contradictory in its prime tenets: so he applies this razor to such argumentative objections as are found in those intellectual failures and takes refuge isolatedly apart from the world of debaters in what he styles the uncriticizable fortress of the Practical Reason. By a like retirement from assaults of logic against free will, he places freedom in what he calls by the magic name of the Noumenal Region, which he safeguards by a declaration regal in its authority that the noumenal lies beyond the range of knowledge and criticism.

To-day what is called Modernism repeats the Kantian tactics of retreat out of range from fleshly weapons. Against it, so withdrawn from the field of battle, its history and dogma are in vain cited for trial in court: because they are declared to be no vital part of itself: they have severed and made into outer garment of the living body of the faith which must change its dress with the seasons and ages. What some persons cannot, others perhaps can do without conscious hypocrisy. If certain souls can thus in the asylum of Modernism save themselves from blank agnosticism, their case is better than a worse; but the only good position is

that of the Catholic Church, which acknowledges its liabilities in the matter of history and formulated dogma and avows that those to it are vital parts of its organism. Interaction of soul and body is another difficulty for which the razor is called in that it may make away with the hard part of the problem. The common belief is rejected that mind regulates the movements of the material organs; which are called voluntary: the mental series is reduced to epiphenomena, which may correspond to much of the organic series, but are devoid of all efficient causality upon its sequences. Ribot is one who more or less favors this policy, but the confusion of his language is apt to hide the fact that sometimes he is arguing for what is not contested, namely, that abstract consciousness, or thought and volition as abstract as divorced from their substantial efficient ground in the concrete person or man, is not a sufficient cause for bodily movements. Not distinguishing soul and body as we do, Ribot argues that the psychophysical organism is the agent, not the abstract psychism which has no existence apart, least of all where no spiritual soul is admitted. But often his words seem to say more and to deny that consciousness has any share in the action of a living autonomous body.¹ "Si l'on s'obstine à faire de la conscience une cause tout reste obscur: si on la considère comme le simple accompagnement d'un processus nerveux qui lui seul est l'évènement essentiel, tout devient clair, et les difficultés factices disparaissent." Here the word "accompagnement" suggests the bad use of the razor, a use to which Ribot hardly adheres in his inner thought. If with us he believed in the unity of man as a compound of body and soul in one substance, he would say that they, and not an isolated consciousness acting on body as on something else, was the cause of our voluntary movements. He calls such total cause "*le mécanisme psychophysiologique*." His oversight is at times, under stress of controversy, to cut off the psychic part so far as it is a consciousness and to set this consciousness aside as an accompaniment or epiphenomenon² having no share in the efficacy. We hold that in rationally guided movements the reason has its portion of the causality: it is the rational soul that acts through its faculties and we cannot cut off the rationality as

¹ "Malades de la Volonté," pp. 8, 9.

² The denial of the psychic or conscious share in the production of voluntary movements has been described as a sort of elevation beyond the labor class to an aristocratic class of the unemployed. The title epiphenomenon is thus a sort of peerage-like designation, bespeaking freedom from all taint of bandusia. But the honor of such unoccupiedness has fallen in repute during the last generation. One who knows the West End of London says that whereas to have nothing to do was fifty years ago a common boast, now even the idle rich put in a claim to be doing something useful to justify their existence, and to help on the preservation of their caste in a clamorous democracy that hates drones.

being no factor in the total cause. Ribot prefers the razor because he does not exactly see what he is doing: "Dans l'acte volontaire il y a deux elements bien distinctes: l'état de conscience, le je veux qui constate une situation, mais qui n'a pas lui-même aucune efficacité, et un mécanisme psychophysiologique très complexe en qui seule reside la pouvoir." (P. 3.) He argues out this theory from the actions of pathological subjects who seem to perform many reasonable actions unconsciously. But one unwarrantable assumption is that those movements are wholly unguided by any consciousness; a sweeping assumption which moderately cautious interpreters refrain from pronouncing. Another mistake is to ignore, in the fanaticism for a universal exclusion of conscious causality, the healthy cases of voluntary movement where conscious reason clearly takes a part: and these examples are the normal and therefore by far the most important. How far an unconscious automatism can work in man we do not know, nor shall we ever discover what precisely the *instinct* is in such workers as manage the complex economy of beehives. The term instinct has to cover our ignorance, but not to blind us to knowable wonders. At any rate, our lack of insight is not so bad as to blur the clear conviction that in reasonably tending movements of men the reason very often counts as a component of the causality. Our safety in this assertion consists in refusing to break up the substantial unity of man into parts that are as separate substances. Man is not as Descartes, who saw in the beehive only unconscious automatism, curiously fancied, an automatically worked vessel, with a soul acting as pilot in the pineal gland. Still further away from truth is the theory supposing a triple substance of body, soul and spirit, of which this is a specimen statement: "Let us recognize man as a free spirit, moving a material body, through the medium of a mind. Mind, then, represents the link between the spirit and the body, the medium through which the spirit, the self, the Ego can play upon the brain and other parts of the nervous system and so are the bodily organs. The mind represents, as it were, the keyboard which enables the pianist to act on the strings of his instrument and elicit music therefore."³ Against this exaggerated trichotomy St. Thomas has established the safe doctrine of man as substantial unity as a reasonable agent, basing himself on Aristotle's principle of a soul informing a body. But we must take care to avoid the great evil of the Master in calling *vous nous* a third and quite superior part, not belonging to the animated body as such. St. Thomas best explains what Huxley said less comprehendingly, that "our volition counts for something as a condition for the course of events." A last instance of using the razor to get quit of difficulties

³ "Faith and Suggestion," by Edwin Ash, pp. 114-115.

may be taken from the device of recurring to Monism in order, first, to escape the difficulty of transient action or of interaction between separate bodies, and, secondly, to account for the fact of there being literally a Universe, that is, a single connected system throughout all being, and not, as Professor William James words it, a multiverse. The device seems at starting to afford great relief: but the breathing time is of short duration before adversaries come up and put very disturbing questions. Rather than submit to such torture, Professor William James preferred to take upon his back the burden of the decried pluralism. He is not the best champion of the cause: but as an interesting personality in late years he may gain a hearing where more sober wisdom would be counted dull and old-fashioned and scholastic. "Hume's assumption" he wrote, "that any factor of reality must be separable leads to his preposterous view that no relation can be real: that all events seem utterly loose and separate, conjoined, but never connected by any tie. Thus does the intellectual method pulverize perception and triumph over life."⁴

Those who are credulous enough to believe Hume's intellectual method to be really intellectual, in spite of its non-intellectuality, may rush off in headlong flight to the shelter of monism in order to escape an absolutely disunited world of *dissecta membra*—loose, disjointed parts. James continues: "There is doubtless somewhere an original perceptual experience of the kind of thing we mean by causation. Where is the typical experience originally got? Evidently in our own personal *activity-situations*. In all these what we feel is that a previous field of consciousness which points to a result develops gradually into another field, in which that result either appears as accomplished or else is prevented by obstacles against which we still feel ourselves to press. As I now write I am in one of those *activity-situations*. I strive after words which I only half prefigure, but which, when they shall have come, must satisfactorily complete the nascent sense I had of what I ought to be. The words are to run out of my pen, which I find my hand actuates so obediently to my desire that I am hardly conscious either of resistance or of effort. Some of the words come wrong, and then I do feel a resistance, not muscular, but mental, which instigates a new instalment of my activity, accompanied by more or less feeling of exertion." (Pages 210, 211.) What James here attempts is to cut away the ground from Hume's feet, while the latter argues for skepticism, because of his declaration that his experience tells himself nothing of any causality to establish a real bond between outer events as they proceed in their customary way or between our mental plans and their execution. James interrogates

⁴ "Some Problems of Philosophy," p. 200.

one of his own *activity-situations* and reports against Hume: "I find there causation." Hume's discourse on the point is as usual a heap of confusion, irrelevance and inconsequent conclusions, as must be the case when reason is bent on upsetting reason. He avers he has "no impression and so nothing to suggest the idea of power" and can only "feel a customary connection between ideas," along with "the sentiment of a *nisus* or endeavor;" and thereupon he transfers these subjective feelings or sentiments of inward endeavor to external objects, giving them a fictitious connection of causal interaction. Hume would have been the first to admit that what in theory he so airily propounded would in practice make him ridiculous as regards the interpretation of events as they went on in the universe around him. He is frivolous in his discussion, and he seems to take perverse delight in putting himself into untenable positions and then pointing out the absurdities of the situation. Meantime he enjoyed life. "As an agent," he protested, "I am no skeptic," and so as a pragmatist James wishes him to give up even his theory about the inability of a pluralistic universe to make its several parts interact. It works well to believe in that interaction, and therefore it is pragmatically proved.

We may well give further illustration of the subject by the use made of the disjunctive words "not this, but that." Of course, no one would suppose the exclusion here to be always meant absolutely: often there is but a relative condition declared, or one of preference, one of priority in importance, and so forth. Thus stands the matter repeatedly in Holy Scripture, as when Christ says, "I am not sent but to the tribe of Israel," "I do not My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me," "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting," "Moses gave you not bread from heaven, but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." Similarly when a father of the Church, urging virtue for the highest supernatural motives, says, "*nequequam ob hujus mundi honestatem*," he is not wholly exclusive. Again in the prayer of pure love for God, "*O Deus ego amo te*," the repudiation of the lower but good motives is not a simple rejection. A man going to Rome on a pious pilgrimage and also with a business purpose, each of these motives being enough to take him there, could in a certain sense exclaim: "I go not for the worldly interest." Extremists who make much of the "altogetherness of all things" are apt to maintain that never can we find such a complete application of the German disjunction, "*Entweder dies oder das*," that the settlement is definitely not the one, but the other. To justify the usages just instanced we need not go so far as that.

Next we may illustrate by a few clear examples how easily

an error may be committed in taking for a sharp, decisive cut of the razor the disjunctive proposition which ought to effect no complete severance. To start with Ethics: it may be said to be not an art, but a science: not to give rules for conduct, but to explain the nature of good and evil: to insist not on the thing done, but on its spirit or intention: not on the reasons, but on the emotions; not on the act, but on the personal agent: to aim at final beatitude, not as happiness, but as excellence: not as a subjective state of personal salvation, but as honor done to God, the Supreme Object, to be possessed in knowledge and love and glorification. Next as regards religion, we must carefully interpret the saying that the Absolute Being is not a substance, but a Subject: that God is known not from outer evidence, but from inner voices and from inner vision, not as a conclusion of the understanding, but as a revelation of the heart; religious worship is not sacrifice, but mercy and good deeds. Take again philosophy and its positive propositions that objects are in the mind and not outside: that consciousness of being concerns a subjective state, not an objective fact, and that we know things as they appear, not as they are. In certain contexts orthodox writers might use such forms of expression for which readers need to be cautious in their outlook. The above example will be enough to convince us that in vain shall we try to abolish all disjunctions except such as are absolutely exclusive in their severance of side from side: and that therefore our only safety is to keep alert that we may examine how far what verbally is a dichotomy is also so in point of meaning and fact. Human language is an imperfect instrument, and while its fluidity or compenetration of ideas is on one side a defect, on another side it is a gain by keeping our thoughts from an unreal and mischievous atomism which is fatal to organism. It is very noticeable that Holy Scripture has been given to us with a very fluid style of language, quite in contrast to that of rigorous definitions. When St. Paul argues that virginity turns interests upon God and married life turns them upon pleasing husbands, he never wanted to say that virgins have naturally no attention for the world and wives no care except for their husbands. Even if he had said, what he does not say, that wives seek to please husbands, but not God—both sides of which statement are largely unverified in practice—still we should have read his words just for the qualifiable truth they convey in the Apostle's fluid language.

It frightens some people who love the interrelatedness of all thoughts and their quasi-communistic life in the unity of the one apperceptive centre, even to imagine rigid boundaries suddenly established, so that each idea is a thing in itself and for itself,

with a castle for its home, barred against all alien invaders. Unlimited indulgence in the abhorrence of hospitality between penetrating ideas would indeed be terrible. Terrible on the other side would be the rejection of rigid definitions so as to get rid, for instance, even of that most critical of all dualisms, the difference of good and evil. Various devices have been used to get rid of this dualism in its seeming eternity of opposition. As to the actual fact of moral evil being eternally perpetuated in lost souls or spirits standing over against the saved, we can have certainty of it only from revelation. But apart from this mystery we have infinite temporal experience, proof that good and evil do meet in opposition, and that even if there were an ultimate extinction of the latter, it would leave the actuality of its passing existence at least undeniable.

What has been suggested as to uses and abuses of Ockham's razor touches questions not in themselves important. We have to divide in order to rule. We may make out divisions well or ill with important results upon our characters in a region where it is of vital moment to us that we should come out masters of our situations.

A peculiar difficulty in the use of Ockham's razor is noticeable as regards certain ultimate ideas about reality where it is hard to say what the philosophical convention is, or what it can possibly be. It is easier in mathematics definitely to disregard very small quantities, or to neglect the breadth of a surface while only the length is considered. But when we come to deal with abstract Being it is disputable how far we can leave out reference to existence on the one side and on the other side reference to the something which has to be conceived in order to furnish that which may exist or is an existible. On this point authors easily disagree, because they have not come to a mutual understanding of each other's position. One case will illustrate their cross purposes. It is useless to ask which is the first idea historically in the mind of a growing child. As regards the idea of Being, the philosopher who abstracts it does so in mature life with difficulty and often with an abiding perplexity as to what exactly he has done. A controversy in the *Revue Néo-Scholastique* of February, 1913, illustrates the confusion in a controversy. One author speaks from the view of the concrete setting of this abstract idea Being and dwells on its suggestions. Consequently he is not limited, as it were, to a single speck in his mental field, and into it he introduces volitional elements. He says, for example: "En cette distention intérieure de notre idée, en cette expérience intrinsèque, en ce besoin que la travaille de quelque chose qui n'est pas elle, je vois la note caractéristique de la catégorie de chose (res). On peut dans la dualité palpitant qui caractérise la première apprehension,

retrouver la trace distincte des deux amours qui entraînent l'âme." Here we see a writer who chooses not to make so exclusive an abstraction as to confine all his discourse to its single point, which is Being, and what in it is explicit, with the refusal to consider what is implicit, even though it clamors for explicitness. The critic of the first writer takes an opposite policy; he will make his abstraction and keep to it rigidly in its intellectual aspect, with sturdy refusal to allow any notice of the volitional aspect, though it is constantly in his consciousness. *Stat pro ratione voluntas*. This determination is patent in his words: "Il me semble que Monsieur R. transfigure indûment les conditions de notre être et de notre action en conditions connues nécessaires à notre pensée. De même, il exprime en termes moraux et volontaires les tendances de notre esprit. Or il nous semble qu'elles doivent se traduire en termes tout intellectuels car elles révèlent simplement la nature de l'esprit, fait pour connaître l'être ou la tendance d'une faculté au bien." Thus the second writer takes up a more thoroughgoing attitude of abstraction than does his opponent: and therein he represents a school of the more stringent type, which will grant no relaxation will not serve. Certain scotists, however, even here stand to their analogical concept. For that purpose the narrowest abstraction will not serve. Certain sectists, however, even here stand to their position, and refusing to relax their strain, deny the need of this single exception to the simplicity of the concept Being, when they will use Ockham's razor to the utmost of its acuteness in severing the finest points.

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CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE.

MAN'S NEED OF GOD.

IF there is an impression on my mind which I may regard as stronger than any other, it is a deep and immovable conviction that the Catholic Religion is the one great power in this world which has stability and permanence and which can make life worth living.

And in saying this I am not merely speaking from the standpoint of the convinced Catholic who believes in the divine origin of the Church, but from that of the student of human nature and character and of non-Catholic institutions and systems in many lands. It is a conviction, in fact, which would, I think, have been forced upon me by reflection and observation even if the happiness of embracing the Catholic Faith had never been mine. I find it

difficult to understand how any man who has thought matters out, and who will not allow his judgment to be affected by side-issues, can escape a similar conviction. I have a suspicion sometimes that the better minds everywhere are beginning vaguely to realize the fact, and that this may in some measure account for the commanding position which the Catholic Church is increasingly occupying in human thought.

I will briefly state upon what facts and principles I believe my own deep conviction to have been formed.

I am, in the first place, wholly convinced that every man of rightly-adjusted mind knows that God exists and that he has need of Him. Philosophy and speculation and science are one thing; moral conviction is quite another. The first may and do sometimes become intellectual playthings. The latter is a stern reality and cannot safely be played with. It cannot be ignored or escaped without throwing the entire mental and moral constitution out of gear. The man who is trying to play tricks with this fundamental conviction created by the most simple processes of thought is a restless and dissatisfied man wherever you may meet him. He takes a crooked and perverted view of life, and that view has a pessimistic coloring. Occasionally, it is true, one meets the man who affects a jaunty kind of optimism, a half-hearted sort of admiration for things as they are, and who loudly denounces the folly of inquiring into the whence and the whither at all; but he is generally very conscious that it is but the clinging of a drowning man to a straw—that his philosophy is bound to fail him sooner or later. There is one characteristic, however, which always and everywhere distinguishes these types of men, whether you meet them in ordinary social life, on a long sea voyage or on a railway journey. They will take the first opportunity of introducing the subject of religion. And if they find you responsive and giving evidence that you, too, are interested and have thought about the matter, they will talk about it exhaustively and incessantly. But the eagerness displayed is suspicious, for it is mostly wholly out of proportion to what one would suppose to be the needs of the case. I have so often, in the course of my extensive travels, both by sea and land, observed this strange phenomenon and have reflected deeply upon it. I have asked myself: why this keen interest in religion when so many and such urgent mundane matters are engaging the attention? Why discussion of a subject so emphatically declared to be settled and on which all rational men are supposed to be agreed? There is, I am convinced, but one true answer to this question. The mind, disloyal to its deepest conviction, is really miserable and ill at ease. It is not quite sure of the

tenableness of its philosophy. Somehow life, in the light of that philosophy, bears a depressing and gloomy aspect. Daily recurring convictions have to be faced and repressed. And, as a consequence, the oppressed mind seeks to communicate itself. It craves for fellowship. It looks for confirmation of its adopted philosophy; for assurance that it is really sound and tenable and—safe.

The mind has somehow become vaguely and partially convinced; but there is the conscience to be reckoned with. And somehow it refuses to be comforted. It will not leave the mind alone. It will incessantly clamor for new arguments that may go to assure it and that may bring peace and satisfaction. It is irritated when it finds that the arguments advanced do not impress another's mind—that there is another and very different aspect of the matter.

I have spoken to many priests and clergymen on this subject and in many lands, and those of them who have seen the world and who know life have invariably confirmed the correctness of my impressions. In America especially, where men are so much less reserved than they are in our European countries, a man, wearing a clerical collar, is almost always a marked man. He may go out of his way to seek retirement—sometimes in the remotest and most hidden part of a smoking room; fellow-travelers will spy him out; they will take a seat near him; they will draw him into conversation and after a very little while that conversation will turn on religion—on the subject of God, the human soul and the aim and purpose of human life.

It is, to my mind, from these simple facts and occurrences in life that we learn better and truer lessons than we are ever likely to learn from books. They show us what man really is—not what he is supposed or assumed to be by some scientists and philosophers, who study him in theory or who are bent upon fitting him into some preconceived system.

Man knows, through the simplest and most ordinary processes of thought, that God exists and that he cannot escape Him. He knows that he stands in some kind of personal relation to Him and that no human agency could have created in his mind convictions and impressions which no single hostile influence in life is sufficient to extinguish and to efface.

And he further knows that he needs God. He has the vaguely-realized conviction that this consciousness is capable of the most far-reaching development, of the most extraordinary possibilities and that it is really in this development that the true end and purpose of life are to be found. He knows that its repression means a stunted and mutilated life, an existence without aim and meaning and a constant sense of soul-weariness and disappointment.

I am profoundly convinced that this is a correct view of the matter and that no scientific assertion or philosophic assumption can touch this deep consciousness of the soul that God, the personal Creator and life-giver, exists and that man, in every condition of life and degree of culture and development, has need of Him. Where would religion be to-day if this were not so, if the fleshly cravings of men, if worldly achievements and distinctions could wholly efface and destroy it?

"A conception of God," says Professor Max Müller,¹ "a feeling of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a divine government of the world, the distinction between good and evil and the hope of a better life—these are some of the fundamental elements of all religions. Even though submerged for a time, they again and again rise to the surface. Even though frequently distorted, they again and again strive after a more perfect development. Had they not been original attributes of the human soul, religion would have remained an impossibility and the tongues of angels would have been for human ears but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Now, it is certain that the Catholic Church alone teaches the existence of a personal God, and of man's personal relation to Him, with uncompromising and unerring distinctness and certainty.

I do not mean by this that other systems of Christian or even non-Christian thought do not profess the same belief. But experience is constantly proving that in these systems modifications of this teaching are both possible and permissible. There is with them no fixity or finality—no clear and universal recognition that the truth is an elementary and fundamental one, respecting which there can be no possible doubt. Pantheistic, monistic and even spiritistic conceptions and speculations are avowedly or tentatively entertained and admitted and are allowed to veil or overshadow the fundamental truth. We have, in this sphere, the development of new theologies, new modes of conceiving of the nature of God and of His relation to the world, and these theologies and conceptions are often claimed to be higher standpoints, departures from what is boldly pronounced to represent primitive and anthropomorphic notions of things.

And since there is, in these systems, no dogmatic authority, no living voice distinguishing truth from error and binding the conscience, the most grotesque conceptions and theories are possible and conceivable, and it is difficult to say what form the teaching respecting God and His relation to the world may not assume in the future.

¹ "Religion and Life."

But the effect of this upon the human mind is not what is so often claimed for it, i. e., a higher kind of mental and moral development, but it is doubt, uncertainty and moral instability. It is reserve and paralyzes in the sphere of the distinctly spiritual life. The doubting soul waits for further light and disclosures, and meanwhile stifles its fundamental convictions and its needs. But a definitely spiritual development is incompatible with fundamental doubt. A sensible man does not surrender the joys of life, its successes and achievements to some deity, respecting which he cannot form a clear and intelligent conception, which may know and care little about him, and which may in the end turn out to be some possibly unconscious world-force. I ask my readers to look at the reviews of some of our modern theological and philosophical works for a confirmation of what I am saying. It is clear that in this sphere anything and everything is possible outside the Catholic Church.

But since, as I maintain, the conviction of the existence of a personal God and of a personal need of Him is natural and fundamental with man, and since man cannot successfully and profitably and for any great length of time escape and efface this conviction, that institution is ultimately bound to secure his allegiance which most clearly and emphatically teaches and proclaims this truth and which allows respecting it no kind of hesitation or compromise or modification.

It is to the Catholic Church and to her fixed and unhesitating teaching that both the normal man and the man who after many excursions into the fields of error has become true to himself must ultimately turn.

THE NECESSITY OF REVELATION.

When a thoughtful man has arrived at a clear and immovable conviction that a personal God exists and that there is purpose and direction behind the visible universe and the affairs of men, and when he has mentally and morally embraced and assented to this truth, he immediately experiences the need of further light and of a further disclosure. This sense of need would seem to be produced by an almost automatic action of the mind and the heart. There is, strictly speaking, no escape from it. The various systems of religion, seeking in a variety of ways to explain God and His relation to the world, are manifestly the outcome of this sense. And if the religious history of the past teaches us anything at all, it surely teaches us that such systems will continue to arise wherever a true and authoritative and credible disclosure is not clearly recognized and accepted. It is here, too, where experience and a look into the actual life of the world and into the minds of men teach

us so many true and valuable lessons. There is something in us which tells us that, since we are as we are, it is simply inconceivable that the God who called us into being should have left matters where we find them and should have been content to let us stumble through the darkness into the darkness without giving us any definite clue as to the purpose and meaning of it all. The very thought of the existence and governance of God implies the thought of revelation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that by the very laws which govern our moral life we have a kind of right to such a revelation. We cannot possibly get on without it. We must know, in some degree at least, whence we come, why we are here, why we are made to suffer and endure, and, after a time, to pass away, and what becomes of our conscious selves when we have passed away.

These things have, I know, been said a thousand times in a thousand books on religion and theology, and their truth is admitted by the great multitude in the sense that it is not denied. But few seem to realize that they are really life-truths, which we cannot escape whatever our attitude may be towards theology and in whatever direction the educational influences of our life may have led us. It is a self-evident and undeniable truth that man, when fully conscious of his moral necessities, is also conscious that he needs light—authoritative and therefore satisfying information on matters of the deepest import; information which the fullest exercise of his reason and intellect will not yield.

Now, it seems to me that when we turn our backs on all controversies and complications and come down to simple and palpable facts, there are two elements which a divine disclosure must necessarily possess. They are authority and certainty. Without either of them it could not be a revelation in any intelligible and tangible sense. We must be quite sure that God is the Revealer, and we must be equally sure what that is which He has revealed. I fail to see how a revelation could establish its claims, how it could maintain itself, how it could demand our allegiance unless these two elements be present. Without the first there would be constant doubt and hesitation and the admixture of human and erroneous notions; without the second there would be moral inactivity and soul-paralysis—ultimate denial and rejection. In both cases the declared revelation would, in its practical issues, cease to be a revelation.

We would be as wise, or rather as ignorant, as we were before, and we would but be driven to commence our speculations and investigations afresh.

Such an authoritative and certain revelation would, of course, bind

the intellect and the conscience in a certain sense. Their speculative activities would cease. They would be brought into obedience. This indeed would be the very aim and purpose of such a revelation.

But it would bring peace and stability of life. It would give tone to the moral nature. It would explain and satisfy its longings and aspirations. It would provide a fixed basis, upon which a true spiritual life could be constructed and on the grounds of which life's true purpose could be fulfilled. It would afford some sort of rational explanation of the perplexing mysteries of our being.

It is difficult to see how any form of religion, in any sense claiming to be a revelation, but lacking the elements of authority and certainty, could accomplish these things or could be expected to accomplish them—how it could permanently command the allegiance of rational men. Disclosure from without of a truth not ascertainable by the mind from within naturally binds the mind and limits its operations and limits it in the direction in which it is constantly clamoring to be limited. Such limitation clearly cannot be regarded as a bondage of the mind. It is really its freedom and illumination, since it sets it free from its own vagaries and imaginations and enables it to exercise itself in the right direction. In this sense freedom of thought and acceptance of revelation cannot surely go together. They must always of necessity exclude one another. What foolish things have not and are not being said on this subject by non-Catholics! What confusion of ideas has not been introduced into the world by those concerned with the defense of the error of ages! How many earnest and suffering souls are not to-day, by reason of this error, wandering in the maze of doubt and speculation and controversy—seeking rest and finding none. And yet this truth is so simple, so self-evident that the merest child should be able to apprehend it and does apprehend it so long as the mind is left to its normal and natural operations. I have met and am constantly meeting intelligent men and women of exalted mind and character, capable of high spiritual effort and of noble endeavor and whose whole nature seems to be craving for the full light of Christian and Catholic truth. Their moral energies are stunted and wasted and their hearts remain desolate simply because they fail to recognize this most simple and fundamental principle. A misdirected religious education has given their minds a false bias. They are daily, perhaps, bringing those minds into bondage to some scientific truth, but, by some extraordinary and wholly illogical process of reasoning, they fly from the very thought of bringing them into bondage to great spiritual truths. They cannot or will not see that that bondage is in reality the very highest form of freedom. Great

souls, in every country, are laboring under this fatal error and misconception, and are sad and peaceless, and, as a consequence, missing all the real and true and abiding joys of life. Would that we could help them, that we could speak the magic word that can set the paralyzed soul free and that we could lead them into that captivity for which the whole of our complex nature clamors and outside of which human life must evermore remain an unendurable bondage. In any case, some of the purest and noblest men that have ever trodden this sinful earth seem to have rejoiced and gloried in their condition of captivity. They have traced to it their soul's purest joys and achievements. They have thanked God on their knees daily and to the very end of their lives, that His grace prevailed with them and that they were led to make that one great and splendid act of mental and moral surrender.

And there is evidence, thank God! on every hand that the error of the ages which has kept the human soul in bondage for so many centuries is passing away. The plausible arguments of the enemies of the Catholic faith are beginning to fall upon deaf ears. Men and women everywhere are increasingly distrusting teachers and systems which exhibit such dire confusion and contradictions, and whose revelations are so plainly seen to be the result of their own vague and undisciplined imaginings. Sensible men are tired to death of religious controversy and of the cry of peace from quarters where there never was and never can be any peace. They are beginning to think for themselves, to pray more and to become increasingly conscious of the prayers of others which are everywhere in the world being offered for them. As a consequence, the Church is steadily gaining, if not always acknowledged and admitted adherents, yet gaining the sympathy and interest of singleminded men and women, who have sought in vain to satisfy and still the cravings of their souls, and who are slowly and in spite of a thousand difficulties growing in conviction that there is only one institution and one creed which can effectually and permanently satisfy them.

Of one thing we Catholics, who watch the movement of human thought and who are psychologists enough to rightly understand and interpret human needs, may be absolutely sure. It is to the Catholic Church that all souls, prepared to be true to themselves, are bound ultimately to turn. It is in her alone that the real end of controversy is reached. It is in her bosom that the storm-tossed human heart can find security and refuge from the tempest of life. It is but necessary that one simple truth should be better known and understood, that one great but fatal error should be corrected. It is but necessary that by one movement of grace the demon of human

pride should be banished and the heart be led to make the one simple but uncompromising and all-including act of surrender.

It is not so much, then, because I am able to adduce what I believe to be the best and most convincing arguments in favor of the truth of the doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church, but because I think that I know something of human life and of the needs of the human soul that I am an optimist respecting the Church and that I am persuaded that all true hearts are bound ultimately to come back to her.

A personal incident illustrating how simple the methods of the Catholic Church are and by what means submission of the mind is often secured may not be out of place here.

It is now a good many years since I was passing through those conflicts of mind to which I have briefly alluded here. I had long entertained doubts respecting the tenableness of the Anglican position. I could not get away from the thought that when all was said and done a revelation could not possibly leave everything in doubt and dispute and that the Holy Ghost could not teach different men different and mutually contradictory things. I had read ceaselessly on both sides of the great controversy and had, in the end, hopelessly fogged and perplexed my mind. Yet there were, according to the opinion of Catholic friends, unmistakable movements of grace, and it seemed desirable that some decision should be made. I was advised to see the late Cardinal Vaughan, and I had written to ask the favor of an interview. I shall not easily forget what passed at that interview. The day and its incidents are clearly and permanently impressed on my memory. I can to-day see the Cardinal at the old house, sitting in a large, chilly room, with a big cloak thrown over his shoulders.

He invited me briefly to explain my difficulty and my then state of mind. I explained as best I could, indicating the lines along which my mind had traveled. I had primed myself for this interview, had got my arguments pro and con at my fingers' ends, and was expecting what I might call a controversial battle royal. It never occurred to me that the whole difficulty really lay on the moral and not on the intellectual side. I was seeking to invade the sanctuary of spiritual truth by the conclusions of the intellect. Pride of life and of mind were barring the way. The only thing that could really be said in my favor and that practically saved the situation was the circumstance that I was desperately in earnest.

The Cardinal's tactics were admirable, and, I am thoroughly persuaded, were inspired of God. He did the very best thing he possibly could do for me, as I see very clearly to-day. And in what he said there spoke his strong and true and yet simple faith and

the equally simple and sweet disposition of his nature. He said to me: "The matter is far simpler than you suppose. You are very much in earnest; but it is your method which is at fault. Let me ask you these simple questions: 'Are you entirely and intelligently convinced that God has revealed Himself to men and that the incarnation of Jesus Christ is that revelation, demanding man's uncompromising acceptance and submission?'" I replied: "I am entirely convinced of it."

"Are you fully and intelligently convinced that this divine revelation is embodied in the Catholic Church and that she and she alone is the authorized expounder and guardian of the truth?"

A moment's reflection led me to reply unhesitatingly: "I find it impossible, in spite of a hundred difficulties, to evade this conclusion."

I shall never forget the kindly smile which lighted up the Cardinal's face at these words. He said quickly and gently, but nevertheless very firmly: "Then, my dear friend, there is but one thing for you to do. You must unhesitatingly submit to that Church; you must receive baptism and make your confession and turn your back upon what, on your own admission, is not the truth." It was a very simple, but nevertheless a remarkably logical statement. I could not honestly controvert it, and a fortnight later the old Cardinal heard my general confession and received me into the Church. The first was not a pleasant experience, for he did not let me off easily. The process through which he put me was a very thorough one. But I enjoyed his friendship for the remaining years of his life, and since his death I have prayed much for him. I see now and have seen for sixteen years that he rendered me the best and kindest service any person in this world has ever rendered me. May eternal rest be his!

I am persuaded that had I become a priest it is this simple argument that I should present to inquirers. The rest would seem to follow as a matter of course.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

The root sin of our human nature clearly is pride. It is the father and generator of all other sins and vices. All that is wrong in our moral and social life can ultimately be traced back to this source. The entire history of our race is a living record of what this one all-dominating passion can accomplish in the world and in human nature. It has retarded and even paralyzed the true and legitimate development of nations. It has sent fire and sword upon the earth and trampled under foot the best and holiest affections and inspirations. It has forged the most cunning weapons

and devices of desolation and destruction. It has sapped the holiest bonds which bind the human family together and with which all true individual and collective advancement is most intimately bound up. It separates father from child and brother from sister. It keeps to-day civilized nations, who have no other quarrel than that they happen to be born on different sides of a river, armed to the teeth. It keeps millions of toiling and struggling and helpless men and women, yea, and children, in a state of unspeakable bondage and misery. It has nailed and is daily nailing Christ to the Cross and is creating a gulf between man and his Creator which would seem to deepen and widen as the ages pass.

The pride of life! How well the Apostle sums up the various manifestations of our human infirmity in this one striking expression! We find it difficult, perhaps, to explain and define this expression in its fuller sense. But we all know what the Apostle means. We all recognize the spectre to which he points.

When we come to look more closely at this demon possessing man and destroying his happiness, we are faced by one great and fundamental difficulty. How did he ever get there? What is there in man when all is said and done that he has valid cause to be proud of?

In his physical aspect he is the most helpless and utterly dependent of all the animals created. His development is slow and proceeds under difficulties. Longer than any other living being he stands in need of others—of their constant watchful care and protection. For long years he is utterly incapable of securing for himself food and clothes and shelter. His peculiar bodily organization exposes him daily and hourly to a thousand dangers, any one of which may at any moment destroy him and terminate his life. He lies a helpless being in the lap of that nature of whose laws he remains largely ignorant and whose workings he cannot in any sense control. In the end he sinks into the grave a victim to these very laws. And what is true of his body is surely equally true respecting his mental nature and his soul. There are in that nature, most certainly, splendid endowments and possibilities. But they are all latent and undeveloped and they are strangely limited. He cannot make use of any one of them without his own constant and diligent effort and coöperation. They are, moreover, capable of development in two diametrically opposite directions.

For the most necessary and elementary information respecting life and the world he is dependent upon his fellows. Painfully and laboriously, and after many a grievous and humiliating fall, he has to creep up the steep hill of knowledge. He has again and again to reverse his steps, and frequently his life is spent ere he

reaches the top. And even when he has reached that top he is compelled to acknowledge that what he found there was disappointing and was really not worth the effort.

Of the real ultimate meaning of life his natural faculties tell him but little. There are vague impressions and certain necessary inferences, there are soul-experiences and soul-longings, but there is no certainty, no security, nothing at all, in the natural order of things, of which there is the slightest cause to be proud. On the contrary, there is everything within and around him calculated to humiliate him and to create in him a consciousness of utter dependence and helplessness.

And yet man is proud. He lifts up his head and says: "I will not serve." He seeks by every conceivable device and artifice to escape the acknowledgment of his helplessness and dependence and of his need of aid.

My present purpose is not to inquire into the cause of this strange anomaly. Its one true explanation, of course, is the fall, in whatever light we may regard it, and however fierce the intellectual war-dance may be which science is performing round this truth. It will have to come back to it in the end. I am not here concerned with cause, but with effect, and whatever serious reflections the cause may awaken in one's mind, the effect is apt to present itself to one sometimes in a comical light—it amuses one.

And has one not really a right to be amused when one looks into this modern world and watches and analyzes its life? It is, to my mind, from an observation of that life, in its varied manifestations, that one gets far better and more accurate ideas of what human pride is and what it does than one gets from the classbooks of theology.

Who has not watched and been amused at the woman who carries herself proudly, for the sole reason that she has a well-formed face and figure, with the making of which she has had nothing whatever to do, and who carries a fortune in clothes on her back? Her head may be quite empty and her life may be that of a butterfly; she may never have spent one single hour of it in some sensible and useful occupation; but she is proud! Every movement of her form betrays the sentiment which controls her.

Who has not observed the modern philosopher who professes to enlighten the world respecting its origin and destiny and who is bent on demolishing old and long-cherished convictions and beliefs? There is about him the air and atmosphere of an infinite assurance. He smiles the smile of "the one who knows" and who has discovered the hidden secrets of life—who could say much more if he dared and if he did not fear to shock his hearers. He

talks learnedly of molecules and atoms and electrons and attributes to them powers and possibilities which a Christian would not dare to attribute to any created thing. He draws deductions and builds up theories which are sometimes utterly absurd and unreasonable, and which a single application of common sense would destroy. But all is clothed in learned and unintelligible language, and consequently there is no possibility of contending against it. His name and achievements secure him against challenge and attack.²

And he is proud! Nature, of which he is a part and which has produced him (he does not in the least know how) lies at his feet. He has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, its hidden secrets. His dependence and helplessness, his utter ignorance of a thousand mysteries, the circumstance that he will ere long himself fall a victim to that same nature, and that he has by his method not got one single step nearer to the solution of the true mystery of life do not impress him. There is no call for humility. Where so much has been solved more is sure to be solved in the future, and there will come a time when the triumphant achievement of the intellect will make all plain and clear and the dark night of belief and superstition will vanish for ever.

I have often, in Continental seats of learning, watched and studied these men—these rebels against God and His kingdom, and I have asked myself: Assuming a God and a spiritual order, how is knowledge of them ever to reach them? How can spiritual forces prevail over such an attitude of mind? Where is the Spirit of God to find an entrance into a nature in which every single door and avenue is firmly double-locked and barred?

And I have come to the conclusion—the sad and painful conclusion—that so far as human judgment goes their case is hopeless. All possibilities have been destroyed by the pride of life and of intellect. It is not from them that we may hope and expect better things; we must look to those who come after them and after their time.

I remember, some years ago, attending the lectures of an eminent English psychologist, who then belonged to the materialistic school of thought. He is still living, and I cannot say to what school of thought he belongs now. His lectures were addressed to a fashionable and intelligent audience.

² Fly those who, under pretext of explaining nature, sow desolating doctrines in the hearts of men. Overturning, destroying, trampling under foot all that men respect, they rob the afflicted of their last consolations in their misery; they take from the powerful and the rich the only curbs of their passions; they wrest from the depths of hearts remorse for crimes and hope of virtue, and yet boast that they are the benefactors of the human race. Truth, they protest, can never be harmful to men. I agree with them. And this, in my opinion, is a great proof that what they teach is not the truth.—J. J. Rousseau.

He explained the intimate connection between mind and matter, the dependence of one upon the other. He showed from numerous examples how entirely mental states or men's deepest emotion and noblest sentiments are conditioned by the state and formation of brain cells and how these can be affected and modified by the introduction of physical and purely material agents. He built up a strangely convincing and plausible argument in favor of the non-existence of the soul. In his concluding words, he demolished all religious belief and showed that there was no rational ground whatever for assuming that there was such a thing as a soul and that any part of man survived the destruction of the physical brain. I remember the hush which pervaded the audience at these words and the dead silence with which they were received. I felt that many a poor suffering heart had that day received its deathblow. I have never forgotten those words and the arrogant pride with which they were uttered. I have often wondered how it was that not a single person present asked that man a few simple questions. For, of course, he could not and did not explain how matter had come to think at all, how physical organization can produce spiritual manifestations, how a hundred mysteries of the mental life could be explained on such a theory. Our most recent psychological knowledge and the study of abnormal physical phenomena have, of course, hopelessly demolished this theory, and no psychologist of repute holds it now. An instructed student of Catholic philosophy could have demolished it then. In the light of all this later knowledge one marvels at the arrogance of these men—at that confidence in and pride of intellect which shuts out an entire world of forces and operations from their dull and earth-bound sight.

But perhaps the most comical form of the pride of life may be studied in the person of the modern man of wealth. I have met many of them, and in some instances have had an opportunity of studying them at close quarters. With one I once had a long personal interview. It is astonishing to think what a state of mind possession creates. In contact with these men one seems to be up against some brass wall which will yield to no kind of assault and from which an entire world of teeming human hopes and ideals and aspirations is effectually and permanently shut out. There are exceptions, of course; but they are few. Speaking generally, the solemn words of our Lord are most true and applicable to them to-day: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Those of us who have seen much of very rich men echo sadly and despondingly: "How hardly!"

But what is the use of multiplying these illustrations in order the better to emphasize a great truth? We all know the fact; we

experience it in our daily life; hourly we suffer from it, even at the hands of our dearest friends. We are proud because of our birth, slightly superior perhaps to that of our friend; we are proud because of the man in an exalted position who may happen to take notice of us. We are proud because we are healthy and well-made, can walk well and eat and drink what we like. We are proud because we can pay what we owe, because we have never been in jail, have never been detected in a shady transaction. We are proud because we can put on decent clothes, in which we look well; because we are riding in a motor car, because we can afford our relations a better funeral than the man who lives opposite or next door.

The beast is always there, is always and on every slightest occasion raising its head, and the only difference between ourselves and the other man is that we have acquired the art of managing, or perhaps of concealing, our wild beast so much better than he.

HUMILITY AND REVELATION.

My reader will say: All this is quite true. I admit all you say. I am myself conscious of the pride of life. I regret it, but I cannot help it. It seems to me to be a part of my very constitution. But what has all this to do with religion, with the Catholic faith, with the present argument?

It has more to do with it than may appear at first sight and than we are apt to suspect. For the pride of life is the one impenetrable veil which hides from man the spiritual world and which shuts him out from the kingdom of God.

By the rebellious pride of life the first man fell away from God; by that same pride mankind has been falling away from Him ever since.

When a man is very ignorant of a matter on which he desires knowledge, he must first of all recognize and acknowledge his ignorance, and he must then put himself in the position of a learner. He must assume towards his teacher the right attitude of mind. It is not possible for him to learn anything under any other condition. The boy at school who thinks that he knows or who regards with contempt the teacher or his subject will never learn anything. It is not his failing to hear, but his mental attitude towards that which is heard or towards him who declares it, which shuts the knowledge out from his mind. His mental qualities may be excellent, but they avail him little if there be no sense of his ignorance and no desire to learn by the method by which alone information can come.

It is precisely so, and in an infinitely higher and truer degree, in

spiritual matters. And it seems strange that any one should fail to see that it is bound to be so. A revelation, we admit, has been given. It has been given by God to creatures who could not in any other way obtain the information for which they crave. It discloses the things of the spiritual order, of which man could not naturally have any knowledge, and respecting which he could not therefore be the judge or the critic. The only thing that he could do concerning it is to ascertain what its essential contents are and the actual truths which it discloses. But to understand these truths aright, to embrace and assimilate them, calls for an attitude of mind and of heart. It demands the tacit acknowledgment of ignorance and the desire to learn the truth on the condition on which it can be imparted. Any other attitude of mind of necessity excludes the truth from the mind, and if it be sought for in any other way, it is bound to be misconceived, so that the mind must inevitably fall into error. We are here face to face with the respective principles of the Protestant and the Catholic methods of thought. And it seems to me that these principles must be forever more irreconcilable.

The non-Catholic attitude of thought beyond doubt is that of pride; it is the attitude of the judge and the critic. All Protestant theology, it seems to me, bears witness to this. Truths, manifestly declared by Christ and firmly held and proclaimed by generations of men, are subjected to intellectual scrutiny and analysis. They are squared, so far as that is possible, with what are asserted to be the claims of reason. Where this cannot be readily accomplished, they are whittled down and emptied of their original meaning. And when seemingly insurmountable difficulties respecting them present themselves they are denied altogether.

The process of such thought thus becomes increasingly a destructive one, and the mind of necessity falls back into those errors and misconceptions from which the divine disclosure came to set it free.

It seems to me that it is only by a recognition of this fact that all the vagaries and contradictions and the hopeless muddle of non-Catholic theologies become intelligible. Their field of operations resembles the floor of a slaughter house with numerous fragments of an animal body lying about, but without any man knowing precisely what the animal looked like to which they originally belonged. This mental and moral attitude may be an unconscious one, due in many instances to early training and to a misdirection of the mind from the beginning; it may be dictated by a sense of conscientiousness and sincerity; but it is a false and mistaken attitude, nevertheless, and it can never lead the mind to an apprehension of the real truth and to certainty.

Now, what was the attitude of mind which Christ our Lord

demanding of His hearers in order to secure acceptance of the truths which He declared? It was surely the exactly opposite of the attitude described. Indeed, He incessantly and on every occasion warned against it. He insisted upon simplicity of mind and humility. "Unless ye become as little children." "Unless ye repent." "Blessed are the meek." The Apostles, too, emphasized this principle and made it the very essence of their teaching and preaching.

To the philosophers and thinkers of the first Christian age and to the arrogant letter-bound leaders of the Jews it was all folly and foolishness. They utterly failed to see how this contemptible attitude of mind and the extraordinarily humiliating teaching could be believed by reasonable men and be of any use to the world. To those in whom more accurate thinking and self-knowledge or the sufferings and troubles of life had created humility and a readiness to learn spiritual things, it proved "the power of God unto salvation." Accepted on the right and God-given conditions, it has since then proved the power of God to an entire world.

We have here, then, come down to the true root of the whole matter, and all is really quite simple and clear. We can understand and rightly interpret what is going on in the world to-day. And we can see why Rome and Lutheranism must forever more part company. We can see clearly why those men who have grasped these root principles are justified in believing that Rome must ultimately be the haven of refuge to all sincere and distressed souls and must triumph in the end.

For it is on this simple principle that the entire system of the Catholic Church works and by means of which it accomplishes its gigantic work in the world.

The Protestant theologian begins his work of research and inquiry with an open mind. He approaches the examination of revealed truth with proud confidence in the conclusions of his intellect, and he is determined to accept those conclusions whatever they may be. He may thus, at the end of his inquiry, see reason for accepting a primitive truth or for rejecting it; all depends upon the line of research he has pursued and upon individual preferences and inclinations. He may become an orthodox or a liberal believer; he may believe Christ to be divine or not.

The Catholic theologian, on the other hand, starts his inquiry with certain revealed truths firmly fixed in his mind and in his heart. They have come to him, not by reason of intellectual conclusion, but by reason of acceptance of an authoritative, divinely-guided Teacher. He has assented to them by faith—an attitude of soul conditioned by humility and teachableness and a clear recognition that the things of the spiritual order and the mysteries

of God can never depend for their acceptance upon purely intellectual conclusions. For him nothing that he is likely to discover in the course of his studies can possibly affect or modify these truths so long as he continues humble and preserves a sense of the right proportion of things. His researches may give him a deeper insight and understanding of these truths, even further modes and ways of conceiving them—they cannot possibly affect the truths themselves, since they were clearly recognized before the inquiry began and on wholly different grounds. And all the Catholic laity are carefully instructed thus to regard the divine truth and the method of conceiving it. They are taught to practice the virtue of humility, without which divine truth can neither be received nor persevered in. They are warned, and rightly so, of course, against the perils of the Protestant principle. And no exception is made in regard of social status, of learning and intellectual achievement, of distinctions gained in other spheres of human thought and learning.

The Cabinet Minister, the Indian Viceroy and the distinguished university professor, the practical lawyer and medical man, all without exception have to walk along the same road and approach Catholic truth by the same path. It is identical with that of the poor clerk, the unlettered domestic servant, the man who brushes our clothes and cleans our boots. It is by virtue of humility and of teachableness and by the grace and faith given in consequence of this attitude of heart and mind that they all come to know and understand divine things.

Here, then, is the essence and summary of my argument.

It is because I am profoundly convinced that the non-Catholic method of religious thought is a false one and is the attitude of pride and that the Catholic method or principle is the true one and the one which Christ our Lord most certainly disclosed and never ceased to insist upon, that I believe in the ultimate triumph of the Catholic Church and in her power of finally drawing the disillusioned souls of men to herself. They will have nowhere else to go when other attempts to find the truth have proved blind alleys.

There is an incident in my life which goes to illustrate what I have said here, and I feel that I must tell it to my readers.

A few years after my submission to the Church I found myself in Rome. I was anxious to confer with one of her learned men respecting a subject in which we were both equally and intensely interested. And, of course, I wanted to see the Pope—pay my respects to him. I entertained a profound admiration for the great Leo. But the Pope was still an invalid after his operation, and no audiences were being given. He had merely conversed with a few intimates on pressing matters. Friends, anxious to see the fulfillment

of my wishes, advised me to abandon my quest. But I wanted to see Leo, and he was very old and very feeble. And so I lingered in Rome, had my return ticket prolonged week after week and persevered with the Memorare.

Twenty-four hours before my intended departure Cardinal Vaughan arrived in Rome, and letters, one from the Vatican, another from myself, were handed to him on the same night. He was extremely fatigued and had not intended seeing the Holy Father so soon. But with that exquisite courtesy and kindness of heart which so strikingly distinguished him, he had at once communicated with the Vatican, and an audience had been arranged for the following morning. When I arrived at the English College early the next day I saw his carriage in the courtyard, and soon afterwards His Eminence hurriedly appeared, pale and tired-looking, but kindly and simple as ever. He invited me to take a seat in his carriage, and we drove to the Vatican. The Cardinal's heart was weak, and at the Vatican he made use of a lift recently constructed. There stepped into that lift a gentleman in Windsor uniform and a lady. I found them to be the late Lord Brampton (then just received into the Church) and his wife. He, too, had been communicated with, and, with his wife, was to see the Pope.

We traversed the many stately and well-known apartments of the Papal Palace, the soldiers saluting the Cardinal as we passed. In a room adjoining the Pope's cabinet we were told to wait while the Cardinal went in to pay his respects. It proved to be a somewhat lengthy interview, and Lord Brampton, in the most simple and unreserved manner, spoke to me of his recent conversion and of his present joy and happiness. I was naturally anxious to know by what processes the great lawyer and judge had reached his conclusions. I put a few cautious and tactful questions to him, to which he replied fully and readily, and what he told me was, briefly, this:

"I had long," he said, "been dissatisfied with myself and my religious position. I always felt that I would have to face the matter some day. But my arduous duties on the bench caused me to shelve it year after year. In the end I thought I would wait until my retirement, which was close at hand. I had, however, here and there read a good deal on both sides of the controversy.

"When I was free at last I went to see Cardinal Vaughan, whom I had often met at certain gatherings, and for whom I entertained profound respect. I talked matters over with him, and at the close of my interview I asked him to recommend to me some books which I might read with profit and which might help me. He thought for a little while, and then he said: 'Well, Lord Brampton, you

know what our Divine Lord said, "Unless you become as little children," etc.—you know the rest. I cannot, I think, do better than give you the penny catechism. It contains in essence all that we teach. Read it carefully and pray much.' I considered that answer a very good one," said Lord Brampton, "and I took the little volume home and studied it with care. I thought it an excellent and logical exposition of dogmatic teaching, admirably summarizing and explaining all that the Scriptures contain. Prayer and the grace of God accomplished the rest. And for that which was accomplished I thank God every day of my life."³

A moment later the Cardinal beckoned to us, and we went in to see the Pope. When Lord and Lady Brampton left the cabinet they left it with streaming eyes.

I have been wondering how the superintendent of one of the Protestant State churches would have dealt with a man of similar standing and under similar conditions. It was clearly by the true Catholic path, the path of simplicity and humility, that this great and learned English judge entered the Church of Jesus Christ.

During my stay in Rome I found myself on Good Friday morning at the foot of the Santa Scala—the staircase down which the Redeemer is believed to have come on the way to His death.

Numerous pilgrims were devoutly ascending it on their knees, some of them very old and infirm. My good angel urged me to imitate this example and to perform this act of humiliation. Another voice was urging the contrary, speaking of folly and superstition, reminding me that there could not possibly be any certainty that it was the genuine staircase. Besides this, what good could there be in such a silly and humiliating act? What would my scientific friends say to it?

A young priest, standing near, whom I had never seen before in my life, seemed by some sort of intuition to discern the conflict going on within me. He came over to me and said very quietly: "You had better go up. It will do you good on a day like this. It will humble your pride. And what matters it whether the staircase

³ There is another interesting story told me by Lord Brampton which I may, I think, tell my readers. Lord Brampton, it may be remembered, was over eighty years of age when he retired from the Bench and joined the Catholic Church. He saw very clearly what would happen if he did not announce these events in their proper order. His retirement therefore was made known first of all. The newspapers, especially *The Times*, eulogized him, spoke of his brilliant achievements and his great intellectual powers—preserved clear and intact right into extreme old age. When all this had been emphatically stated there came the announcement of his conversion to Rome. It caused great astonishment, and a number of causes were assigned. "But they could not very well," slyly remarked Lord Brampton, "attribute it to failing intellectual power and senility."

be the genuine one or not? God sees your heart and your intentions, and the merit of the act remains the same."

I do not know to this day what made that young priest so suddenly clairvoyant. But I ascended that staircase on my knees. I came down it a humbler and, I think, a better man, and I have been sincerely glad of it ever since.

THE DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM.

There is another and very solid reason why I believe that the Catholic Church will ultimately draw the souls of men to herself.

The Protestant systems of thought are steadily decaying and disintegrating.

In saying this I do not by any means assert that there are not certain and perhaps even considerable numbers of persons in all the Protestant countries who attend church and who "hang on" to some semblance of dogmatic belief. There are such persons beyond doubt, and they are most largely found in the villages and country districts.

But from the mind of the educated Protestant world generally belief in anything approaching authoritative religion, demanding the obedience of head and of heart, has completely disappeared.

In cultivated circles in Germany the very thought or suggestion would provoke a smile. The State churches are looked upon as the fossil remains of a dead past, useful for the preservation of the appearance of things and, in a measure, necessary instruments to be employed for political and social purposes, but in all other respects as effete institutions which have long ceased to serve any useful end and which but tend to cumber the ground. I have lived long in Protestant Germany, and have come in touch with many different spheres of German social life; but I have never met a single German who does not grumble at the few shillings of Church tax which he has to pay in the year and who does not consider it wasted money.

A scarcely concealed contempt is the attitude of the German man of culture towards the Protestant pastor, who is only expected to enter his house when a baptism or a marriage ceremony has to be performed or when a member of the family dies.

In the latter case, I may say incidentally, he is expected to deliver a funeral oration, and in order to equip himself for the task, he appears the day before the ceremony to gather information which may enable him to sing the dead person's praises. It will be readily understood what grotesque performances these funeral orations sometimes are and what extraordinary things are asserted. In nine cases out of ten the speaker has never met or seen the

deceased person! I am persuaded that no educated German man or woman would to-day assert that the pastors of the German Protestant State churches are in any sense a spiritual force. They are scarcely a moral force, and they are certainly rapidly ceasing to be a social one. In the North German towns in which I have lived from time to time the people go to church on Good Friday and on New Year's Eve—some perhaps also on the day appointed by the State for public prayer and humiliation. And their demeanor on these days is really a very comical thing. They generally dress in black on these occasions, make diligent search for or borrow from a neighbor the long-discarded prayer book and observe on their way to church a melancholy silence and stateliness. Since the theatres and places of amusement are closed, at least on Good Friday and on the State-appointed day for humiliation, no relief can be sought in a little innocent subsequent gayety, and the rest of the day has to be spent in some other equally uncongenial fashion. Everybody is heartily glad when the unwelcome and distasteful business is over.

I have often, in order to gather true and accurate impressions, looked into some of the Protestant churches on Sundays, and I have marveled how men of education and self-respect can have the courage to enter a pulpit and address these microscopical congregations, and how he can for such services accept a substantial yearly income and a pension for himself and for his family after him.

With good reasons may the struggling and toiling masses look upon him as a cumberer of the ground, who has no part or lot with them, and who stands wholly outside their life-ideals and their life-interests. And it is, of course, a known thing in Germany that the clergy themselves are becoming increasingly conscious of the incongruity and moral untenableness of their position. They are as a body retiring and reserved and scarcely ever frequent any other social circles but their own. They make little or no attempt to influence and attract or impress the masses. Their activities are for the most part limited to the simple official duties prescribed for them by the State.

The universities are loudly lamenting the steadily decreasing number of students applying for admission to the Protestant faculties, and quite recently serious questions were asked on this subject in the public papers.

It is surely a striking and significant circumstance that the cause of this diminution was freely and universally ascribed to the confusion existing in religious thought by reason of the pronouncements of science and of critical Biblical research, and to the consequent loosening of any remaining hold which Protestant belief still had

over an age increasingly devoted to the pursuit of pleasure and gratification and to exclusively mundane pursuits. And all this in the very heart of Protestantism, in the very cities where Luther lived and labored and whence he propagated ideas which were to bring to the world a purer faith and a truer religion—where his religion has all the support and prestige which the State can impart and where the sharpest weapons for its defense are regarded as lawful and legitimate! Can a more complete and a more hopeless bankruptcy of a religious system be conceived?

The one remaining life-element in German Protestantism is, of course, the Catholic Church. It stands an ever-threatening spectre before the imagination of the Protestant mind. Fear of it and the need of energetic opposition to it constitute the one war-cry of the Protestant party and are the one note which calls the various parties and schools of thought together and causes them to present a really united front. The dread of Rome, the urgent necessity of preventing her encroachments, of keeping the people from becoming better acquainted with her teaching and her ideals form the substance of all Protestant controversial talk and literature. It is the one appeal which brings in the sinews of war and which can always count on a liberal response.

For in spite of ceaseless opposition and of numerous educational and social disqualifications, in spite of repression and poverty and abuse, Rome is steadily holding her own, is here and there securing desirable converts, is gaining the respect of honorable and unprejudiced men, and is presenting a spectacle to the world for which it is found increasingly difficult to discover an adequate explanation.

Her churches are filled, her pastors are loved and respected and obeyed, and adequately supported. Her people remain unmoved by the seething thoughts of the age. She continues to draw to herself and to command the love and devotion of the toiling and the poor. She is seen to be the only really living force which can stay the destructive and revolutionary forces which threaten modern society.

So great is the belief of the Catholic people in her supernatural power and in the life-giving forces of which she is the spender that in some districts old and young will traverse mountains and wade through feet of snow in order to hear Mass and to receive her sacraments. It is a standing miracle to the German Protestant that these things can be. He has tried all kinds of explanations, but they have all failed him one after another. He is constrained to admit that none of them quite accounts for the strange phenomenon.

One must realize what all this means in a country where abuse may be generously heaped upon the Catholic Church and religion,

but where not a word may be said in public against the Established Church; where any teacher in a public school may set forth the most grotesque caricatures of Catholic doctrine, but not a sound may be uttered calculated to discredit Protestant belief; where there exists no such thing as lectures and sermons and explanations for non-Catholics, and where a priest has to weigh every word he utters in public and even in private if he is not to expose himself to a reprimand or even suspense.

But a few months ago I met two ladies of aristocratic birth who had quite recently joined the Church, one after having for eight years vainly asked permission for this step of her husband. Both of them had to undergo the trying ordeal of first of all submitting their case to the local Protestant pastor and of listening to his exhortations and counsel. A priest could not receive them until this had been done. People in England talk sometimes of religious disabilities as regards Catholics, of difficulties standing in the way of the full and free exercise of religious belief. Such people have little idea of what the state of things is in other countries and what inestimable privileges they enjoy. There is no country in the wide world—and I have seen many of them—in which Catholics are so free and unhampered to-day as they are in England.

I have often been asked, in the course of my wanderings: what about the German Emperor; what is really his position in the matter? He is the head of the Protestant Church, yet he shows such signal and repeated favors to Catholics. Some of my friends have gone so far as to assert that they believe him to be a Catholic at heart. But, as a matter of fact, nothing can be further from the truth.

The Emperor, as all accurately informed Germans know, is a Protestant to the backbone. There is nothing mystical in his nature. Both he and his family are whole-heartedly devoted to and believe in the Lutheran tradition. Luther is their hero and their spiritual ideal. The one relative of the Emperor who has embraced the Catholic religion has been rigidly excluded from Court.

At the same time, the Emperor is vaguely conscious that, with all the building of churches and the devising of repressive measures, Protestantism is not a success. The religious anarchy prevailing in the German States, the steady growth of Socialism in his very capital of Berlin, where all his military glory is so constantly displayed; the alarming increase of crime and vice and of the craving for sensual indulgence and luxury of every kind, even in the army, are facts too obvious and palpable to be denied and ignored.

He is really a clever and far-seeing man and he recognizes the social danger. He discerns the gravity of the perils of the times. And he feels, of course, that religion, supernatural religion, is the one force which can control these turbulent elements and by which they can be effectually combated. And he can scarcely fail to perceive and to appreciate the solid phalanx presented by the Catholic Church, with its oneness of aim and ideals and its splendidly constructed constitution. It has manifestly successfully battled with and survived destructive forces and movements similar to those now at work in the world. As a statesman the Emperor sees clearly that it is really in this direction that he must look for aid and succor if religion is to be preserved in the land.

And can we doubt, strict soldier and disciplinarian that he is, that he secretly admires the splendid organization and discipline of the Church which compares with no other system in the whole world? What excellent purposes could it not be made to serve were he but its head and had he but the control and manipulation of it! As it is, he is wise enough to make it serve his ends so far as this is possible.

I am persuaded that I have thus presented the true facts of the case. My ideas are not based upon personal and possibly erroneous inferences and conclusions, but upon impressions which I have gathered from conversations with persons in various positions of official German life who may be supposed to be accurately informed and who were by no means themselves in sympathy with the conclusions to which they had been forced.

For however favorable the Emperor's personal attitude may be, it is certainly strongly resented and disapproved of by the people, whose attitude towards Rome is always and everywhere pronouncedly hostile.

I had a striking illustration of this quite recently in the course of a visit which I paid to a professor of history at one of the Protestant German universities, who had but a very short time before joined the Catholic Church.

It is difficult to convey to an English mind the amount of abuse which has been heaped upon this man. There is not a book shop in the town in which he lives in which inflammatory pamphlets, attributing to the professor every conceivable motive but the right one, were exposed for sale. It seemed as though all Protestant Germany had risen to its feet and had rushed to arms. The event itself and the publication of the mental processes which had produced it had clearly moved the Protestant conscience to its very foundation. The professor told me that pamphlets attempting to explain the extraordinary thing were daily being sent to him in

shoals, some of them strangely lacking in dignity and ordinary courtesy.

Fortunately he is a man who can look at the matter from a humorous point of view and who knows how all this is to be interpreted. He is financially and socially so situated that he can afford to shrug his shoulders at the absurd commotion which his conversion and the publication of his book have provoked. But one dreads to think what might have been the fate of a man in similar circumstances, not perhaps so favorably placed and for whom it might have meant the loss of bread and shelter for himself as well as for wife and child. Would he have had the courage of his convictions? Would he have stood firm? The professor himself does not altogether regret the religious disturbance. It is one means, he said—perhaps the only one here of making people think of greater matters and of directing their thoughts to the supernatural.

But behind all this bitterness and aggressiveness, of course, lies the consciousness of collapse and bankruptcy and failure. It would not be thinkable without it. So far as Germany is concerned, I am inclined to think that things must become much worse before they can be better. The existing Protestant institutions must be still further discredited and entirely go to pieces. It is not possible to patch up the old and tattered garment. It is too utterly useless and rotten.

And the people, educated and uneducated alike, must increasingly recognize the misery and degradation of a life without God and without religious and transcendental hopes and ideals. They must, in a still more hearty and friendly manner, shake hands with the devil. It is then and only then that the awakening will come. And when it does come, and they begin once more to ask for truth and certainty and for God, whither will they or can they go but to the Catholic Church?

MODERNISM.

The preceding considerations naturally lead one on to the subject of Modernism—that thought-movement of our day respecting which so much misconception is entertained and about which so many foolish things have been said and written. The most foolish things by far have been said and written in Protestant Germany. I was there when the Borromeo Encyclical appeared, during the Prince Max episode, and also quite recently when the storm raged over the modernist oath. The productions of the secular press on these respective occasions were past belief, and there was really far more cause for laughter than for weeping. One simply turned

from some of the leading articles on these subjects in amazement and asked oneself how these things could be. Could the minds of the writers be sound? Were they really writing in jest or were they in earnest? The most utter and hopeless confusion of ideas and forgetfulness of necessary principles—a bold and unblushing attempt to throw dust into the eyes of thinking men who have to-day all the historic facts of the Reformation and of the events which have occurred since that time and of the steadily increasing dogmatic chaos in the world before them! The question really is: Can human folly and perverseness go further?

Here are the rulers in State and Church in the various Protestant countries crying out that all the foundations are out of course, since religious anarchy, doubt and indifference are reigning in every land and are threatening the destruction of the existing order and the subversion of those Christian principles which have created them and upon which the well-being of both family and State are declared to rest. Every thinking person in every land is convinced that unless some saving event or catastrophe occurs nothing can rescue some nations from that social revolution which will sweep everything before it and which may sweep those nations themselves away. Some have quite made up their minds that a great European war is the only thing that can avert the inevitable clash of ideas and of forces. The disappearance of all true authority in the religious and moral life is universally and instinctively felt to be the true cause of all the trouble. Nobody exactly knows how some such authority is to be created and to be reintroduced into human life. And here is the one organization in the world which possesses that authority, which has all the machinery necessary for practically employing and enforcing it and which has the experience of centuries at her command, resisted and ridiculed and assaulted because it steadily refuses to become an additional element in this chaos and to disown and abrogate that authority!

It is no mere employment of a conventional phrase of speech when I say that the devil, blinding the eyes of men and leading the world to its destruction, can alone be held responsible for this attitude of mind; nothing else can adequately explain it.

What one has a right to expect, at least of rational men who are clear-sighted enough to recognize the strength of the turbulent forces which are at work, is that they should follow the German Emperor and, like him, do all in their power to sustain and uphold that organization which has withstood the tempests of ages and which can alone command the moral waves and the social storm. Have those men, I wonder, ever asked themselves: what would happen if this great organization, too, disappeared; if the Catholic

Church yielded her principles and made a compromise with modern society or modern thought; if she trampled her spiritual possessions under foot and threw her holy things to the dogs? Would not these very men, who are now so assiduously working at her overthrow, be the very first to accuse her of moral cowardice and of inconsistency and unfaithfulness?

There can be no doubt that it is nothing but bitter jealousy of the simple, consistent and majestic grandeur of the Church, in the midst of decaying human institutions, that dictates the diabolic hatred which is being entertained against her.

The world to-day cares far too little about dogma and dogmatic differences and has reached far too pronounced a state of religious indifference to hate her by reason of her dogmatic rigidity. In every Protestant State the laws against any possible increase of Roman ascendancy and influence are of far too strict a character to justify a serious fear on this account. What else, therefore, could be the cause of this exceeding and utterly disproportionate bitterness?

It is, it seems to me, because of her unwavering enunciation and defense of great spiritual truths and laws, because of her stern and steady refusal to yield one tittle of her divine rights and privileges and to compromise with her enemy because of her persistent and unflinching declaration that human science is often at fault and that there rests upon the human soul, in its passage through this life, an eternal and never-ceasing responsibility, seriously affecting its condition and state in the other life—it is for these and these things alone that she is so bitterly hated. For these things clearly clash with human cravings and passions and ambitions, imposing as they do restraints upon man's unlawful desires and reminding him of things which in his heart of hearts he knows to be true, but of which, in his pride of life and of intellect, he does not care to be reminded.

It is, to sum it all up in a single phrase, because the Church preaches the possibility of eternal punishment and the need of seeking escape from it by a right attitude towards God and a holy life that the world hates and persecutes her.

And surely there is nothing so admirable in the present flabby age and so deserving of supreme admiration as the splendid courage of the Pope and his Council—nothing so magnificently demonstrating the divine character and origin of the Church—standing as she does calm and unmoved while the turbulent forces of the world are surging around her and while every weapon that human passion and human blindness and folly can forge is being hurled against her.

The time will surely come when a more sober-minded and

chastened generation of men will look back upon this momentous age with hearts full of gratitude and of love, and when they will simply marvel at the heaven-inspired courage of the present Pope with which he has defended the noblest human possessions and the integrity and permanence of those truths with which man's truest happiness is bound up and upon which all true progress and civilization must inevitably rest.

For "if it were not for the Catholic Church, for Rome and for the Roman Pontiffs, the intellects of all men would be constantly running amuck. The world would be one big bedlam. In fact, outside of the Catholic Church it is a bedlam that meets our gaze whether we contemplate the metaphysical, the ethical or the religious order. From the universal skeptic who teaches that two and two do not make four, that there is no reality outside of the human mind; to the skeptic who denies that there is such a thing as a mind, or spiritual substance, from Pyrrho to Berkeley and from Spinoza to Nietzsche and Mrs. Eddy, what a jargon of crazy tongues and crazy opinions. In religion it is worse. Consider from Luther to Dowie, from John of Leyden to the modern Russian fanatics. All are the product of unbridled intelligence, of free thought and 'private judgment.'"

Modernism, of course, is but the Protestant principle in disguise. It is the Protestant attitude of thought, claiming for itself the right to criticize and modify and whittle down and adapt to transitory phases of human thought what is by its very nature eternally true and unchangeable and cannot be so whittled down. The men who entertain and profess it are, for the most part, the mentally and morally restless men, who chafe under spiritual authority and under the restraints which unchangeable truth of necessity imposes—in whom the natural man too frequently and too obtrusively raises his head. Behind the pretended superior intellectual attitude really lies a moral attitude or state, and it is this attitude which is the active factor in the matter. An increase of humility and a little more prayer often terminate an attack of Modernism far more speedily and effectually than any amount of intellectual effort and reading will do. They restore the moral balance of the soul and with it the judgment and the sense of the true proportion of things. I know of several cases in which this simple treatment has effectually and permanently cured the disease.

In my study of the conflict of ideas, which the publication of the Borromeo Encyclical and other recent pronouncements have provoked, I have been struck by the exhibition of that weakness which seems to be such a very widely diffused human characteristic. The man who is himself most sensitive and who most keenly smarts

under and resents the slightest infliction of abuse is generally wholly forgetful of the natural sensitiveness of others and is lavish to a degree in the employment of abuse. All Protestant Europe rose up against what it found expedient to regard as the abuse of their traditional hero and leader and demanded retractions and modifications from the Holy Father. But all Protestant Europe looks on calmly and unabashed while the same Holy Father and his doings are incessantly and openly and everywhere caricatured and abused. The most shameless and scurrilous prints, expressive of current ideas, are published and exhibited in the shop windows of Protestant cities and are laughingly handed from hand to hand in places of recreation and amusement where honorable Catholic citizens cannot possibly fail to see them and to have their feelings lacerated and outraged. And yet no voice is raised against the meanness and unworthiness of such proceedings! Similar public insults inflicted upon Protestant authority would, I need hardly say, lead to serious police intervention and to condign punishment. Such is the fairness and liberal-mindedness of the Protestant world!

When Prince Max of Saxony was first called upon to rectify his error and to acknowledge his mistake, every effort was made by the Protestant press to prevent this act of obedience and submission. His manliness, his intellect, his high social position were appealed to; he was reminded of the humiliation to which "the arrogant Pope" had just subjected his royal brother by the publication of the *Borromeo Encyclical*. It was pointed out to him that a splendid opportunity was being given him of showing to the world that Catholics were really chafing under the increasing domination of Rome.

I was told again and again by friends and relatives that only one course was possible and would without doubt be adopted by the Prince. I had known the Prince personally in London, and, of course, had not a moment's doubt as to what that course would be. I was confident that it would not be the one to which he was being urged. When he finally went to Rome, in the attitude alone becoming the loyal Catholic priest, he was denounced as a weakling and imbecile and as a living illustration of the disastrous influence which the Roman system exercises over the minds and the judgments of men.

The recent declaration by the German Catholic professors, not called upon by reason of the circumstances of their position to subscribe the oath against Modernism, has, I think, somewhat cleared the atmosphere and silenced some of the louder voices. These professors have expressed clearly, at their own initiative and in calm and dignified form, what every rightly-instructed Catholic

has known all along—that by this oath no new law is enacted and no new and hitherto unknown obligation is imposed upon the conscience; but that it is but a more emphatic declaration and insistence, in view of the errors of the times, upon the truths which the Church has always held and proclaimed and which nothing that true modern knowledge has disclosed can, in even the slightest degree, affect or modify.

I do not think that in any of the English-speaking countries Modernism, as the Papal Encyclical defines it, has in any serious degree invaded the Catholic mind and that it can in any sense be regarded as a thought-movement. Where it is entertained, it is entertained by individuals, in whom it can generally be traced back to simple and well-known causes—causes which are apt to disappear when a better knowledge of human life and character and a better self-knowledge have gone to steady the judgment and to increase and fortify faith.

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CATHOLIC AND MODERNIST THEORIES OF DEVELOPMENT.

IT is a fact, plain upon the face of the New Testament Scriptures and of Catholic tradition, that the Deposit of Faith delivered by Jesus Christ and His Apostles to the Church constitutes God's final revelation to men; that no new public disclosure of divine truth, no further economy of salvation is to be expected; that the original Deposit is to be carefully guarded, truthfully expounded and handed down in its integrity; that it never may be added to nor altered, and that, consequently, innovation and novelty are simply synonymous with error. This principle, from which the Church never has receded and never can recede, is summed up in the well-known words of Pope St. Stephen on the question of the rebaptism of heretics: "Nihil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est. . . . Quod accepimus ab Apostolic, hoc sequimur."¹ On the other hand, there is evident all through the Church's history a continuous, progressive process, affecting Christian doctrine as well as the worship, discipline, devotion and polity of the Church Catholic—a process exhibiting in its outward manifestations all the appearances of prolific and luxurious growth. Thus, speaking of doctrinal matters only, to the consideration of which these papers will mainly be confined, we see that the dogmas of faith have

¹ Denzinger, "Enchiridion," 14, 15.

increased in number, the later creeds are much longer and fuller than those which belong to primitive times, the phraseology of the Church's formulas has been for many centuries scientific and technical compared with the inspired utterances of Holy Scripture and the sayings of the earlier Fathers.

Apart, then, from questions of theological opinion and the scientific exposition of dogmas, there is to be seen visibly working throughout the history of the mind and thought of the Church a process of advance in doctrine, a process affecting matters of faith as distinct from matters merely of theological speculation, and upon which, for English-speaking peoples, Cardinal Newman has forever fixed the name of "Development."

I suppose that few, if any, would venture now to deny that any such process is to be seen in the history of Catholic dogmas; would say, in other words, that dogmas *have* no history. Nor would any Catholic theologian uphold that "static" view of revealed truth in the Church with which scholastic theology has most unjustly been credited by Modernists—at least no theologian would defend the crude presentment attributed to Catholics by Modernist writers, according to which dogma and revelation itself are a sort of dead weight imposed in a purely extrinsic way by authority upon reluctant, or, at best, unreflecting believers. Such writers conveniently forget that side of Catholic theology which shows us the doctrines of faith as living, energizing and prolific principles and truths, accepted by the intellect indeed, but embraced under the influence of free will, the will being aided by divine grace and the mind illumined with divine light, so that belief is no blind acceptance of a burden, but is a vital, personal and reasonable act.

Dogmas, therefore, have their history, and it is the history not of dead formulas, but of living, energizing truths, intimately affecting every department of human life and thought. Hence there arises the question of reconciling the immutability of Christian, Catholic truth, the inviolability of the Deposit, with the undeniably evident and continuous development of doctrine. Does development involve real alteration, essential and substantial change? Or at least has it not added to the sum of truth at the disposal of the Church? The Catholic answer to these questions has been always the same. Not essential change, no substantial or real alteration or addition, no substitution of one dogma for another; progress, indeed, but always, to use the words of the Vatican Council, taken from Vincent of Lerins, and lately repeated by Pius X., "*in suo . . . genere, in eodem scilicet dogmate, eodem sensu, eademque sententia.*"² Modernist theories of Development have been claimed

² See Denzinger, No. 1,467, and the Encyclical "Pascendi."

by their authors to rest largely on principles laid down by Cardinal Newman. But it should be remembered that both the University Sermon (No. 15) in which the theory of Developments was sketched out and also the "Essay" of 1845 were written before Dr. Newman was a Catholic; that the "Essay" definitely gives a Catholic direction to the theory, and, above all, that it was in writing the latter that the future Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church came to his final decision to submit to the true representative of that authority in religion of which he had been for long a strenuous upholder.

It has been pointed out, moreover, that in the "Essay on Development" Newman was not so much concerned to insist on the progress or growth in Catholic dogma as upon the fact of its oneness and sameness from the beginning. "In his use of the term (Development) the context and trend of the argument determined that it did not so much intend, did not at all intend, any process of doctrinal accretion, of the building up through successive generations of the fabric of Christian belief. He is engaged in drawing out the positive and direct argument in proof of the intimate connection, or rather oneness with primitive Apostolic teaching, of the body of doctrine known at this day by the name of Catholic. The meaning of Development was not that the Church had grown so much as that it was the same Church."³ And again, "the argument was not that the existing doctrines and institutions have only their germs in antiquity, but that they belong to it. The stress lies on their being developments and not novelties; the stress does not lie on their being developments and therefore novel in form or degree." [ib.]

I take it that the writer here means that Dr. Newman was *primarily* engaged in showing the oneness of modern Catholic belief with that of Apostolic times, not that he left aside or made little of any growth or progress that is evident in regard to Catholic doctrine. In fact, one great argument of the "Essay" is that this very development is a necessity in order that Catholic truth may remain the same, whereas absence of development, refusal to accept legitimate development (e. g., the refusal to add the "Filioque" or "Consubstantial" to the Creed) would mean corruption, dissolution and, consequently, essential alteration. This principle of Newman's, expressed in the famous saying: "It (an idea) changes—in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often,"⁴ is one that has been unjustifiably pressed by Modernists to further their scheme of dogmatic evolution.

³ *Dublin Review*, April, 1901; art. "Development," by Herbert Williams.

⁴ "Essay on Development," ch. I., sec. 2.

Newman, as the writer just quoted points out, is not always consistent in his view of development as he works out the "Essay." Nor are the Essay and the Sermon consistent one with another. But it must be remembered that Newman was an explorer, making an inquiry, formulating a theory, feeling his way, and doing this largely for private and personal reasons. He thinks in print, and naturally under the circumstances, his thoughts are not always in their first formulation consistent with one another. He raises more questions than he solves and starts inquiries which he had not time to follow up, and he has given us strictly speaking an "Essay," not a treatise. Had the opportunity or the call occurred to him to follow up the question further, to apply his theories more in detail to the history of particular dogmas, to distinguish more clearly between "dogmatic" and merely theological development, to put his finger on the point where development actually begins in the history of revealed truth and to mark out its limits, it might have been found that his inconsistencies are merely on the surface; it would have been seen, without a doubt, that Newman, at least as a Catholic, was not, nor ever could have been, the father of the modern heresy of the "intrinsic evolution of dogma" condemned in the Encyclical "Pascendi" of our Holy Father Pius X. This, assuredly, the Essay on Development, taken as a whole, is sufficient to show, particularly that section which treats of the need of a "developing authority;" while the whole life of the illustrious author, with his supreme horror of liberalism in religion, is enough to make us sure where he would stand if he were living now.

Nor are we without a valuable *obiter dictum* of the great Cardinal himself which shows us his mind as a Catholic upon the general question which to-day divides Catholics from Modernists in this matter of doctrinal development. In his essay on the "Prospects of the Anglican Church," of which the topic, though not the treatment, was supplied to Newman by a friend, a view of development was put forward which the author formally repudiates in a note added by him to the edition published some years after he had joined the Church. The note itself sufficiently indicates the nature of the evolutionary view which Newman rejects, and certainly cuts the ground from under the feet of those Modernists who claim him as a predecessor. "Of course," he writes, "it is true that the past never returns, and that reactions are always in one sense innovations. But what is said above goes further than this, further than I habitually went myself as an Anglican and in my deliberate judgment. The hypothesis about the *depositum fidei* in which I gradually acquiesced was that of doctrinal development, or the evolution of doctrines out of certain original and fixed *dogmatic*

truths, which were held inviolate from first to last, and the more firmly established and illustrated by the very process of enlargement; whereas here I have given utterance to a theory, not mine, of a certain *metamorphosis* and recasting of doctrines into new shapes—"in nova mutatas corpora formas"—these old and new shapes being foreign to each other, and connected only as symbolizing or realizing certain immutable, but nebulous principles."⁵ (Italics are Newman's.) It would scarcely have been possible for the general position of Modernists on the question of development to be better expressed than in these words of Cardinal Newman.

Take, for instance, the following passage from one of the principal teachers of Modernism: "Ce qui fut, a un moment donné, le commencement de la révélation, a été la perception, si rudimentaire qu'on la suppose, du rapport qui doit exister entre l'homme, conscient de lui-même, et Dieu present derrière le monde phenoménal. Le développement de la religion révélée s'est effectué par la perception de nouveaux rapports, on plutôt par une détermination plus précise et plus distincte du rapport essentiel, entrevu dès l'origine, l'homme apprenant ainsi à connaître de mieux en mieux et la grandeur de Dieu et le caractère de son propre devoir."⁶

Again, "La révélation n'est pas immuable en ce sens que les symboles, une fois donnés, s'échapperaient à toute transformation, mais parce qu'elle demeure toujours, pour la foi, substantiellement identique à elle-même, et parceque les changements qui se produisent dans sa détermination extérieure et dans ses formules sont quelque chose de secondaire par rapport à l'unité de son esprit et à la continuité de son développement. Dans cet ordre aussi l'on peut parler de directions permanentes dont la vérité n'est pas moins incontestable que leur efficacité morale, et dont la forme n'est pas plus immuable que la condition de l'humanité."⁷ Once more: "Le christianisme primitif n'avait pas de symbole dogmatique, si l'on entend par la une série d'articles de foi, définis comme thème d'enseignement et expression réglementaire de la croyance."⁸

The view of development not merely as a growth and progress in the understanding of doctrine, but as a continuous and necessary process of real change in the dogmas of faith⁹ has become all-

⁵ "Essays Critical and Historical," Vol. II., ed. 1873, p. 287, note.

⁶ "Autour d'un Petit Livre." A. Loisy, Paris, 1903, pp. 196-197.

⁷ *Op. cit.*, pp. 198-199.

⁸ P. 200.

⁹ Some writers restrict the term "dogma" to those truths that have been solemnly defined by the Church. For the purpose of this essay, without contesting the propriety of this restricted use of the term, I mean by "dogma" not only a defined truth, but any doctrine universally held and taught by the *ordinary* magisterium of the Church—what, in fact, is usually called "Catholic doctrine" as distinguished from defined dogmas. My reason is that "Catholic doctrine" is subject to legitimate development as much as, if not more than, dogmas technically defined.

important in the eyes of modern theorists. The elements of identity which distinguish true development from corruption and dissolution have become attenuated to the last degree. There must be, of course, at least a show of proving identity with its origins in any account of the Christian religion that would trace it in any sense to Christ Himself. This is accomplished by describing the Christianity, including the Catholicism, of the twentieth century as an evolution from germs of exceedingly small dimensions and content. The stress is not now so much, as with Newman, on the dogmas of faith being the same as they were at the beginning, as upon their being the result of an evolution of great complexity, due to the workings of the human spirit. We are no longer permitted to postulate, with Newman, a body of "original and fixed dogmatic truths," held "inviolable from first to last." The argument now is, not that the existing doctrines and institutions belong to antiquity, but that they are so little visible there as to require an elaborate explanation of their being in flourishing existence to-day. The stress is not upon their being developments, and therefore not novel in form or degree, but rather upon the paramount necessity of novelty in both dogmas and institutions as a condition of their continued usefulness and truth.

In these papers it is proposed to examine, by way of contrast, the Catholic and Modernist conceptions respectively of doctrinal or dogmatic development. No one can pretend to give a complete and settled theory on the Catholic side; the question is still in process of being threshed out. Theologians have rather laid down the limits of development than given us a complete account of the process. Yet they have said more on the positive side than is supposed, perhaps, by many. The teaching of the Encyclical "Pascendi" has undoubtedly done much to lay down the limits of development more firmly, and will be not only on account of its authoritative character, but also on account of the masterly way in which the Modernist position is exposed and refuted, an invaluable and indispensable guide in all future inquiry.

The difference between the Catholic and Modernist conceptions of doctrinal progress are multiple and radical. They involve first principles concerning the very nature of truth itself, of its knowableness by the human mind, of revelation, faith, tradition, of the nature and origin of the Church's dogmas. It would be going beyond the scope of this inquiry to expound fully the Modernist position in regard to all these points; moreover, to those who have followed the theological controversies of the last ten or twelve years that position will be familiar, particularly since the detailed exposition of Modernist error given in the Encyclical "Pascendi." Yet a brief

outline of the general teaching of this latest heresy is necessary if we are to grasp the difference between Catholics and Modernists on the subject of doctrinal development.

The Modernist holds to the Kantian subjective theory of knowledge. We *know* only phenomena. Religious "truth," such as it is, can be got only from the internal subjective phenomena of religious experience. Since we may not argue from the phenomenon to the real nature of the *noumenon*, the "thing as it is in itself," no absolute, but only relative and symbolical truth can be attained concerning the objects which give rise to phenomena. The impressions made upon our senses and intellect by objects other than ourselves must be regarded only as symbolizing the realities which gave rise to them; not as conveying to us any real knowledge of the essences or natures of things. Hence, especially in the case of the mysterious object of religious faith, the phenomena of religious experience—our only valid source of information, if such it may be called, of things divine—can give us only relative and symbolical truth concerning Him who must ever remain to us simply the Unknown. Herein is the essentially agnostic foundation of Modernism.

The internal phenomena of religious experience arise from an impulse or movement of man's spirit received from the divine immanent in all creation, immanent, therefore, in man himself. This impulse or movement from the divine within is received in a special sense postulated for the purpose and denominated the "religious sense," and such impulses and movements of the religious sense constitute revelation—all the revelation that is possible in the very nature of things. "Faith," in the Modernist system, is simply the response of man's spirit to the action of the unknown and unknowable divinity. So far, it will be noticed, there is no place given to the intellect in the scheme of revelation and faith. Yet, despite his fixed hatred of "intellectualism" in religion, the Modernist, particularly strong upon the "whole man" being involved in religious perceptions, cannot entirely exclude the intellectual faculty. What is its function? A very secondary one. The root of all personal religion, the origin of all religion considered on its objective side, is in the "religious sense" alone. "It is thus that the religious sense, which by vital immanence emerges from the depths of subconsciousness, is the (subjective) germ of all religion, and the explanation of everything that has been or ever will be in any religion."¹⁰ The office, or rather the inevitable necessity of the intellect, is to formulate to itself in terms of human thought and by means of human concepts some account of the experience received in the religious sense.

¹⁰ Encyc. "Pascendi," p. 7.

"The operation of the mind," the Holy Father points out, "is a double one: first, by a natural and spontaneous act it expresses its concept in a simple, popular statement; then, on reflection and deeper consideration, or, as they say, by *elaborating its thought*, it expresses the idea in *secondary* propositions, which are derived from the first, but are more precise and distinct. These *secondary* propositions, if they finally receive the approval of the supreme magisterium of the Church, constitute dogma."¹¹ Here we have the Modernist's view of the origin of dogmas. He makes a distinction between the "prophetical" utterances of those who, like the seers of old, inspired Apostles and Evangelists and Our Blessed Lord Himself, were the recipients of religious impulses and experiences of special vivacity and intensity—men in whom the religious sense was specially developed and extraordinarily acute—and, on the other hand, the more technical pronouncements of Church formularies and definitions. The primitive formulæ have a special normative value in religious thought, since they are nearer the origin of religion, fresh from special influences of the divine impulse. They are entitled to special respect, and are more effectual than any others in awakening or recalling the religious impressions which first gave rise to them. Dogmas themselves, being only an attempt to elaborate the primitive formulæ in terms of current thought and philosophy, are on a lower level. They have "no other purpose than to furnish the believer with a means of giving to himself an account of his faith. . . . It is quite impossible to maintain that they absolutely contain the truth."¹²

It should be noted that, despite the superiority given to the primitive formulæ—*e. g.*, the sayings of Our Blessed Lord—over the secondary formulæ to which alone the Modernist appears to give the name of "dogmas" strictly so called, yet the two kinds of formulæ are alike in this, that their value is merely that of *symbols*. Undoubtedly they possess some kind of correspondence and signifying relationship with the hidden reality which they seek to express; but it is of a vague and indeterminate kind, not conveying any real information as to the true nature of the Unknown which they represent. Their formation, the shape they take, is conditioned by the mental and moral environment of those who utter them. The secondary formulæ, in particular, are entirely dependent upon the "mentality" of the times in which they are put forth, and regulated by the progress and vicissitudes of human thought and culture. Superior as are the primitive formulæ in their power of awakening and suggesting religious emotions; superior, too, in their greater

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² *Encyc.*, p. 8.

simplicity and greater freedom from the technicalities of philosophical systems, yet they, as well as the secondary formulæ, are but the result of an inevitable, but necessarily unsuccessful endeavor of the human mind to express what not merely—on account of the infinite nature of the object of faith—may not be conceived or expressed fully, comprehensively and exhaustively, but never can be expressed with any but a relative approximation to truth. We do not see in a glass in a dark manner—*per speculum in aenigmate*—for, truly speaking, we do not see at all.

We can begin now to understand what is the nature of that *intrinsic evolution of dogmas* which is condemned by name in the Encyclical "Pascendi." Thus far it appears as a subjective process. But, as we have said, in any account of Christianity that would connect it with its Divine Founder, there must be *something* objective, something, that is to say, which preserves its identity under the changing forms of subjective thought and expression. The Catholic, of course, believes in an objective body of revealed truths, the "Depositum Fidei," which is the starting point of development and which remains unchanged and inviolate all through. For the Modernist, that which remains identical and justifies him in speaking of the Catholicism (as *he* conceives it) of the twentieth century as the true religion of Jesus Christ, is the persistence, under the envelope of mutable formulæ, of an original "germ," the "genius" or "spirit" of Christianity, in which he considers the whole essence of Christ's religion to consist. This "germ," not any fixed body of dogmatic truths, is the point of departure, the living subject, and indeed the vital origin of a purely naturalistic evolution analogous to that by which living beings are supposed to have acquired or lost organs by reason of the necessity or non-necessity of such organs in the environment in which their possessors lived. "It is necessary to prove that the Catholic religion, as it exists to-day, is that which was founded by Jesus Christ; that is to say, it is nothing else but the progressive development (*explicationem*) of the germ which He brought into the world. Hence it is imperative, first of all, to establish what this germ was, and this the Modernist claims to be able to do by the following formula: Christ announced the coming of the kingdom of God which was to be realized within a brief lapse of time, and of which He was to become the Messiah, the divinely-given founder and ruler. Then it must be shown that this germ, always *immanent* and *permanent*¹⁸ in the Catholic religion, has gone on slowly developing in the course of history, adapting itself successively to the different circumstances through which it has passed,

¹⁸ Except where I have stated otherwise, the italics in quotations from the Encyclical are in the original.

borrowing from them by *vital* assimilation all the doctrinal, cultural, ecclesiastical forms that served its purpose; whilst, on the other hand, it surmounted all obstacles, vanquished all enemies and survived all assaults and all combats. . . . Thus do they argue, not perceiving that the primitive germ is only an *a priori* assumption of agnostic and evolutionist philosophy, and that this germ itself has been gratuitously defined so that it may fit in with their philosophy."¹⁴

Here is exposed the root and basis of that evolutionary process to which is to be attributed the complete system of Catholicism as we have it now—a process which makes our holy religion a thing of human manufacture. Dogma, cult, discipline, institutions, sacraments are no longer of divine origin; they are merely instruments borrowed from the world to carry on the germ-idea in which the essence of religion consists. The very Founder of Christianity Himself was not free from the evolutionary law, so that His own presentment of the truth was forced to take the form it did by "vital assimilation" of current ideas—an assimilation implying not merely the use of what was true and good in those ideas for the exposition of His new revelation, but implying a positive subjection to and dependence upon them which determined the form that Christianity should take in the mind and upon the lips of its Originator. Subsequent evolution of the germ-form of Christ's doctrine—a form which wrapped up the vital principle that modern investigators like Harnack and Loisy have been at such pains to discover and unwrap from the dogmatic formulas now enfolding it—has equally been produced and governed by environment and the need of "vital" adaptation thereto.

Thus, if there are now seven sacraments, it is not because Our Divine Lord actually and personally instituted them, but because the Christian community, as "living," and on account of its environment, gradually felt the need of pervading the whole life of man, from the cradle to the grave, with the spirit of that religion which works in the Church, the germ introduced by Christ, which being itself "living" or "vital," was adaptable for the purpose.

If, again, there is a Supreme Pontiff, a graduated hierarchy and an organized rule in the Church, it is not because Jesus Christ directly willed and provided for these things, but because, the end of the world not having come according to expectation, Christians were forced, by the need and instinct of social self-preservation, to organize themselves in view of the unlooked-for continuance of mundane conditions of existence, and, in general, to accommodate

¹⁴ Encyc., pp. 28-29.

to the continued existence of the world and the Church sayings of the Master which He Himself, we are told, uttered only in prospect of the speedy coming of the Day of Judgment.

Just as there is in the Modernist system of religious evolution this parallel to the production of organs to suit environment, so also is there a parallel to the assimilation of extraneous substances by living organisms for the purposes of nourishment and growth. This is found in the supposed incorporation of ideas from systems of thought extraneous to original Christianity. Thus we are told of the early introduction of Hellenic ideas, of Platonism, later of the philosophy of Aristotle, and so on, into Catholic dogma. We are supposed to be at the present time in a stage of evolution in which immanentism and pragmatism, if not agnosticism and pantheism, are entering by "vital" assimilation into the dogmatic system of the Church.

The "vital" nature of the process of evolution by which the original germ-idea of Christianity has, as it were, attracted to itself, assimilated and grown upon extraneous ideas is a point of primary importance in the Modernist system; for upon this depends the right and indeed the necessity of casting off those ideas when they have served their purpose. To keep them longer would be—not to preserve, but to corrupt the original germ.

This original germ, as we have seen, is *vital*; truth itself, that is to say *religious* truth, is not an affair of logic, but of *life*.

"Now, life (in the Modernist theory) has its own truth and its own logic, quite different from rational truth and rational logic, belonging as they do to a different order, viz., truth of adaptation to and of proportion with both what they call the *medium* in which it lives and the end for which it lives."¹⁵ Thus the test of truth is no longer that it be *adaequatis rei et intellectus*, but adaptability to environment; that is, to practical necessities, to the "mentality" of the times, to current theories of philosophy and science. These are the touchstone of truth; by them truth is to be judged. From this it follows also that it is the heart more than the head that must pass judgment on dogmatic concepts and formulæ, and pronounce whether or no they be true (in the sense just indicated) and whether they are adapted for the preservation and legitimate evolution of the original germ. Thus "it is necessary that the primitive formulæ (first) be accepted and sanctioned by the heart; and similarly the subsequent work by which are brought forth the secondary formulæ must proceed under the guidance of the heart. Hence it comes that these formulas, in order to be living, should be and should remain accommodated to the faith and to him whom

¹⁵ Encyc., p. 30.

believes.¹⁶ Therefore, if this accommodation should cease to exist, they lose their former signification and accordingly must be changed. . . . In this way (Modernists) criticize the Church as having strayed from the true path by failing to distinguish between the religious and moral significance of formulas and their surface meaning, and by clinging tenaciously to meaningless formulas, while religion itself is allowed to go to ruin."¹⁷ A notable application of these principles, by which the dogmas of faith are thrown into the melting-pot, is found in the following passage from M. Loisy regarding the development of Christological doctrine:

"Au fond la dogme (of the Hypostatic Union) n'a défini qu'une relation métaphysique entre Jésus et Dieu, et il l'a définie surtout d'après l'idée du Dieu transcendant. Le Verbe a été conçu d'abord comme une sorte d'intermédiaire indispensable entre Dieu, absolu et immuable, et le monde, fini et changeant. Dieu était, pour ainsi dire, extérieur au monde, et le Verbe se plaçait entre les deux, comme une émanation de Dieu du côté du monde. . . . Il est vrai que le développement du dogme trinitaire a ramené au dedans le mouvement de vie divine qui allait d'abord de Dieu au monde, et que la Trinité chrétienne a fini (!) par devenir immanente à elle-même. On est arrivé à la concevoir aussi comme intérieur, en quelque façon, au Christ, par l'union personnelle du Verbe à l'humanité de Jésus. Mais les dogmes de la Trinité et de l'Incarnation n'en sont moins fondés primitivement, en tant que doctrine de philosophie religieuse, sur le seul idée de la transcendance divine. *Cependant, l'évolution de la philosophie moderne tend de plus en plus à l'idée du Dieu immanent*, qui n'a pas besoin d'intermédiaire pour agir dans le monde et dans l'homme. La connaissance actuelle de l'univers ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de création? La connaissance de l'histoire ne suggère-t-

¹⁶ The subjective nature of the Modernist evolution of dogmas must be kept in mind. As we shall see, the Catholic conception of doctrinal development makes it rather a development of our understanding and knowledge of the original Deposit than a development of the Deposit itself; and thus far development may be termed subjective in the sense of taking place in the mind of the Church and of individuals. But, unlike the Modernist evolution, this development is regulated by an objective body of dogmatic truths, infallibly expounded by the magisterium of the Church, which body of truth is the criterion of legitimate development. On the contrary, the Modernist makes the subjective evolution of human thought the rule of his dogmatic formulæ. If there be any objective starting-point in the process of evolution at all, it is found in the original germ or root-idea of Christianity. Since, however, various Modernist writers differ considerably in their account of this "germ," each settling what it is by his own subjective notions of what Christ really meant, the whole theory begins and ends in subjectivism, as, indeed, upon Modernist principles of knowledge, it must.

¹⁷ *Encyc.*, p. 9.

¹⁸ "Autour d'un Petit Livre." Paris, 1903, pp. 152, 153, 154. Italics mine.

elle pas une critique de l'idée de révélation? La connaissance de l'homme moral ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de redemption?"¹⁸ It is not surprising, then, to learn that the believer must not "lay too much stress on the formula as formula, but avail himself of it only for the purpose of uniting himself to the absolute truth which the formula at once conceals and reveals; that is to say, endeavors to express, but without ever succeeding in doing so. They would also have the believer make use of the formulas only in so far as they are useful to him, for they are given to be a help and not a hindrance—with proper regard, however, for the social respect due to formulas which the public magisterium has decreed suitable for expressing the common consciousness until such time as the same magisterium shall provide otherwise."¹⁹

Thus, for the Modernist, the development, or as they prefer to call it, the "evolution" of dogmas, is not a process by which an original deposit or body of fixed doctrines remaining intrinsically identical throughout the ages—unalterable all the time, that is, is their character as doctrinal assertions of absolute truths—is authoritatively and infallibly drawn out in all the richness of its full significance and contents; but it is a process by which intrinsic change takes place in the dogmatic presentment of the faith—the doctrines of religion needing constant restatement to meet the needs of successive periods—while identity is only that of certain "nebulous principles" supposed to constitute the essential germ or spirit permanent under the envelope of dogmatic formulas. Only by constant adaptation to the changing "mentality" of different times is dogma enabled to fulfill its office of carrying on the vital germ of religion throughout the centuries. In the process of this evolution a preponderating influence is given to the needs and necessities of the times, to the discoveries of science, to current opinion among the laity, and to a supposed struggle always going on between the conservative force of tradition and the enlightened views of progressive (and Modernist) persons. Thus, as the Holy Father tells us, "evolution is described as a resultant from the conflict of two forces, one of them tending towards progress, the other towards conservation. The conserving force exists in the Church and is found in tradition; tradition is represented by religious authority, and this both by right and in fact. For by right it is in the very nature of authority to protect tradition, and in fact, since authority, raised as it is above the contingencies of life, feels hardly, or not at all, the spurs of progress. The progressive force, on the contrary, which responds to the inner needs, lies in the individual consciences and works in them—especially in such of them as are

¹⁹ Encyc., p. 14.

in more close and intimate contact with life. Already we observe, Venerable Brethren, the introduction of that most pernicious doctrine which would make of the laity the factor of progress in the Church. Now, it is by a species of covenant and compromise between these two forces of conservation and progress, that is to say, between authority and individual consciences, that changes and advances take place. The individual consciences, or some of them, act on the collective conscience, which brings pressure to bear on the depositaries of authority to make terms and to keep to them."²⁰ And again: "The progress of dogma is due (according to Modernists) chiefly to the fact that obstacles to the faith have to be surmounted, enemies have to be vanquished, objections have to be refuted. Add to this a perpetual striving to penetrate ever more profoundly into those things which are contained in the mysteries of faith. Thus, putting aside other examples, it is found to have happened in the case of Christ: in Him that divine something which faith recognized in Him was slowly and gradually expanded in such a way that He was at last held to be God."²¹

In all this we have a travesty of the genuine Catholic teaching concerning the primary cause of development and the proper position of the *sensus fidelium*; while the attacks of heresy, the progress of human science, the investigations of doctors of the Church and theologians, the pious meditations of enlightened saints, the progress of Catholic thought on its human side—all these are treated not as merely secondary agencies by which progress in doctrinal development is either occasioned or prepared, and which the Holy Spirit makes use of for the furtherance of progress in the fuller understanding of the Deposit, but as prime factors and self-sufficient causes—together with the "vital" character of the germ-principle which subdues all these things to itself—in a naturalistic process of evolution from which the supernatural and divine element is practically eliminated.

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²⁰ Encyc., pp. 21-22.

²¹ Encyc., p. 21. The example given in the Encyclical reminds us that this "endeavor to penetrate" the contents of the mysteries of faith is an altogether peculiar process—peculiar, that is, to Modernists, and dependent in its character upon their whole system regarding faith and revelation. It is not the kind of endeavor legitimately and successfully made by Catholic saints and doctors to understand better the contents of the "depositum fidei"—"fides quaerens intellectum"—but rather the opposite—*intellectus faciens fidem*—according to its own subjective notions.

A DOG AND A BAD NAME—SOME NOTES ON THE NOVEL AND ITS PRESENT FUNCTION.

IT is only recently that the position of the novel in England has even in part been understood in Latin countries, and that is why, in Latin countries, it is only gradually becoming known that Catholics who are in earnest perceive in the novel an instrument it would be folly to neglect and indolent to abandon to the meanest uses of those who are hostile to religion or indifferent to it (whose indifference rarely leads to friendship's side) and likely to be specially hostile to the Catholic Church.

It has been a question of the dog with a bad name. The modern novel has a long ancestry, and the family whence it derives its name has inscribed upon its pedigree the names of many scapegraces—some of little consequence and less merit from any point of view, but many more with considerable consequence of one sort or another. For some have high literary importance, some have great archæological value and many have a singular interest to the historian of ideas, manners and social evolution.

The earnest genealogist of the novel casts his scrutiny back, like other genealogists, into what he likes to call "the mists of ages" and finds ancestors for the novel of to-day in classic times, before the Christian era. It is not necessary for us to accompany him, and it would be as superfluous as Mr. Pecksniff to observe, as he observed of the siren, that those classic novels were "pagan, I regret to say." The earlier novels of Christian times bore some traces of their kindred with the pagan tales on which they were modeled; that and the stress of graver and more vital matters would naturally cause the fabulist to be eyed with some suspicion and with some tendency to contempt.

With the dawn of feudalism and chivalry there arose—if it had not begun already to rise—the romance, more or less chivalrous in inspiration and complexion, more and more chivalrous in "make-up" as time went on. The new romance was not pagan, but it was fantastic and legendary. It dealt sometimes with Scriptural themes, and was fond, if not fonder, of the various apocryphal gospels as of the time. It dealt sometimes with saintly lives and was at least as fond of unauthentic saints and of unauthentic legends of real saints as of real saints and their genuine acts and history. It loved miracle, but loved wholly unauthentic miraculous tales as well or better than miracles of sober authority. And it was as much addicted to fabulous creatures as to real. It had a Christian and believing spirit, but it confounded, often quite ingenuously,

Christian truths with wild fancies and Christian beliefs with pretty or grotesque tales and superstitions.

All this was likely to cause ecclesiastical authorities to regard it with a conditional tolerance rather than with contented approval, as a puerility that might be winked at in well-meaning children, but could scarcely be heartily admired.

After a very long youth the boisterous Middle Ages lapsed into the second-childhood of the Renaissance, which was not, in fact, so much a new birth as a somewhat wistful flicker of expiring juvenility. The jocund spirit of the Middle Age burst into its last flame in the Renaissance. It was a passionate effort to relight the dying cheerfulness that the new world was already threatening and would ultimately extinguish. It was thus that the Renaissance affected imaginative literature; above all things, it was obstinate in asserting the *joie de vivre*, and in doing so it lost, as all do who will protest too much, perfect sincerity. It was too self-conscious for complete sincerity and was beginning to use the habit of looking at itself in a glass, which the simpler boyishness of the Middle Age had never cared to do. And the glass of the Renaissance was the broken one of classicism. Seeking to behold itself in that mirror and seeing there figures that were all pagan, it set its own face to pagan fashions and fell into some pagan grimace and affectation, for what was original and unstudied in the old vanished heathen features could only be assumed in the copy and lacked sincerity, as wilful assumptions must.

In the classic novels there had been much that was amiss; in the mediæval romances there had often been grossness; in the Renaissance novels there was frequently an indecency that was worse than indecent, that was loathsomely immoral. And the Renaissance was by no means finished when austere and saintly Popes, founders of new religious orders and congregations and a whole generation of new saints were strenuously toiling for that reformation of Christian society which culminated in the Council of Trent and its results.

For a long time the novel had been satirizing the faults of ecclesiastics and religious, and it does not appear that the clergy or the monks and friars were particularly thin-skinned about it; some of them, like Rabelais, joined in the assault with singularly unfettered pen. But if the originals of the caricatures did not betray, as a rule, much resentment, "still," as George Eliot says, "among the various excesses to which human nature is subject, moralists have never numbered that of being too fond of the people who openly revile us." And we may pretty safely announce that the portion of the clergy that deserved satire was not inclined to

regard with much friendship the profession of those who did the satire; we may conclude that they looked upon novels as the lawless mischief of fellows who neither feared God nor regarded man.

On the other hand, the much larger portion of the clergy that was innocent, while deploring the foundation of truth in grossly exaggerated caricatures, would feel the injustice of attacks which wounded the honor of their holy office and could only regard with horror writings which tended to bring into contempt their whole body. Among the great men in the Church a similar attitude would be held. Popes strenuously set on reform, like Paul III., such austere vigorous Popes as Paul IV. and St. Pius V., while they might point to the licentious sarcasms of the novels with indignant finger and bid it be noted that even the Godless and the profane, the lawless and the worldly, themselves proved the instant need for reform by the pictures of corruption they drew so light-heartedly; such Popes, we must feel sure, would hate the scandal of those pictures, and, appreciating their scurrile motive, would never excuse their authors as allies, but would rightly condemn them as libelers, whatever wretched basis of fact there might be in the libels themselves. Nor *could* they approve the works in which this ugly witness was borne, even had it been free from malice and kept within the bounds of plain fact and justice, for the works were themselves unclean.

Nor could it escape clear eyes and cool judgments that these assaults which, had they been accurate sarcasms and not loose caricatures, might in earlier ages, when Christendom was at one in belief, and even worldly men had faith, have had more use and less danger, must in that new age be liable to a new and peculiar mischief. All that revolt which finally took ship in the piratical vessel called Protestantism was already at work; and to mutineers nothing comes more fat than personal accusation of their officers. The grosser libels of the novels would be taken by them as proved truths, the merest extravaganza of caricature as sober portraiture. So that the scoffing laughter of the novelist, at best licentious and indecent, fell into another condemnation and seemed a mean playing into the hands of bitter and alert enemies, an act of disloyalty and desertion.

Such was the natural, inevitable attitude towards the novel of those who cared for vital interests and were not disposed to view with complaisance those who would risk them for the sake of amusing the idle and the careless.

In England the novel fell, in post-Reformation days, into an intolerable vapidty and tediousness. It had done so elsewhere; Don Quixote was the vast and immortal protest of Cervantes against

the insufferable vacuity of the defunct romance of chivalry in Spain. It was as dead as Rolando, but it walked, and the ghost was huge, of incalculable specific density and of a tedium almost incredible. Cervantes laid the ghost, not cruelly, but with a pathos whose tender poignance is commonly unperceived. He could not be flippant; it is by the dull that his immense wistfulness is taken for flippancy.

But Don Quixote had no predecessor and left no heir.

There was no Cervantes in England. A full century after the birth of Cervantes Le Sage was born in France, but only those who think Gil Blas nearly as good as Don Quixote would be likely to call Le Sage the French Cervantes; and they who are capable of bracketing Gil Blas and Don Quixote would be capable of bracketing Smollett with Sir Walter Scott.

Le Sage had a greater contemporary in England, and Defoe roused the novel from its long and inglorious sleep. And he did it with a book that stands alone, and is, like Don Quixote, to which it bears no resemblance whatever, in its own class. For the birth of imitations does not affect the isolation of the original. "Robinson Crusoe" was sincerely flattered by many imitations, but the flatterers, as is their family fashion, did not know what to say. None of the imitations was a legal descendant of "Robinson Crusoe;" the only relation between them was that of original and copy. Swift was also a novelist and a great one, but his novels were social and political allegories, and immortal as they are, had to submit in part to the fate of all writing that reflects chiefly what is temporary and becomes obsolete. "Gulliver" will never be obsolete till letters are obsolete, but, like old tapestry, the charm of it depends more and more on the sheer fineness of the work, the quaintness of the figures and group, the very archaism that prevents its being still portraiture. And Swift, with all his fierce and malign genius, was outrageous. He did not wish to portray, nor was he content to caricature; libel was his object, and the subject of his libel was not an obnoxious group of individuals, but the hateful race of men. He is immortal, like death itself, but with an immortality at which most men must shudder and which few can consider without fear and a natural repulsion. Till mankind is willing to admit itself as horrible as Swift thought it, it can never insult him by love, nor can the monuments of his splendid power and infinite venom be popular. He will always be read till books are read no longer and people learn their alphabet only to be able to read newspapers; but he will be read out of sheer love of letters, admired for his superior mastery of his bitter craft, or by such as *cannot* find genius tiresome and have no fears of evoking his sombre and

savage ghost. He stands upon a lofty and lonely pedestal among novelists, but fewer and fewer among those who seek for some rest and refreshment in novels will seek for either in his.

Of the modern English novel Sir Walter Scott called Henry Fielding the father; but his first novel did not appear till 1742, when Richardson's was two years old, and had there been no "Pamela" there would probably have been no "Joseph Andrews." Mr. Richardson meant to be extremely moral, and Mr. Fielding did not care so much about being moral himself as for laughing at the morality of "Pamela." In "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" Fielding was the reverse of squeamish; published nowadays, all three books would be called indecent, though in none of them is there the cold, subterraneous dirtiness that is provided now *virginibus puerisque*. The prudery of Richardson is apt to be prurient, though it would seem to have passed muster with the sincerely moral Dr. Johnson.

Smollett had begun before either Richardson or Fielding had finished; he could be gross, and his grossness was rough and brutal. His morality was, perhaps, superior to that of Richardson, and equal to that of Fielding. He did not resemble the former at all, and his resemblance to the latter was accidental, occasional and slight. Before Smollett published "Humphrey Clinker," in the year in which he died, Horace Walpole had made the world a present of his "Castle of Otranto," by which, perhaps, the world was not permanently placed very deeply in his debt. I find it hard to read, and a good many people find it impossible. But the "Castle of Otranto" had the merit of novelty, and had power enough to start a vogue. It was probably overrated in its day, but not so greatly overrated as "Vathek," which Beckford published in 1787, twenty-three years later.

Seven years after "Vathek" William Godwin published "Caleb Williams," a book that was intended to be very remarkable, and was then and has since been considered remarkable by many great judges. Its morose and morbid power may be conceded; Godwin probably meant it to be unique, and it is not to be deplored that it remains unique. It is great in what Cardinal Newman would have called its own unpleasant way, and none who have read it would be silly enough to say that it was not worth the trouble, but I believe it would be a trouble to many who really love fine books and can read books of every sort. "Caleb Williams" had a purpose and a dismal one—to give "a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man;" the treatment is as sombre and repulsive as the theme, and if it illustrates the peculiar and individual genius

of the author, it hardly proves that he had the peculiar genius of the novelist.

Out of its due chronological place in this meagre and very hasty review we must now mention "*Tristram Shandy*," a book about which a great deal has been said for and against, and about which there is a great deal to be said in very high praise and in very grave condemnation. It has appealed to generations of book-lovers, for it has a singular and elusive charm, it is full of genius and it has wit and wisdom, pathos and humor, and it enshrines some characters that are among the oddest and most natural, and at least one that is among the most lovable, in prose fiction. But it is sniggeringly indecent, and the indecency is the author's own and not simply that of his characters; it was not written in a squeamish age, and people who were not squeamish were even in that age amazed and disconcerted by the flagrant dirtiness of a book that need not have been dirty. The indecorum of gratuitous, repeated and delighted indelicacy in a novel written by a clergyman would strike any one; but no matter by whom it had been written, it would have been regarded as indefensible. No one can read "*Tristram Shandy*" and doubt that the author liked and enjoyed lubricious ideas and pictures.

Hitherto only novels by male writers have been mentioned; but before "*Waverley*" was published in 1814 three very great women novelists had appeared. Fanny Burney had electrified the world, thirty-six years earlier, with the comedy and character of "*Evelina*," an inimitable work of genius that she herself failed disastrously in the attempt to imitate. If anything could have dimmed its lustre, "*Camilla*" and "*Cecilia*" might well have dimmed it; but their flatness and vapidty only throw into higher relief the vigor and individuality of their elder sister.

Maria Edgeworth had published "*Castle Rackrent*" fourteen years before "*Waverley*" and the "*Absentee*" two years before; they were as original as "*Evelina*," nearly if not quite as amusing and much more humorous, and they had streaks and stabs of pathos that "*Evelina*" was entirely without. Except in "*Tristram Shandy*," anything like those passages of simple-seeming, most artistic and most skillful pathos are not to be found in any English novel before their time. Miss Edgeworth knew, as few have known, as Dickens scarcely knew, how to hit the mark of humor and pathos with one unerring shaft of single aim. In that one quality, at all events, she surpassed her English sister, whom all who love must adore. Jane Austen had published "*Sense and Sensibility*" and "*Pride and Prejudice*" before "*Waverley*" appeared, and both had been written many years before "*Castle Rackrent*" was published in

1800. A literature has grown up around the name of Miss Austen, and it is all, as it must be, a note of admiration. In her own realm she reigns alone, without competitors or even ladies-in-waiting. She is the supreme embodiment in fiction of pleasantness, cheerfulness, good-nature and good temper; she is incomparably humorous; what she saw out of intensely clear, shrewd and enjoying eyes she enables us all to see. Her laughter is scarcely sarcastic, it is so healthy and sincere, so innocent of caricature, so just and temperate, so spontaneous and so friendly; she laughs without the least scoff, for she has neither pride nor prejudice. Words were her playthings, and the ideas she chose to convey were expressed with such perfection that the alteration of a phrase or the omission of a comma might spoil it all. But the idea of pathos she did not wish to convey; she abstains from ever handling it. Throughout her books there is not one passage remotely approaching the pathetic; what Miss Edgeworth could do miraculously Miss Austen never made the least feint of doing at all, and it can only be taken as an additional illustration of her singular power that she never tried to enhance the effect of her humor by the subtle contrast of pathos, and that no one has ever regretted it.

And now we come at last to the point we have been longing for, the Renaissance of the novel in the hands of Sir Walter Scott. It was a genuine Renaissance, a new birth. An old thing was re-born new, young, vigorous, individual; so fresh, so sanguine and so handsome, so manly withal, and so stately that it hardly occurred to society to demand any account of ancestors or pedigree. The present writer when he began reading the "Waverleys" at twelve years old was told that Sir Walter Scott had invented novels. Perhaps other readers have been told the same thing. It is, of course, not an accurate statement; but one can understand how it seemed true, for Scott refounded the novel on a new base and on a broader plan. He gave the world something so fresh and youthful that it seemed a new creation.

Any novelist who is also a man of letters owes something to the whole body of his predecessors. What Scott owed to any of his predecessors in particular need not be discussed here. It would not be very rash to surmise that Miss Edgeworth helped him to the resolution of doing for Scotland, in a wider field and on a larger scale, what she had done for Ireland. By birth Scott belonged to the eighteenth century, and he hardly deals with any later period; with the subsequent history of the world in the nineteenth century we do not propose to deal here.

What the brief review we have given was intended to show was this—that there was not lacking in the history of the novel some-

thing that might give it a bad name among those Catholics in Latin countries who were much in earnest, who would be little likely to overlook obvious faults and suspicious qualities for the sake of mere amusement, and would be much disposed to regard the novel as a light toy lightly used for purposes not always decorous and often mischievous.

As to the English works at which we have glanced with such a hurried eye, how would they strike the serious Catholic abroad, and especially ecclesiastical authorities? In the first place, they were all written by non-Catholics. Where they dealt with religion at all it was from anything rather than a Catholic point of view; the worst of them would seem irreligious, the best of them non-religious. In the second place, many of them were of queer morality, some of them indecent; and a book of dubious morality or decency would hardly be excused as being the work of a Protestant divine or of latitudinarian laymen. Not one of the eighteenth century predecessors of Scott whom we have mentioned, with the exception of Sterne, if he were an exception, had even an artistic sympathy for the Catholic Church; most of them held towards it an attitude of entire disrespect. Smollett strongly disliked Catholicity and shows it; Horace Walpole regarded it with a supercilious stupidity like Gibbon's. Godwin's religion was that of the French Revolution.

Scott's attitude towards the ancient Church was altogether different; he had a deference for it because it *was* ancient, as he had for a ruined stronghold, for a suit of chain-armor or for a dis-crowned royal race. All these things warmed his imagination and appealed to his taste for what was archaic and picturesque. Romance was his hobby, and the stage of-romance is usually the past: chivalry, feudalism and the Catholic Church he regarded as part of the past. So he was fond of looking back on them. To his trade of romanticist they were invaluable, and every good workman loves his tools. That he believed the Catholic Church to be as obsolete as feudalism seems to me as clear as that he was aware of the spectacular values of both. At both he looked from an outside and distant point of sight; at feudalism from the remoteness of the eighteenth century; at Catholicity from the well-contained windows of a good-natured, man-of-the-world Protestantism. It never occurred to him that even Catholics could be so perversely solemn as to be hurt by his countless stabs at the morality of abbots and priors, confessors and nuns. They were dealt with a chuckle and a nudge; decorous Protestant papas and mamas did not mind their daughters reading them—Scott is the most moral of novelists; he merely takes it for granted that the naughtiness of monks *is* to be taken for granted and is fair ground for easy joking. He was such an amiable creature

that it might have quite distressed him had he understood that millions of readers belonging to the Church he regarded as gone with the Middle Ages would, after his own departure, be wounded by his pleasant assumption of the hypocrisy of men and women whom they respect and revere.

Catholics are currently accused of bigotry; I do not perceive that they are even thin-skinned. Dickens is adored by Catholic readers, and he said all manner of stale, dull and stupid things about their religion. Borrow is as much appreciated by us as by Protestants (Borrowism is a special taste, and every one has not got it), and he was as silly about the Catholic Church as he could be wise about other things; his fury against her was the bee in his bonnet, but it was a bumblebee and could not sting, though it was big and made a huge noise, and might startle timid persons who took it for a shaggy hornet. I have always found that the "Bible in Spain" is the favorite Borrow-book among Catholics who are Borrowians, and of course Borrow's idea was that the Bible had nothing to do with Spain, so he would take it there. If he and Father Vaughan have met since, it would be fine to hear their notes compared.

So English Catholics who love Sir Walter have never been much disposed to lean on his failures in dealing with their Church; they were only his little way and did not mean much. Fate has avenged them; Scott's granddaughter and heiress at Abbotsford had a notable Catholic husband; his great-granddaughter and heiress at Abbotsford is a notable Catholic.

But Scott was translated into every Latin language; his finest work is untranslatable from Scotch into French, or Italian, or Spanish. His genius is, like all genius, elusive of translation. There are a hundred foreign versions of the "Divine Comedy," and no Dante in anything but Italian. But Sir Walter's lighthearted gibes against monks and nuns were not untranslatable. How would they strike the Latin reader who was in deep earnest about everything sacred to the Catholic mind and but indifferently interested in the charm of a magician who could bewitch people out of their sober senses and their foregone conclusions?

What was true even about Scott was much more true about his great successes; his best genius was racy of the Scots soil and the Scots people; theirs was so in a more exclusive manner. Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot were essentially English, and the realities they reflected were insular, and to the southern reader, erotic. Their endless galleries of portraits, their inspired appreciation of British life and character would have for the reader of Latin race only an ethnological interest. And Dickens, at all events, is

untranslatable. In Italian he is more grotesque than humorous. The *language* of Thackeray or George Eliot can be translated into Italian or Spanish; but I doubt if their pictures can be. The snob is not indigenous to Italy, and the sober, self-respecting, debt-paying paganism George Eliot immortalized conveys nothing to the Spanish mind. Then Thackeray's religion was that of the clubs and George Eliot's fame arrived in Catholic countries weighted with the announcement that she was a serious agnostic with a purpose. Her fame as an agnostic I venture to think overrated; nor would I admit without more proof than I have seen adduced that she wrote all the agnosticism into her books that has been read into them. Most of her sincerest admirers would wish she had written nothing after "Middlemarch," and in the great works that ended with it, "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Felix Holt," it seems to me that the internal evidences of her agnosticism are singularly meagre, recondite and laboriously to be nosed out.

Still, her fame was that of a highly gifted and therefore specially dangerous unbeliever, and that character was likely to have more weight with earnest Catholics abroad, with ecclesiastical authorities, than the fact that she had portrayed inimitably peculiar types and phases of English life and manners.

The novel with a purpose is not quite a new idea. "Don Quixote" was one, "Caleb Williams" was one, "Gulliver" was one, to say nothing of "Tristram Shandy," but the purpose was not in England precisely that of furthering the interests of the Catholic Church.

"Manzoni's" great romance, though less obviously a novel with a purpose than many so called, did and does further those interests; but it stands in a majestic isolation among Italian novels. In England Cardinal Wiseman wrote one novel and Cardinal Newman wrote two which might of itself convey a forcible hint of the applicability of this arm to Catholic strategies. Among Catholics the three novels just alluded to are widely read; at all events, "Fabiola" and "Callista" are, though the greater of the two works has much the smaller vogue; "Loss and Gain," in spite of its pensive charm and humor, is read much less than it should be. I doubt if any of the three receives anything like the recognition, among non-Catholic readers, to which its literary value entitles it. I judge by the fact that I constantly meet even bookish Protestants who never heard of "Fabiola!"

Fashion unfortunately affects Catholics also, and I suspect there are many Catholic readers who could not tell you who wrote "A Simple Story," and could tell you no more of "Grantley Manor" than that it was written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The writing

of English novels by Catholics with a Catholic aim is to all intents and purposes almost a new idea, and the legitimacy of the idea is only beginning to be acknowledged. And by novels I may at once confess I do not mean pretty schoolroom tales. Of those latter there has been a regular succession and an almost adequate supply. But readers emerge from the schoolroom and go on reading; that is the point, and of that point the new Catholic novelist is laying hold.

It is a pioneer's business to cut down trees, and the pioneers in this work had timber to get down of some height and girth. Some of them cut their fingers and sustained bruises in the process. I am thinking of one of singular courage and capacity who, I have heard, suffered plentifully in this wise. Are they not the Weaker Brethren, alert to find fault, open-mouthed if not open-minded, pert and timorous, cathartic of criticism and of a most constipated, critical or productive family? He has survived the attacks and has received solid marks of ecclesiastical approval. And, like other pioneers, he has had followers whose paths has been less laborious for his work. But if several of the new Catholic novelists are priests, there is no reason why they all should be. For any Catholic writer who has anything to say there is a wide and fruitful field open to his labors in the novel. If a Latin Catholic should ask why the novel should be specially selected as his medium by a Catholic writer with a serious purpose, we would answer, "Because the novel happens to have a wider audience at present than anything except the newspaper."

I protest urgently against the theory that the newspaper is to take the place of the sermon; the pulpit can never be made obsolete by the press. But it is true that numbers of outsiders can be reached by the press who would not bring themselves within range of the Catholic pulpit. And there are also numbers of readers who would not handle tracts or treatises, but may, "accidentally" sometimes, be hit by the Catholic novel. The Catholic novel may have as definite and strenuous a purpose as "Caleb Williams," albeit a very different and not a dismal one; but though there is plenty of room for the downright *theological* novel, all Catholic novels need not be that. Novels are published and find their way to the libraries, and I suppose to some of the subscribers of those libraries, which are theological in the negative sense or in some other un-Catholic sense. Atheists, Agnostics, Deists, Christian "Scientists," Buddhists, Non-conformists of the passionately anti-Papal sort, every sort of queer believer and unbeliever commits his cargo of fads and fancies to the good ship "Novel," and launches it on the unknown ocean where novels ply, with a shrewd expectation that it may thus reach many

a distant and unlikely port. Why may not we do the same—with the regular, unmitigated novel of Catholic theology? It may be said that Catholic theologians have something else to do, and that may well be true. But though it would be folly to desert the doing of what is best for what is not so good, when the second best happens to be of high ability, it should be worth doing, too. A fine novel may demand gifts of imagination and fancy that all fine theologians neither have nor desire; but there may be many who know Catholic theology well in whom there are also the powers necessary for the production of a good novel. I do not think they would be wasting their time, and they would be welcomed by great numbers of readers who ignore the “smooth tale chiefly of love.”

In the meanwhile there is the other and bigger public that must be reading novels of a less august sort and are quite ready to read thoroughly Catholic, though not what may be called theological novels. They are all the more ready because the Catholic novel has a certain novelty in English-speaking countries. They are, many of them, rather curious to see the Catholic point of view from the inside, so to speak, and the Catholic novel is the only way they know. A Catholic writer of any capacity who gives true and living pictures of Catholic life and thought worked into the homely and easy form of a novel will find as many readers outside his own body as in it. Is it not religious instruction?

And it must be remembered that unaccustomed stomachs are not at once able to assimilate very strong and concentrated food; the Catholic novel which only seems, to the fully instructed Catholic, to contain a very small and partial hint of Catholic truth, may contain as much as the non-Catholic reader can swallow and digest at one meal. We do not expect our own bodies to take in at one dinner time beef enough for life; why should we confine other people's minds or souls to one meal of complete and final nutrition? Perhaps Catholic novelists themselves might remember this, and not, with generous, but over-hospitable hand, overload their readers' plates? Nobody can say everything at once, however clever he may be; ninety-and-nine truths must be left in the wilderness (outside our own writings) while we carry one home.

I honestly believe there is room for the Catholic novel which is really a large and roomy tract, but I do not believe there is space enough in the most compendious novel for the whole Catholic faith to be administered in one mouthful—people *have* large mouths, but for talking rather than swallowing, as a rule. And I believe much more strongly that there is room for the Catholic novel which is not a tract at all, but which, in a sincere and reasonable fashion,

gives merely incidental or partial glimpses of Catholic life and feeling, Catholic ideals and Catholic standards, by the genuine description of Catholic conduct and Catholic surroundings and training. It is the panoramist rather than the artist who tries to cram a whole range of Alps onto his canvas. The true artist attempts no more than a corner, a group, a single trivial-seeming, character-teaching episode. We know better what Holland was like, in his day, from a tiny panel of Teniers' than we could learn from a contemporary map of the Low Countries as big as a dining table. You can no more squeeze the whole of Catholic faith and morals into a single romance than you can weave the history of the Church into one tapestry. You must make extracts, and they cannot all be of equal significance. The Master Himself was content to illustrate one truth in one parable; that is why the parable of the unjust steward disconcerts those who expect everything at once and are too impatient for the single lesson that the children of light should be as wise in *their* generation as the children of this world are shrewd and instinctive in theirs. It will be seen that I am making a plea for patience on the part of Catholic novelists themselves and also on the part of their Catholic readers; the former would be wise not to attempt too much at once and the latter would be reasonable if they would not expect too much at once.

Then as to quality. Of course, the finer it can be, the better, but there is no necessity to wait for a Catholic Thackeray or a Catholic Dickens. Giants are rarities in all religious denominations, and in no school of religious or irreligious thought do we see at present any gigantic infant apparently destined to become a new Dickens or a new Thackeray. That is no reason why moderate talents should not be used well, as very moderate talents are being used, in this field of fiction, very ill indeed. It would not be at all a wild assumption that in the Catholic body at large there must be to-day an average of talent equal at least to that which goes to produce the current fiction of the circulating library; that fiction is produced and does circulate, and a very large proportion of it needs an antidote. Assuming, as I have assumed, that we have the material for the antidote, we had better dispense it. Novels of quite a moderate literary value may help to do good, as other novels (many of which have no literary value whatever) are daily helping to do harm. A novel, for instance, by a sincere and dutiful Catholic need not be a thesis on marriage to remind the ordinary library subscriber that marriage is not really obsolete nor intolerable. The old-fashioned novel not always faultless, was wont to end in a marriage; the new-fashioned novel is apt to proceed to a divorce or two, not at all apt to assume that the marriage of hero and

heroine had any finality or permanence about it. Of "love" as the sole subject of fiction I do not wish to speak here, as I would desire to consider it apart. I would also like on another occasion to speak of the "purpose" in the novel of the serious Catholic who has one. There is not space to treat that matter adequately here.

The object of this paper has been (1) to show that the history of the novel itself would reasonably account for any attitude of distrust held towards it by earnest Catholics, and especially for their ecclesiastical superiors and guides; (2) to plead for the recognition of a fact—that the novel in modern life is a medium of promulgation second only in the widening of its scope to the newspaper, and not necessarily second even to the newspaper in effectiveness, for the novel takes a little longer to read and may take a little longer to forget; (3) to urge that the recognition of this fact should be acted upon by a counter supply. No suggestion has been made here that the condition of the novel *nowadays* in non-Catholic hands is such as to disarm any traditional suspicion of it; the plea is only that the novel should not be indolently left in non-Catholic hands; (4) to suggest the usefulness of various types of Catholic novels—admitting, more than admitting, that there is place for the Catholic novel of theology, as there obviously is for the non-Catholic novel of *un-theology*: pleading indeed that it would find a special class of hearers, just as there is one for the philosophical, the psychological and the political novel; admitting and pleading all that, it is also urged that there would be great and worthy use for the Catholic novel of less special and technical aim, the more simple novel of Catholic life and manners, which *illustrates* the Church's influence on her children without any fierce effort at doing so *thetically*, and illustrates, too, Catholic *beliefs*, here a little and there a little, without attempting to screw down the whole of Catholic *belief* into one narrow box not greatly too large to carry one tale of ordinary dimensions.

A great number of non-Catholic works of fiction now appearing, that do abundant harm, are probably not written with that express motive; the motive is merely to write a novel and be paid for it, and the writer, having nothing else to express, only expresses himself, and being what he is, without religious or moral convictions, it is just that expression and diffusion of his objectionable self that does the mischief. He does not, very likely, realize that there is anything the matter with himself. He sends himself abroad as complacently as a man who has small-pox will walk abroad, if he supposes everybody else has them; society, however, dislikes small-pox, and the sight of his spots will lead to strong representation that he had better remain at home. Society at present, being largely

free from religious or moral convictions of its own, is not scandalized by the spottiness of the novelist, and his public appearance is not resented. The Catholic novelist who is loyal to his faith and the moral teaching of his Church, even if what he has to say falls short of a special revelation, will express *himself* also, and in so doing he will give expression, more or less incomplete, but genuine and wholesome, to the presence of faith and the obligation of morals. In doing this he will be diffusing an antidote. If in every instance the antidote could be more powerfully conveyed than the poison, it would be splendid; but splendor need not be awaited, else we should have only great specialists and our useful general practitioners would starve, which might increase mortality among that large public that never has recourse to the specialists.

I am quite aware that literary Catholics may cry out aghast, "Are you not hinting at a procedure that would lay us open to a huge crop of mediocre Catholic novels?" Perhaps. But is there not a huge mass of mediocre readers of fiction, Catholic and non-Catholic, who are, *faute-de-mieux*, being supplied with an immense bulk of highly un-Catholic fiction much less than mediocre in quality? Why not leaven the lump, and leaven it as plentifully as possible—with first-rate stuff (where we have it) for first-rate readers, but with some condescendence to the fact that all readers are not first-rate and that they also *will* get hold of something and may as well have something not poisonous to get hold of? The thing is to provide it.

You who are superior need not read the books for the man in the street; he will not read yours, but he will read something. Need it be mischievous?

JOHN AYS COUGH.

THE CHARMS OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

THE opinion is general among a large percentage of the American people that the first settlement made on our shores was inaugurated in 1607 by Captain John Smith at Jamestown, Virginia; the English Pilgrim Fathers also claim much attention for the erection of their habitation at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. But years before these pioneers began their work of founding an occidental empire Spanish friars had established innumerable churches, chapels and missions throughout that vast stretch of territory now known as the Southwestern States. In 1539 a Spanish priest, Marcos de Niza, advanced northward from

old Mexico and after many very weary weeks planted the Cross at the pueblo of Zuni, naming the territory (now New Mexico) "The New Kingdom of St. Francis." There are two ways to reach the Southwestern country—rail and water; but by far the pleasantest route is via New York and that widespreading, undulating abyss called the Spanish Main. The six-day trip to Galveston is usually agreeable, excepting, of course, when occasional hurricanes lash the billows mountain high as the genial Neptune cavorts in and around the Straits of Florida. The principal port of Texas derives its name from Galvez, a famous young Spanish Governor who led the American colonist forces along the shores of the Gulf in 1779, to repeated and uninterrupted victories in the struggle for freedom from British sovereignty. Commerce grows year by year, and the city presents a metropolitan appearance, business structures of importance and regal mansions of the rich being numerous. The Catholics possess several fine-looking churches and institutions, and the leading hotel, fronting the Gulf, has few superiors anywhere. An impregnable buttress known as the sea-wall claims the attention of every traveler, for it is one of the greatest engineering feats of the age. "Northerners" frequently goad the waves to frenzy as they leap high across the shoals leading to the town, and in days gone by frequently inundated the city; in the year 1900 the port was badly dismantled by a tidal wave that flooded the entire section, and it was officially reported that nine thousand human beings were drowned and an enormous amount of property utterly ruined. The Federal Government came to the aid of the stricken people and erected the sea-wall, which is eighteen feet above the shore, twenty feet thick at the base, tapering to five feet at the top, built of solid concrete and costing the large sum of eight million dollars, but the money was well expended, for the newer and improved Galveston now boasts a population of forty thousand souls.

Texas is merely a cog in the great flywheel called the United States, yet its 265,000 square miles of land make it as large as England and the German Empire combined, and inasmuch as this vast area enjoys many kinds of climates, the soil brings forth almost every product known to agriculture. It is a part of the "Grand Prairie" of the early Spaniards and is so expansive that when Coronado crossed it three and one-half centuries ago he employed native guides, who kept their course only by shooting arrows ahead. In the morning, taking their bearings from the rising sun, they shot an arrow in the direction of their journey's end; then they took up the line of march. Before reaching the first arrow, they shot another beyond it, then a third in line with the other two; "and in this way they go all day," writes Castenada, who kept the

journal of the famous march, "toward the water where they are to end the day." The State is 740 miles long and 825 wide; it has a coast line of 400 miles, and on one side of it the Rio Grande flows for nearly 800 miles. The Commonwealth is very massive in many ways; for instance, the live stock (valued at \$400,000,000) graze on 175,000,000 acres of land, which are worth close to \$2,000,000,000. Cotton and corn, taking up 20,000,000 acres, were valued at \$400,000,000 in 1912. In brief, the total products in a single year represent about \$650,000,000! To these figures should be added \$250,000,000 for minerals and manufactures, and 17,000 miles of railroad track, the equal of Italy and Japan combined. All of which shows much progress on the part of the 4,000,000 citizens of the Lone Star State. Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth are cities of considerable importance, while San Antonio is a lively, well-built metropolis. Of course, the Catholic has had something to do with the social, political, industrial and religious work of the country, for the well-known La Salle was zealously spreading the sacred truths as far back as 1685, many ruins of old missions still being found far removed from the beaten path of the average traveler. It is a mistake to assume that the bulk of Texas Catholics are of Mexican blood, as we find a considerable number of European colonists professing the faith of the ancestral fathers. The 400,000 Baptists slightly outrank us numerically, but it is but justice to state that the handsome and substantial churches and institutions of education and charity in the four dioceses have few superiors.

As our itinerary embraces the northern belt of the Southwestern States, we leave "San Antone" with the thriving new State of Oklahoma as our destination. Twenty-five years ago "Deadshot Dick" and "Alkali Ike" were the ruling monarchs of those pristine wilds, but these romantic buccaneers were translated to climes celestial when the screeching locomotive flashed its searchlight upon the verdant plains so long the hunting grounds of the Apache and his tribe. Prosperous farms are found to the right and left, and almost every train brings in new recruits. Several German Catholic colonies are thriving in this fortunate region, and it is regrettable that men of other nations are not displaying greater assiduity along the same intelligent lines. Unimproved farm lands in the Gulf Coast country range between \$25 and \$75 per acre. Climatic conditions are agreeable—never excessively hot and severe cold is unknown to this region of Texas. Great variety adds spice to the lives of the people, as the diversified products so eloquently testify, and perhaps they cannot be excelled in any one country on the globe. Here we find wheat, oranges, figs, grapes, sugar cane, sugar beet, cotton, rice, corn, milo maize, sorghum, oats,

apricots, prunes, nectarines, peaches, persimmons, plums, pecans, cauliflower, onions, tomatoes, beans, peanuts, peas, cucumbers, squash, beets, watermelons, cantaloupes, strawberries, blackberries, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, honey, alfalfa, native hay, fruits of almost every variety and live stock in great numbers.

The development of Oklahoma reminds one of some pantomimic phantasy akin to "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," for the new Commonwealth has undergone a marvelous transformation during the last twenty-five years. Twice the area of Portugal, what was formerly the rendezvous of the Indian now contains nearly two million souls, cities and towns springing up like magic at the bidding of the fairy's wand. Last year the farmers of Oklahoma took from the earth over 100,000,000 bushels of corn and 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, and the wealth of the State is officially computed to be about \$2,000,000,000, a very respectable showing for a section of country that is even now regarded by many as being beyond the pale of civilization. Nor is the Catholic priest unknown to this thriving province, for the Diocese of Oklahoma keeps pace with the growth of population, the various ecclesiastical, educational and charitable institutions being of superior rank. The great neck of land lying between Oklahoma and New Mexico is called the "Texas Panhandle." Here we find thousands of farmers tilling their quarter-sections (160 acres) with excellent results. Good lands range from \$25 to \$60 an acre, and as the climate is moderate all the year, there is no reason why an energetic man with \$1,500 cash should not possess a comfortable home and ranch within a period of ten years. Many have already accomplished more on less capital. The principal city of this region is cosmopolitan El Paso, which has sprung from a mere hamlet to an enterprising centre of 40,000 people. Statistics are enervating, it is true, but it is pleasant to read that Oklahoma yearly produces 85,000,000 barrels of petroleum, worth \$60,000,000. Natural gas in one county emits 6,000,000 feet every twenty-four hours; Pawnee possesses an oil well that fills 50,000 barrels a week. If bank deposits are an index to the wealth of the people, the \$200,000,000 in many institutions gives evidence of much prosperity.

Kansas and Nebraska are generally looked upon as a section comparatively new to white men. Nevertheless, eighty years prior to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock the fauna and flora of Nebraska had been described by a European scientist; eighty-seven years ere Hendrik Hudson sailed up the Hudson River a party of Caucasians floated down the Platte; sixty-six years before the English located in Jamestown and Captain John Smith found undying fame with the dusky Pocahontas white men and red men were on felicitous terms on the midland prairies; and it has been

stated that Western archaeologists, headed by Dr. Robert F. Gilder, of Omaha, have at last succeeded in locating the exact site of the alleged city of Quivera, for which Coronado and the old Spanish conquerors searched so diligently and fought so valiantly, and a party of scientists anticipate making excavations and explorations which are expected to throw considerable light on the people of a kingdom whose location has been in doubt for four hundred years and more. Ruins of the ancient city are said to skirt the Loup River in Nebraska for several miles, the population of which at one time must have been enormous. While it has been known for a number of years that Quivera was located somewhere in Nebraska, the exact spot had not been definitely settled.

These early adventurers went to Nebraska to seek the alleged city of Quivera, where gold was supposed to be so plentiful that the highways and byways were paved with it. The Argonauts, who had traversed some fifteen hundred miles of virgin forests and pristine wilds, were somewhat chagrined to find that Quivera contained much yellow corn, but little of the yellow gold; so they once again took up the line of march and returned to the haunts of the buccaneers who were exploring for precious ore far down in the depths of Mexico.

Twenty-five years or so ago, near Riverton, Neb., a farmer dug up an ancient saddle stirrup. It was so strange to him that he sent it to the State Museum. There it was recognized as the exact counterpart, both in shape and material, of those used for centuries by Moorish horsemen and Spanish knights errant. It had been made on a blacksmith's anvil, of iron or steel, and the blows of the hammer were yet visible. Constant use had worn a small hole through the centre. The finding of the ancient Spanish stirrup revived the old story of the early Spanish expeditions to Nebraska and so stirred the souls of archaeologists that Professor James W. Savage made a personal trip to Madrid for the purpose of delving into the records in the Spanish Court archives concerning the expeditions of Coronado, Castenada, Penalosa and others to the kingdom of Quivera. As a result of years of research the Professor has given the following summary of his reasons for locating Quivera just north of the Platte River: "Quivera was situated northeasterly from Santa Fé. It was distant from the latter city 800 or 900 miles. It was north of the fortieth parallel, the southern boundary of Nebraska. It lay north of a wide but fordable stream." All these conditions are said to be fulfilled along the Platte; and now the archaeologists are said to have discovered along this very stream the remains of a city of immense size, which was discovered and described by the historian with the old Penalosa Spanish expedition

in 1662. In tracing the line of march of Penalosa it was found that a second old Spanish stirrup, a perfect match for the one discovered in Nebraska, had been found near Junction City, Kansas. Two pieces of a suit of armor were found in the southwestern part of Texas some years ago. In the armor was the skeleton of a white man. Archaeologists have claimed that the finding of the two stirrups and the suit of mail bears out the words of the historian of the early Spanish expedition.

In describing the city of Quivera the Spaniard wrote: "This was one of the cities of Quivera. It contained thousands of houses, mostly circular in shape, some two, three and even four stories in height, framed in hard wood believed to be black walnut and skilfully thatched. It extended along the river for more than two leagues, at which distance a third stream flowed into the second. Beyond this the city again stretched out for many leagues." The "seven cities of Cibola" and the "Kingdom of Quivera" have long been thought to be myths and inventions of the minds of the early Spaniards themselves. But so far as Quivera is concerned, eminent writers contend the ancient story to be correct. The city itself could not be located, although it was believed to be in central Nebraska, along the Platte River. Recent discoveries, however, now place the site north of the Platte and along the banks of the Loup. A careful search of the banks of this stream, it is stated, has brought to light the fact that at some remote age a huge city had its life and being along the Loup about two miles above its confluence with the Platte, or near the present site of the city of Columbus. On both sides of the stream there are said to be many artificial mounds and dwelling sites, and while the piles of ashes and the general débris are of long standing, they are sufficient in number to set the heart of an archaeologist at work at twice its ordinary speed. From the ruins of old Quivera it is hoped to secure such evidence of the customs, habits and home life of the inhabitants that much light will be thrown upon the earliest people known to have lived in the country between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains.

The area of New Mexico is 122,468 square miles, or 78,380,160 acres. Farm lands include 20,000,000 acres and the native pasture lands, where agriculture at the present time, owing to lack of water, is impracticable, 30,000,000 acres. The rest of the State's area is timber and mineral land. Population has increased 67 per cent. in ten years to 450,000 at the present time. Climatic conditions are ideal, the land being fanned by the warm southern winds a thousand miles south of the Canadian line, while the altitude, ranging from 1,000 to 7,000 feet, offsets the enervating effects

of the torrid heat that otherwise would prevail. Humidity is also unknown, due to the paucity of the rainfall, which in many sections is not above twelve inches annually. Of course, the lack of water has greatly interfered with the promotion of agriculture, but vast irrigation dams have been erected to reclaim millions of unproductive acres. It should also be said in behalf of the railroads that they have spent large sums in assisting farmers to locate along their lines. There are low-rate colonist fares and also minimum freight charges for transporting families and their household goods to many points. Ground is sold at a "popular" price, from \$5 to \$25 per acre. For the benefit of those who regard a copious water supply as imperative for the production of a bumper crop, it should be stated that several thousand farmers are now securing fine results from "dry farming," especially in the highlands, where rain is as scarce as it is plentiful in the tropics. By Federal statute opening the public domain in the West to settlement, the head of a family or any adult person may file on homestead of 160 acres, and by the side of it, if the land be without growth of native hay or timber, take a desert claim of like area. Upon the homestead the claimant must live five years before he may demand a patent; unless he chooses, after fourteen months, to commute by paying \$1.25 per acre. A patent for the desert claim is obtained simply by sinking a well and setting a pump which will develop a supply of water sufficient to irrigate the whole quarter. It has been said that men of Chinese nativity are undesirable citizens, but down at Deming we find a rustic son of the Celestial Empire banking \$8,000 in a single year, all of which comes from nineteen acres of one of the best-regulated truck gardens in the world. Skeptics may doubt the existence of the 100,000,000,000 tons of coal alleged to be beneath the surface of the Commonwealth, but an apple weighing thirty-nine ounces was recently on exhibition in metropolitan Albuquerque (population 15,000), a city handling 14,000,000 pounds of wool and 100,000,000 feet of lumber in the course of twelve months; the town is both a modern and ancient community, for the Jesuits still maintain the little chapel erected for the natives years before the Revolution was fought and won. Latecomers possess a handsome church, academy and high school. The climate is very dry and clear, the thriving city lodging many of those unfortunates whom the profane and vulgar facetiously allude to as "them Eastern lungers." Minerals of various strata have an annual total of \$20,000,000, and it should not be forgotten that the industrial life of the new State is still in embryonic form. Optimists assert that 10,000,000 tons of coal can be elevated yearly for 250 years and many lodes will still remain; and it would seem that the 10,000,000 cattle, sheep and goats that browse on the

uplands and lowlands should supply the wants of all men for all time to come.

Tourists bound for ancient Santa Fé leave the main line at Lamy, named in honor of the celebrated Archbishop who had so much to do with the upbuilding of religion and the development of that section, and proceed eighteen miles by rail to the capital city. Santa Fé was founded by the Spaniards in 1605 and named their little habitation La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (the True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis), but in the lapse of time the rapid-fire American reduced it to Santa Fé. Nestling 7,000 feet above the level, this city amidst the stars is hemmed in by a lofty range that throws its undulating peaks 10,000 to 13,000 feet beyond the clouds. While the town is by no means as archaic as it was in the days when that Castilian soldier of fortune, the dauntless Coronado, led his band through the tangled wilderness of the Southwest in 1540, there are still extant innumerable monuments of antiquity that have withstood the ravages of the centuries. Up to a few years ago the Territorial Governor entertained the honored guest in the apartment that served the same purpose for nineteen American and seventy-six Mexican and Spanish Viceroyes who ruled the province; and it will be recalled that General Lew Wallace, while Governor, here penned his famous play, "Ben Hur." Treasures ensconced herein embrace pictures of the saints painted upon puma skins, rude stone gods of the prehistoric races and the most peculiar utensils and implements then in vogue with the thrifty housewife and old-time warrior. Our modern mapmaker also finds a crude drawing on which California appears as an island of the Pacific Ocean. One-story adobe huts in the mediæval section of the town are very patriarchal; in fact, they probably antedate by several years the leathern-faced old men and women who sit in vacuous idleness as they discuss the topics familiar to the early days of the venerable Santa Fé. As the mind became retrospective we could see the plumed knight seated upon his prancing charger, his clanking armor terrifying the evil ones and fascinating the young and fair. Of course, the modern city is very American, with a good hotel, a daily newspaper and 14,000 people. The atmosphere is rarefied, due to the altitude, warm during the day and quite cool after the setting of the sun. The diocese was erected in 1850, the archbishopric in 1875, and inasmuch as the bulk of the faithful are of Spanish heritage, the priests find it convenient to possess a thorough knowledge of English and the tongue of old Castile. The Bishops of Denver, Col., and Tucson, Arizona, are Suffragans of Archbishop Pitaval, of Santa Fé. It is stated that fully one-half the population of New Mexico are adherents of the ancient faith. Churches,

schools and charitable institutions rank with the best, and scarcely a month passes that does not witness an addition to those already existing. Sightseers should never depart from Santa Fé without taking the tour "around the Colorado circle," a thousand-mile trip up and about lofty peaks that raise their frosty domes far into the blue firmament on high. They call this section of Colorado the "Switzerland of America," and as the belching, throbbing mogul engine drills the creaking, groaning train around a precipitous crag, thunders across a skyline bridge, rushes down an incline at lightning speed, or skirts a bottomless canyon that reaches far down into the very bowels of the earth, the tourist needs no assurance that such enchanting vistas are unsurpassed on this terrestrial sphere. On this branch line leading north a wagon road winds along to the ancient pueblo of Taos, which is said to be the oldest habitation of the white man in North America, by which we mean north of the Rio Grande. Many generations ago this walled-in little city, at the farthest corner penetrated by the Spaniard, was the bartering place for the exchange of Caucasian cloths and beads, "firewater" and tobacco for the furs and hides, turquoises and pottery of the red man; but the rise of Santa Fé eventually dimmed the prestige of the patriarch so dear to the heart of Kit Carson and his clique, and now we find decaying adobe walls and tottering adobe huts to relate the gruesome story of the rise and fall of a cosmopolis that thrived a century ere the Mayflower's lookout descried the outlines of the English Pilgrims' mecca.

The early friars had their own troubles in consummating their laudable task, for the various chiefs of the aborigines looked askance upon the influence wielded by the white stranger over their subordinates, and as a result priest after priest was cruelly put to death. The intrepid Spaniards, however, tenaciously clung to the work of Christianizing and civilizing the native population, and the "earliest inhabitants" are now, with but few exceptions, children of that "peerless institution whose history reaches to the age of fable."

The Indian of the Southwest is in many respects a complex. His habits and characteristics are the same as those that have imbued his forbears throughout the ages. Quiet, industrious and independent, he is satisfied with but little of the goods of this material world. He dwells quietly in his pueblo, a communal aggregation of adobe "houses" built side by side, one upon the other, and invariably reached by means of a primitive ladder hammered together in slipshod fashion. There are scores of these communal homes scattered around New Mexico and Arizona. While it is true that one hundred per cent. of the natives of New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Colorado cannot claim to have attained the

highest development of civilized society, it cannot be said with any degree of accuracy that, as a class, they will always remain semi-civilized, a statement recently made by a "liberal-spirited" gentleman of the cloth whose missionary efforts, after the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, were not conducive of great results. For reasons best known to himself, the stoical native prefers the ancient creed to all others that may be submitted for his consideration. Many of our brown-faced brothers display superiority in various ways. They own prosperous farms, are intelligent mechanics, show enterprise in business affairs, are efficient lawyers and capable physicians; the women are loyal wives and devoted mothers. As is well known to transcontinental tourists along the southern route, the squaws gather at many stations and offer for sale all kinds of trinkets to the passengers, such as beads, shawls, baskets and pottery, all of their own handiwork, giving evidence of innate artistic ability that would do justice to the factory expert, and perhaps the following incident will serve to show the profound faith of the Catholic Indian woman. The train was sidetracked in order to allow the eastbound express to pass, and grouped around the observation car were the usual purveyors of home-made wares. An *au fait* Eastern lady priced everything one of them had for sale, and at last offered twenty-five cents for the rosary beads clustered around the woman's neck; the latter simply shook her head. The lady flippantly held up half a dollar, and this was also answered in the negative. Once again the lady of culture, between bites of the gum she was emasculating, increased the bid to two dollars and finally offered a five-dollar note for the sacred chain; the only answer vouchsafed by the silent daughter of the hills was a shake of the head. In other words, the humble one was there to sell her wares, but not her faith.

Rev. Dr. Charles Warren Currier is generally recognized as an unbiased authority on the Indian races, and the following tribute from his pen is well worthy of consideration by those unthinking men who regard the red man as a logical object of "civilized" rapacity:

"The white man has failed to grasp his opportunity. He was sent to build up and to civilize; he has brought the race to which he was sent to the verge of extinction. What a splendid mission he might have accomplished had he been faithful to it! The two races might have been developed side by side, one borrowing from the other. In exchange for the civilization we would have given him we might have received from the Indians those sterling qualities that are naturally theirs, which it takes us years to acquire.

"We might have learned from them to develop that strength of character that characterizes them among all the races of the

earth. The American Indian, undaunted in battle, fearless in danger, is impervious to pain, a natural stoic. He endures the intensest suffering without a groan or a sigh. The Indian is a diplomatist, a statesman by nature, and we may learn from him that prudence so necessary to the statesman. He is a born orator. One of the finest pieces of oratorical action I have witnessed was that of an Indian of the Sioux Nation.

"And the Indian name! It is everywhere. Stamped upon the face and engraved upon the granite ribs of the American continent, it is destined to remain until the waters of the Atlantic shall meet those of the Pacific and the American continent sink beneath the waves. Its echoes come to us from all sides, from the summits of the loftiest mountains, from the depths of the valleys, from the bosom of the lakes, from the great American streams. Not a State in the Union but recalls these memories of vanished tribes. The white man could rob the Indian, bleed him to death and bring him to the verge of extinction, but he could not efface, he never shall efface the Indian's name. Stronger than marble, more enduring than brass his monument shall be to remind us forever of a people that was and to recall to us our own shame.

"Long after the Indian shall be extinct, his poetry, his traditions and his name will survive. Indian poetry and Indian traditions have inspired some of the best productions of the American muse. The 'Araucana' of Ercilla y Zuniga, the 'Attala' of Chateaubriand and the 'Hiawatha' of Longfellow are only a few flowers culled from the garden of American literature, fragrant with the aroma of the forest and redolent with the perfume of Indian poetry."

In the days of yore travelers generally made their last will and testament ere proceeding on a business trip along the Santa Fé Trail, for the Apaches and others who did not care to toil for a livelihood engaged in the profession of rifling the mail bags, strong boxes and pockets of those occupying seats in the rambling stage coaches; and it is common knowledge that many a good man was consigned to a premature tomb by his lack of agility to escape the death-dealing bullet leveled at him by some malevolent marauder of those Western wilds. But conditions of that nature now prevail only in the chimerical minds of literati who pen those blood-curdling yellow-backs that strike terror to the hearts of fond fathers and mothers of the rising generation. It is now possible for the *sang froid* tourist to take his matutinal bath, be manicured, shaved, shampooed and have his trousers creased in the latest Pall Mall style while lolling in a palatial drawing room that rolls over hill and vale at fifty miles per hour. Magnificent hotels, all constructed on the Mission style of architecture and generally bearing names of the early Spanish priests and explorers, have been

erected at many points by a great railroad company, the rates being reasonable for the first-class service rendered the visitor.

The energetic work of the Santa Fé Railway in creating new divisions almost every few weeks and the prodigious efforts it is making in the way of advertising the territory contiguous with its lines are excellent arguments against the Socialistic acquisition of the railroad systems of America. This vast corporation now controls 11,000 miles of track, or about one-half of the total mileage of the English and Scotch transportation companies. The Southern Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, and Western Pacific, all of which pass through the territory under discussion, also display much activity in reclaiming millions of acres and making the desert bloom with fragrant fields of wheat, corn, sugar beet, potatoes, vegetables of every kind and trees of every fruit. Thousands of families are now comfortably situated on farms of twenty-five to fifty acres—a sharp contrast, indeed, to the emaciated toilers of our factory towns who eke out a wretched existence tending a throbbing machine from sunrise to sunset, while their puny offspring are fed on the embalmed products of twentieth-century civilization.

As the train rolls along the arid plains and extensive plateaus lying to the west there are presented to the traveler a cyclorama of grass-carpeted plazas, bleak mountain peaks, ranches whereon graze thousands of sheep, lava beds that were old ere Abraham wed with Sarai, tall and sombre volcanic cones that seem to recede as the car speeds onward, the cerulean dome screened here and there by translucent vapors suffused with the glowing tints of the empyreal bow, and, lastly, that unexplainable fascination that enchants and holds enthralled the charmed sightseer from fields afar—the call of Nature's universal throne. Pure atmosphere brought the famous Lowell Observatory to Flagstaff, or at least to the hills on the outskirts of the bustling little city, a central point for the shipment of vast trainloads of lumber. Several miles inland, at Black Falls, are found a group of ruins denoting their builders to have been of highly superior mentality. Wherever our mediæval friends of the Aztec Nation cast their lot they left their highways strewn with débris of gorgeous temples, chambers and sarcophagi, and as if to display no prejudice in favor of any one chosen land, we find a few miles from Adamana the foundations of what were evidently buildings of great importance in those dim and distant centuries whose archives have long been consigned to the pits of perdition. And of course those peculiar nomads who scaled the towering pinnacles to fashion the uncouth granite boulder into the semblance of a manse, those altitudinous pagans whom we style the cliff-dwellers, have transmitted to us in excellent form their lofty habitations.

Arizona is about the size of Italy (113,000 square miles), and is also forging to the front as a progressive State. Gold, silver, coal and copper mines are being worked on an extensive scale. Fruit raising and general agriculture assist in making the inhabitants prosperous, of whom there are now 210,000 in the Commonwealth. The climate in the north is similar to that of New Mexico, but down at Phoenix the mercury ascends, and Yuma, located at sea level, has the reputation of being one of the hottest towns in the United States; the air, however, is very dry, and the 120 degrees sometimes recorded bears the same relevancy to 90 degrees in the Eastern States. Those who recall the devastating fire of 1900, when the city was leveled to the ground, will be gratified to learn that Prescott (a mile high), with a population of 15,000, is now one of the handsomest towns in the country, and enjoys a climate unsurpassed in the world, the community being a health resort of note; the ubiquitous Catholic possesses several fine institutions of religion, education and charity. Tucson, the seat of the bishopric, is in the southern district, where the mercury rarely ascends above 90 degrees. Fruit farming is the principal occupation of the people in the southern section.

Phoenix, the capital, is a busy little metropolis of 15,000 people, many of whom thrive on the benevolence of the "idle born" who throng the community during the winter solstice, for sanitariums are numerous, and it is quite a fad to camp out in the open desert during the days Old Sol is south of the equatorial line. It would be superfluous to state that the Sisters of Mercy maintain a well-equipped hospital, St. Joseph's, and the laity, of whom there are 50,000 in the State, have handsome new churches and schools. Smelters of considerable size give evidence of an abundance of various ores, and coal is also produced in large quantities. On the way down to Phoenix we pass the Hassayampa River, not quite as lengthy as the Missouri, but one overflowing with potent charms, for it is affirmed on what is said to be reliable authority that the person who drinks of its waters will never afterwards tell the truth, never have a dollar, nor leave the hallowed precincts of ancient Arizona. This Munchausen anecdote may be tinged with a spirit of romanticism, but it is an indubitable fact that one great mine has placed \$20,000,000 in the coffers of its fortunate owners.

Arizona may never become the greatest State of the American Union, but there are to be found within its boundaries two of the greatest works of nature—the Petrified Forests and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Geologists assert that in the ages long extinct, eons before the erection of civilization as now obtains, an archean ocean engulfed the sands whereon are found countless petrified remnants of forest kings that proudly raised their broad-

spreading crowns 200 feet above the base. Whither receded the waters of this ancient sea no student of geology attempts to define; but the modern traveler finds incontestable evidence that in the long ago myriads of mighty mammoths dotted a productive land that now lies buried beneath an army of fabulous giants time has transmuted into stone. The cold, indestructible form of a one-time monarch now spans a canyon some fifty or sixty feet across. The First Forest is six miles from Adamana, the journey being made by stage coach; the Second Forest is three miles to the south of the first, while the Third Forest, the most important, is thirteen miles from the railroad. Here are found tree trunks of enormous size, and many are well preserved. As the awed visitor views the silent, ghostlike statues, there steals upon him in all its weirdness a realization of the dread stillness that lies beyond the tomb. World-touring has become a penchant of the American people. We roam over the metropolitan centres of Europe and repose in the 'riksha of old Japan; we invest the cataracts of Khartoum and take a superficial glance at the Panama; we patronize the mosques of sun-scorched Ind'a and view the glaciers of the polar zone; but what an infinitesimal few have walked the aisles of this dead and buried treasure-house of the past; this basin of sparkling emeralds and imperial diadems; this mundane, heaven-ai'd mausoleum that knows no lines of circumscription; this sunlit arena of petrescent gladiators felled by ogres of infernal mould!

Williams is only a rustic spot of 1,500 people, but it is well and favorably known to countless thousands of tourists, for sixty miles to the north lies the "greatest sight beneath the sun"—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Upon arriving at the station, we see what is perhaps the most unique hotel in all the world, the El Tovar, named in honor of Coronado's lieutenant who traversed this section as far back as 1540. The inn is constructed of native boulders and pine logs, and bears a striking resemblance to a log cabin of great dimensions. As water is not to be had at any price, tank cars bring it to the Canyon from a spring ninety miles distant. Interiorally, the equipment of this isolated caravansary is the equal of the best, and it has the distinction of being the only hotel in the universe that stands a mile or more above the waters under the earth.

The honor of the first exploration of the Canyon belongs primarily to the Spaniards, who in 1540 reported it to the civilized world, and it is a matter of record that a padre of old Castile was the first white man to enter the tremendous gulch. Since then many expeditions have attempted to explore the chaotic labyrinth, which, as we are told, is the result of erosion, caused by the swiftly flowing torrents of the Colorado River in seeking an outlet

to the sea. Before the building of the Sante Fé Railway, the adventurers generally ascended, or attempted to ascend, the stream from Yuma, but, owing to the rapid current, the trip is fraught with many dangers, and scores of lives have been consigned to watery graves. Able geologists assert that the river (which flows at fifteen miles an hour) has consumed ages in carving its way through this vast field of granite.

The Grand Canyon is indeed the earth's greatest gash, for it is 217 miles long, 13 miles wide and falls to a depth of 6,000 feet below the rim. An eminent scholar has spoken of it "as a grave dug by a god for the interment of the world," and the longer the visitor scans the mighty chasm the more enthralling becomes the prospect. Let us occupy a point of vantage down at Grand View and sweep the abysmal reaches of this baffling, this transcendental, this indescribable amphitheatre with a powerful glass. We now behold a thousand pyramids rising a mile above the base, but one and all fail to reach the level of the rim. Another swing of the lens upon the panorama to the right brings to view a hundred gray-clad steeples of some great basilica of the ancient gods; immediately to the rear soar skyward a series of stupendous shafts supporting the dome of a titanic hall of legislation. To the left a labyrinthine passage borders on either side huge sarcophagi of renowned mortals once ruling this subterrestrial empire; again the binocular brings home a prospect of colonnades, mausoleums, platforms, cathedrals and colossal statues well calculated to hold in stupefaction the soul of Michael Angelo himself. But a human pen hesitates to depict the awe-engendering escarpments that stretch before the enchanted, spellbound visitor. Down, down, thousands of feet in the recesses of those illimitable deeps, the acute vision discerns the variegated mosque of an Oriental prince; above and across a gentle brook (the boiling, devastating Colorado) the fascinated eye scans a cyclopean tabernacle borne aloft by obelisks conceived and executed by fabulous craftsmen centuries ere King Solomon planned his temple.

Now a cloud of darkness obscures and dims the effulgent orb of day, and within the twinkling of an eye those ermine columns, those glittering spires, those sculptured vaults are garbed in funereal shrouds; once again the beaming monarch of the cerulescent bay bursts forth his lustrous rays, and lo! the sepulchral form, the sombre arch, the basaltic bier transmute to embellished and gaudy halls of state and ducal mansions of the noble. We rest the eye in a lingering view of multitudinous gorges, declivities that know no base, mammoths of terrific mould, pantheons and forums that dwarf the ancient coliseums to nothingness, the gorgeous ensemble suffused with all the glowing shades of the fleeting chameleon.

At midnight we brave the fury of a merciless tempest to view the most sublime cyclorama of the subastral world—a torrential storm sweeping the pinnacles and steepes of this grim and ghastly bedlam of volcanic cones. We seem to stand on an eminence between supernal heights and lowest reaches of the infernal bourne. A black and ominous aerial sea engulfs the universe as the oceans above cast their deluge upon the Plutonian furnace beneath. The alabaster tower, the convent esplanade, the chalcedonic walk of early morn now transform to great and hideous imps, flaming parapets and smoking caldrons. Blinding flashes sever the sombre pall and crash against the bastions of empurpled ogres now up-raising cavalcades of monstrous and blood-curdling mould. Once again the luminous beacon in its shattering flight lays bare the breastworks of Satanic cells, and again the artillerist of unerring aim flings low his terrific broadsides into the Stygian pits that groan with maledictions and lamentations of ghouls that haunt the chambers of perdition. Again and again the thunderous roars of bursting mortars and celestial searchlights rake the gruesome arsenals of the flame-swept inferno; across the reaches of the rumbling brocken an empyreal strategist trains his belching cannon, until all beneath the firmament is seized within the grip of a conflagration that casts its diabolical hue far above and beyond the shrouds encompassing the world. The demonian batteries have been silenced and all is tranquil as the deathlike sea gives way to Luna's sheet of dazzling silver. We swing the glass on the imperial Temple of Osiris, disdainfully scowling on the lofty Pyramid of Cheops, which in turn flings out its castellated battlements high above the Dragon Head emerging from the profound catacombs of the gorge. Far beyond the plateaus and buttes, waterfalls and towers seemingly beneath our feet, but in reality many miles in the distant Aztec Amphitheatre toward the west, there repose a group of edenic gardens coursed by streams of gently shimmering waters. Again the camera is leveled across the troughlike gulch to the east, and we behold the crumbling walls of an impregnable fortress that repelled the ablest general of his time. Now a giant boulder crashes madly down the precipitous steepes and leaps with thunderous clap from crag to crag as it hurls along to the vortex thousands of feet below. It is the signal for the midnight revel, and as a plume of jet flits beneath the nocturnal lamp, there stalk forth an army of incorporeal phantoms and grotesque spectres that thrill and hold transfixed the very soul and heart of mortal man. We stand entranced, appalled and stupefied. All is dead; all is silent; all is ghastly.

Descent to the Colorado River is made on the sure-footed little donkey called the burro, the trail being so steep and treacherous

that it becomes necessary at times to dismount in order to be roped together, for a false step would consign the unfortunate one to the depths of an escarpment from whence there is no recall. The seven miles along the Bright Angel Trail is consummated in about three hours, and now we view a vortex of maddened cataracts that sweep over boulder and mound at a death-dealing pace. It is here we begin to understand how nature has contrived to find an outlet for the waters draining Colorado, Utah and Arizona. Geologists assert that the erosion represents the work of ages, and perhaps their computations are correct; but right or wrong, the torrential floods of the Colorado River, in their onward roll to the Gulf of California, have given to man a prospect of cavernous voids, empyreal temples and fearful depths the mind of mediocrity utterly fails to comprehend.

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A BISHOP OF THE OLD REGIME.

IN spite of certain abuses that existed among the clergy of the "old régime," it is an undoubted fact that, taking them as a whole, the French Bishops and priests came out honorably of the ordeal that they had to face during the Revolution of 1789.

The Revolutionary Government exhibited from the outset an irreligious spirit that found expression in the scheme called "la Constitution civile du clergé," the object of which was the establishment of a national Church independent of the Holy See. The Bishops and priests who declined to take the oath demanded of them were deprived of their posts and condemned to imprisonment and exile. After the overthrow of the ancient monarchy, the mere fact of being a priest was made a crime deserving a violent death, and the ecclesiastics who still remained in France were mercilessly hunted down, imprisoned and executed.

The French clergy at this momentous epoch may be roughly divided into three classes: there were the unfaithful priests, who, rather than face persecution, chose to take the oath; some of these became among the most violent leaders of the Revolution and exhibited the intense hatred that often characterizes apostates towards the beliefs and practices that they had forsaken; then among the priests who refused to take the oath come the "émigrés;" those who sought beyond the French frontier for the religious liberty that was denied to them in their own country. Their lives in Ger-

many, Spain, Italy and England were full of difficulties and hardships, although they were generally received with kindness. In England especially they were treated with generosity and sympathy, both by the Government and the people. Their dignity, resignation and piety won general esteem and contributed in Protestant countries to dispel many prejudices, born of ignorance, that existed against the Catholic Church and her ministers. But although the attitude of the "émigré" priests commands our esteem and sympathy, our admiration goes out more warmly still to the third class of ecclesiastics, those who faced terrific risks in order to minister to their flock during the dark days of the Reign of Terror. Many of these perished on the scaffold; others, in the west of France especially, were shot or drowned, hundreds died a lingering death on the prison ships of Rochefort, a few survived, and to their dying day were looked upon by their countrymen with peculiar feelings of veneration. If the martyr's crown did not descend on their brows, it was through no fault of theirs, for the life of every faithful priest who remained in France during the Reign of Terror hung on a thread, and the perilous ministry and hairbreadth escape of these brave confessors read like the story of the missionary priests in England under the penal laws.

Among the Bishops of France one only, Mgr. de Maillé la Tour Landry, exercised his ministry during the worst days of the Revolution. His personality is an interesting one; he combined an apostolic love of souls with unflinching courage and a resourceful mind. His desire to meet the spiritual necessities of the persecuted and terror-stricken people who surrounded him led him to accept, from a sense of higher duty, the vexatious formalities of the Government of the day in all the points that did not touch his conscience. After the Revolution he played a considerable part in the reorganization of the French hierarchy, an undertaking fraught with difficulties and which was only made possible by the patience and conciliating spirit of Pope Pius VII.

Jean Baptiste de Maillé la Tour Landry was born on December 6, 1743, at his parents' Castle of Entrammes, on the borders of Anjou. He came from an ancient and illustrious stock. Among his ancestors we find Crusaders and saints; both our hero and his four brothers, when still very young, entered the army. At the age of twenty-seven Jean Baptiste relinquished his military career to enter the Church. Much has been said and written on the subject of the forced vocations of the eighteenth century; in certain families, it is true, it was a tradition that at least one of the younger sons should become a churchman, irrespective sometimes of his personal tastes. Jean Baptiste de Maillé's vocation declared itself

when he was already a man of formed habits and was, we may believe, absolutely spontaneous and voluntary.

He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where the general laxity of the eighteenth century had introduced certain abuses, but which, on the whole, still deserved its long standing reputation as a home of learning and regularity. When in 1782 the famous Abbé Emery, who in after years was to be one of M. de Maillé's best friends, became superior of St. Sulpice, he found it necessary to wage war against the effeminate habits of some young abbés who spent undue time in curling their wigs; on the other hand, with few exceptions, among which the best known is Talleyrand, the professors and pupils of St. Sulpice faced the perils and temptations of the Revolution with dignity and courage.

On leaving St. Sulpice, M. de Maillé was appointed vicar general to Mgr. Grimaldi, Bishop of Le Mans, and here again we find ourselves in presence of some customs of the time that are utterly **at variance** with our modern conception of what a Bishop's household should be.

The Bishops of the old "régime" in France were invariably of noble birth, and this, says the "Chanoine Pisani," an authority on such matters, was by no means considered as a grievance by the nation at large. It was a custom, the advantages and evils of which are beyond the scope of this paper to discuss, but which was generally accepted by the people, who would have had scant regard for a Bishop belonging to the lower orders.

It would be unfair to class *all* these well-born Bishops as worldly prelates who had nothing ecclesiastical about them but their name. Many of them were holy and mortified men; Mgr. du Lau, Archbishop of Arles, led an ascetic life before dying a martyr's death; M. de Hercé, Bishop of Dol, was the most zealous of apostolic men; and there were others of the same stamp, too numerous to mention. Those whose habits were less austere possessed many noble qualities, among which was a lavish generosity towards the poor.

Sometimes, however, it must be confessed, the outward appearance of certain prelates was curiously unclerical; thus Mgr. Grimaldi was a mighty hunter, and when he was transferred from Le Mans to Noyon he made his entrance into his episcopal city on horseback, booted and spurred, with a riding whip in his hand instead of a crozier. His household was a numerous one, for, according to the custom of the day, a group of young priests, recently ordained, lived under his roof and there learned the duties that they were expected to fulfill in the future. As may be supposed, the general

tone of the episcopal household at Le Mans was worldly rather than ascetic, and it was perhaps well for the Abbé de Maillé that on leaving it he moved into a completely different atmosphere. At the end of a few months he went to Dol, where the Bishop, Mgr. de Hercé, was a model pastor, whose example doubtless contributed to develop M. de Maillé's sense of the duties and responsibilities of the episcopal office.

On December 25, 1777, these responsibilities were laid on his own shoulders; at the age of thirty-four he was appointed Bishop of Gap; on May 3, 1778, he was consecrated, and ten days later he took the usual oath of fidelity to the King. After which he set out for his diocese, which was one of the poorest and most remote in the kingdom. M. de Maillé was tall and dignified in appearance, courteous in manner, of a kindly and generous temper. His personal charm served him in good stead during the vicissitudes of his checkered career and it speedily won the hearts of the people of Gap.

He arrived on the 26th of July at the little city, situated in a mountainous region, which in winter was then extremely difficult of access, the roads being few and rough. There were only five thousand inhabitants in the town and no college, a deficiency that drove its youthful element to the colleges and schools of the neighboring provinces. The people were simple in their habits, frugal and somewhat uncivilized in their ways. A local historian tells us that even in the eighteenth century they used oiled paper instead of glass for their windows, they dressed in rough cloth and the well-to-do "bourgeois" possessed only one garment of finer tissue, that served for a lifetime. The Bishop's palace was a small building and was in bad condition when it was vacated by Mgr. de Jouffroy de Goussans, Mgr. de Maillé's predecessor.

The poverty, remoteness and roughness of his new surroundings must have been somewhat of a surprise to one born and bred in the refined atmosphere of central France, but Mgr. de Maillé, with the adaptability that characterized him, promptly adjusted his habits to his new home. Like his predecessor, he spent the summer months at the episcopal residence of Charance, a fine building that is still standing; it was surrounded by shady trees and large ponds, and seems from all accounts to have been a charming specimen of an eighteenth century château. Here the Bishop, according to the custom of the day, kept open house; besides the ecclesiastical dignitaries who formed his household, the magistrates, country gentlemen and châtelaines of the neighborhood were his habitual guests. His courtesy and brightness made him generally popular, and his charity towards the poor was unbounded, but his revenues being moderate, his personal fortune seems to have somewhat suffered

from his generous almsgiving. At the end of only four years Mgr. de Maillé was transferred from Gap to the Bishopric of St. Papoul, in Languedoc.

As our readers know, the number of episcopal sees in France was far greater before the Revolution than at present. Before 1789 there were 135 Bishops or Archbishops in the kingdom; in 1790 their number was reduced to 83. One of the drawbacks of these numerous episcopal sees was that, in many cases, the care of a diocese was not sufficient to absorb the activity of men in the prime of life, hence the tendency of many prelates to accept functions that led them to spend part of the year in Paris, in spite of the rule that obliged them to live in the dioceses. We hear of Mgr. de Vintimille, Bishop of Carcassonne, who was two years without visiting his episcopal city; the Cardinal de Polignac, Archbishop of Auch, who never in the space of fifteen years set his foot in his. King Louis XVI., who had a high sense of duty, more than once reminded the absent Bishops that their proper place was in the diocese entrusted to their care and not at Paris or at Versailles. St. Papoul, a big village rather than a town, gave its name to one of the smallest dioceses in France, though its Bishop enjoyed revenues far more important than those of the See of Gap. The erection of the bishopric went back to the year 1317, under Pope John XXII.; when Mgr. de Maillé took possession of his post in 1784 the diocese only numbered 121 priests and 72 religious. At St. Papoul, now a quiet Old World little town, in the heart of Languedoc, the quaint cathedral where our hero once officiated is still standing, together with the ruins of an exquisite mediæval cloister, veiled with ivy and creeping plants. Close by is Mgr. de Maillé's residence, a graceful edifice, unfortunately somewhat spoiled by its late occupants, around which extends a neglected garden bounded by a little stream and a broad alley shaded by lime trees. One of Mgr. de Maillé's latest biographers had the curiosity to visit the forlorn little southern city, with its curious remains of the past. In the deserted garden daffodils and violets were growing freely in the warm sunshine, and the broad alley, near the running stream, "seemed to be waiting for the Bishop, who once walked there to and fro, reciting his office."

Mgr. de Maillé seems to have been an excellent pastor; he did his work well, devoted himself to the interests of his diocese, and at St. Papoul, as at Gap, he was generally beloved. A Jansenist periodical, called *Les Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques*, published in 1785 an article where it renders due homage to his regularity, activity and attention to his episcopal duties. The eulogium may be considered as sincere, for the same periodical contains a severe criticism

of the pastoral letter that he issued in 1785, where he alluded in glowing terms to the birth of the Duke of Normandy, the King's second son. The expression of this letter, in which the Bishop applies certain passages of the Gospel to the royal baby, may strike the twentieth century reader with some surprise, but it is well to remember that to men of Mgr. de Maillé's rank and breeding in the last days of the old "régime" the honor of God and of the King were inseparable, and Bishop though he was, our hero could not forget his family traditions and his inherited devotion to the Bourbons. The sentiment may seem exaggerated and old-fashioned to modern minds, but it has a chivalrous flavor that inspires sympathy and respect.

The great upheaval that was to destroy the monarchy and the religion of France was now slowly but surely drawing near. The social abuses of the old "régime" may have hastened its approach, but real causes were the evil teaching of the so-called philosophers, the secret action of the Freemasons and the loose morality that was the logical consequence of the spread of irreligion and atheism. The King, well-intentioned but vacillating, and the upper classes hopelessly blind to the danger ahead, were unable to stem the current that was to sweep away the brilliant, fascinating, but provokingly frivolous society that we have learned to know so well from the numerous memoirs published on the subject.

Mgr. de Maillé was in Paris when in June, 1789, the *Etats Généraux* assembled at Versailles. Their object was nominally to make the necessary social reforms, but the attitude of the Assembly was from the first distinctly rebellious, and at the end of a few months it became openly hostile to religion. In February, 1790, the monasteries were suppressed, and in July the "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was voted; its object was to create a national Church and to withdraw the French Bishops from their allegiance to the Holy See. Among the measures advocated by the new law was the suppression of a large number of episcopal sees; the kingdom was now divided into 83 *départements* and the 135 bishoprics and archbishoprics were reduced to 83, corresponding to the new division.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this paper to enlarge on the absurdity of this arrangement; the division of the ancient provinces was in harmony with the traditions of the past and the temperament, manners, customs and individuality of the inhabitants of each province. The arbitrary division by "*départements*" corresponded to nothing but to certain geographical features.

The "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was condemned by Pope Pius VI. on March 10, 1791, and the prelates, who were members of the

National Assembly, protested against its principles with dignity and firmness; only Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; Loménie, Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishops of Orleans and Viviers adhered to the schismatical decree. The Bishopric of St. Papoul was among the sees that were suppressed by the new law, but together with the other dispossessed Bishops, Mgr. de Maillé did not consider himself discharged from his functions until the Pope had sanctioned his deprivation. He adhered to the manifesto of his colleagues against the "Constitution civile," and from Paris, where he was then living, he addressed an eloquent pastoral letter to his flock.

The letter is remarkable from the fact that, unlike many members of the old "noblesse," the Bishop had no illusions as to the terrific importance and signification of the revolutionary movement. Certain passages of his pastoral have a prophetic ring. For instance, the words where he predicts that one day the churches will be turned to profane uses foreshadows the glorification of the Goddess of Reason in many churches in France. In eloquent and forcible language Mgr. de Maillé goes on to condemn the "Constitution civile" and its supporters and to vindicate his right to counsel and direct his flock until the Pope, his only legitimate chief, had sanctioned the suppression of his see. The letter ends with a vigorous denunciation of the schismatic priests, generally called "assermentés" or "intrus," and it forbids the faithful to receive the sacraments at their hands. The letter is dated from Paris, May 30, 1791; it is an eloquent and fearless manifesto, written by one who was not only a zealous and right-minded pastor, but a gentleman and a soldier.

With few exceptions, the attitude adopted by Mgr. de Maillé was that of most of the French prelates of the day. There is no doubt that the fact of the French episcopacy recruiting its members only in the ranks of the nobility seems at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge that these well-born prelates, if they kept certain mundane ideas and manners, had, on the other hand, a high sense of honor and that in presence of the tyranny of the Revolution they proved themselves worthy of their sacred calling.

War was now openly declared by the Government against the priests who refused to take the schismatic oath; many of the French Bishops had already left the country; three of those who remained, the Archbishop of Arles and the Bishops of Beauvais and Saintes, were massacred in the prison of Les Carmes on September 2, 1792; the same day the Vicomte de Maillé, our hero's brother, was brutally murdered at La Abbaye.

Mgr. de Maillé determined to remain in Paris. This brilliant, amiable, popular prelate had the soul of an apostle, and alone among

the Bishops of France he decided at the risk of his life to continue to minister to the faithful during the great upheaval.

Although absolutely fearless, he thought it expedient, for the sake of his apostleship, to avoid exciting suspicion, and he consented in the summer of 1792 to take the oath "*liberté, égalité*," which in the opinion of M. Emery, the eminent Sulpician, had merely a political significance, whereas the "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was distinctly schismatical. The Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Juigné; the Bishops of Comminges, Langres, Nîmes, St. Malo, Troyes and others shared his views on the matter, and those who differed from them did so solely on political grounds.

Mgr. de Maillé's next move was to leave the "*Hôtel de Maillé*," where he lived under the same roof as the members of his family, and to choose a less conspicuous dwelling place.

During the tragic months that followed he had more than once to change his lodgings in order to defeat suspicion, but his first abode that time a Breton gentleman, the Comte de Freslon, who had that time a Breton gentleman, the Comte de Freston, who had unaccountably escaped when all the prisoners confined at l'Abbaye were murdered on September 2, 1792. Although his life had been spared, M. de Freslon was not a free man; he was watched by an official, whom he was obliged to lodge, to feed and to pay. Only when the spy was still asleep could he escape to the Bishop's room. Mgr. de Maillé then said Mass and M. de Freslon acted as server.

More than once the Bishop had to seek other lodgings. We know that he lived near St. Germain des Près and near the Place Vendôme, and also that at one moment he served in the National Guards. A doctor from Gap, a stranger in Paris, was one day Nationaux salute him as he passed; on looking closer he noticed the soldier's amused smile and recognized his former Bishop.

Owing to his resourcefulness, his adaptability and absolute fearlessness, Mgr. de Maillé was able to help many souls during the terrible months of the Reign of Terror. The churches were closed, the faithful priests in prison or in hiding, the guillotine was in daily use and, after the King and Queen's execution, the best blood in France was being poured out like water. This phase of our hero's career, the most heroic, is necessarily the most obscure, for the hunted priests of the Reign of Terror, like the persecuted English Catholics, spoke little of their adventures and wrote even less; a mere scrap of paper more than once sent whole families to the scaffold. We know, however, that for some time the Bishop lived in the house of a washerwoman, where he said Mass in presence of a handful of faithful; also that on another occasion he ordained several priests in a room above the shop of a butcher. His presence

was known among the clergy in the provinces, and many young students who aspired to receive holy orders came up to Paris to be ordained by the only Bishop in France who continued to exercise his ministry. Several of these devoted ecclesiastics rendered good service to the Church; one of them, M. Besmer, became vicar general of Le Mans; two others, Pierre Triquerie and Jullien Tessier, whose ordination long remained a secret, were able for this very reason to exercise their ministry at Laval without exciting suspicion.

Mgr. de Maillé also assisted the condemned prisoners, and, carefully disguised, followed the carts that led them to execution; thus he was able to give a last absolution to many victims of the Terror, among whom more than once he must have recognized his former friends. The manner in which a regular service was organized to assist the condemned prisoners is one of the most interesting episodes of the Reign of Terror. The Grands Vicaires of the "émigrés" Archbishop of Paris provided for the spiritual necessities of these unfortunates as far as lay in their power. A priest selected for the purpose was on duty every day of the week, and the access of the prison being forbidden to all the ecclesiastics who had not taken the oath, he followed the carts on foot and chose a favorable moment to absolve the victims. The steps of the Church SS. Paul and Louis were, according to tradition, a favorite standpoint of the disguised priests. As far as possible the prisoners were secretly informed of the spiritual assistance provided for them. While Mgr. de Maillé was exercising his ministry abroad, his friend, M. Emery, the former superior of St. Sulpice, was doing the work of an apostle within the gloomy walls of la Conciergerie, the "anteroom of the guillotine," where the prisoners were brought to be judged and condemned. M. Emery was imprisoned on August 3, 1793, and released only after the fall of Robespierre in July, 1794. He was secretly provided by one of his priest friends with consecrated Hosts, which he distributed to the prisoners about to die, and to those whom he was prevented from assisting personally he gave notice of the spot where on their way to the scaffold they might expect to receive absolution. Among the prisoners who during that tragic summer perished at the hands of the tyrants were several members of Mgr. de Maillé's family, and the execution of one of them in particular painfully illustrates the brutal methods of the revolutionary tribunal.

In July, 1794, two of our hero's nephews were brought up to be judged; one was the Abbé de Maillé, aged thirty-seven, vicar general of Le Puy; the other was the Vicomte de Maillé, a boy of sixteen, who had voluntarily followed his mother to prison. The lad was accused of having thrown away a rotten herring that had

been given him for dinner. From a legal point of view, he was under age and could not be executed; but the president of the tribunal brutally observed: "He may be only sixteen, but he is eighty as regards his guilt," and the boy was guillotined that same day with his cousin, the priest. The Duke de Maillé, the Bishop's elder brother, was in prison, and only the death of Robespierre saved him from the guillotine; it also saved the Vicomtesse de Maillé, the unfortunate mother of the young Vicomte. She appeared before the tribunal the morning of the 9 Thermidor, a few hours before the fall of Robespierre, but the sight of the men who had condemned her son brought on a fainting fit; the crowd present at the trial for once protested against her condemnation, although the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, was loath to let her escape; a few hours later Robespierre had perished, and Madame de Maillé was relieved.

The following year, when in his turn Fouquier Tinville was judged, Madame de Maillé, in deep mourning, was one of the chief witnesses against him. She appeared holding in her hand the legal proof of her son's age and of his judge's iniquity.

While these events were taking place in Paris, Mgr. de Maillé had again changed his quarters. In April, 1794, he came to live at Passy, then a village independent of Paris; a new law had been passed forbidding the ex-nobles to reside within the limits of the capital. However, Passy was anything but a safe refuge; it was governed by a handful of rabid revolutionists, who met every evening at a club. These meetings were the terror of the numerous priests and "aristocrates" who were concealed in the neighborhood. Close to the house where Mgr. de Maillé and one of his vicars general had found an asylum there lived in a wretched garret, with a ladder serving as a staircase, M. de Salamon, who was invested with the attributes of the Pope's representative in France. The memoirs of the "Internonce," as he was styled, have been published, and they give a vivid picture of the perilous existence and hair-breadth escapes of the Passy refugees during the summer of 1794.

The fall of Robespierre and his party did not restore peace and liberty to the country. It, at any rate, stopped the daily executions that for the last eighteen months had deluged France with blood, and Mgr. de Maillé took advantage of his comparative security to extend the apostolic work.

The following year, 1795, he ordained a number of priests on three different occasions. The churches being still closed, he officiated in private houses, and in order to avoid notice, never twice together in the same sanctuaries. Gradually a certain number of sanctuaries were restored to their primitive use; the people seemed

to hunger and thirst for the religious assistance of which it had been deprived, and in 1796 we find Mgr. de Maillé officiating publicly on Christmas Day.

In May, 1797, he again officiated at St. Roch's in presence of a large crowd. The church had been desecrated and pillaged, and on the Friday before Pentecost Mgr. de Maillé solemnly purified it and restored it to public worship. The next day, in the Church of les Blancs Manteaux, he ordained eighteen priests, eight deacons and twenty-five sub-deacons; on the 2d of June he gave confirmation at St. Roch, and again in the Church of Bonne Nouvelle he presided at the ceremony of the First Communion and confirmation. Among the young girls who received their First Communion at his hands was one who made a mark in the social world of the First Empire, Laure de Permon, the future Duchesse d'Abrantès. She describes the delight of the people of Paris at the return of the ceremonies that the Revolution had suppressed; even indifferent Catholics were touched at the sight of the white-robed little girls. The Church of Bonne Nouvelle was so full that the flight of steps outside the portal was covered with kneeling children and women of the people carrying their babies in their arms pressed up to the Bishop to beg his blessing.

However, the evil days of persecution were not yet at an end. The new Government of the Directoire soon developed an anti-religious spirit that found expression in a law issued in September, 1797, whereby the Government had the power to send any priest whose attitude displeased the men in power into exile without a preliminary trial. The comparative liberty that the Church and her ministers had enjoyed since the fall of Robespierre was the result of the spontaneous revival of the old faith in the hearts of the people; but their situation was still unstable, as the irreligious laws of the Reign of Terror had not as yet been formally recalled. The churches and chapels were now again closed, and a number of priests arrested merely because they exercised their ministry.

Mgr. de Maillé was too well known to escape persecution; on December, 1798, he was arrested in the lodging he still occupied at Passy, and although the officials who questioned him and examined his papers owned that no "positive charge" could be brought against him, he was imprisoned at the Temple. A month later, on February 6, he was suddenly informed that he was to be transferred to the little island of Ré, and, without having permission to prepare for his journey or to take leave of his relations, he was thrown into the rough cart, filled with straw, that was to convey him to Rochefort. His hands were chained, and when he suffered too cruelly from the cold, he was allowed as a great favor to walk

for some miles by the side of the cart. His wretched condition often excited the sympathy of the faithful; a woman once threw him a warm blanket from a window; others brought him food and clothes.

At last, on February 28, after a weary journey of twenty-two days, he reached his destination and embarked at Rochefort for the tiny island which was to be his prison.

The island of Ré is about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. On it are built several forts, the largest of which served under the Directoire as a prison. Between 1798 and 1800 over eleven hundred prisoners, among whom were one thousand priests, were confined within its walls.

They were cruelly huddled together; thus fifteen prisoners lived in a room where seven people would have been packed; some of the so-called rooms were mere garrets, where the rain poured through the dilapidated roof; the food was scanty and of the coarsest description, and the prisoners were cruelly robbed by the inhabitants of the island if they attempted to supplement the prison fare by buying provisions outside. The number of beds provided was absolutely insufficient, and many priests had to sleep on the bare ground.

Although a certain number of schismatic priests, who for some reason had incurred the enmity of the Government, were confined with the rest, the majority of the ecclesiastics imprisoned in the fortress of Ré were holy men, who faced their sufferings with exemplary resignation. Not only did they endure their hardships with admirable dignity and avoid useless complaints and murmurs, but they turned the time to account and organized among themselves lectures on religious subjects, discussions on theological points and prayers and meditations in common. The arrival of Mgr. de Maillé marked a new phase in the weary imprisonment of these confessors of the faith. He naturally took his place as their leader, and his kind heart and resourceful spirit soon found the means of helping his companions in the best way possible. "His example is our strength," wrote one of his companions. Owing to his initiative, vestments were made by the prisoners themselves, and slates, that served as altar stones, were consecrated by the Bishop. He also procured chalices and missals from his friends outside, and henceforth Masses were celebrated without interruption from 3 in the morning till 12 o'clock.

At the presbytery of St. Martin de Ré are preserved as valuable relics the roughly made vestments that were used by the captive priests, besides five tin chalices, a glass that was used as a ciborium, a missal, altar cards, a little bell, etc.

Mgr. de Maillé exercised a valuable moral influence over his companions. He encouraged them to say their office in common at stated hours, and he had the happiness of bringing many schismatic priests to a sense of their errors. Some of these afterwards confessed that their imprisonment in the island of Ré had been the turning point of their career, the companionship of so many confessors of the faith being most convincing of arguments in favor of the authority of the Church.

The advent of Napoleon Bonaparte, who became First Consul at the end of 1799, put an end to the arbitrary government of the Directoire. The ecclesiastical prisoners were set free, and on the 31st of December Mgr. de Maillé was released with ten other priests. He returned to Paris and immediately resumed his apostolic work, to the great joy of the faithful. A Catholic periodical of the day tells us that he was welcomed by them with "transports" of delight.

The Church in France was at that moment going through a momentous crisis that was to end by the acceptance of the Concordat, but before the position of the Catholic Church had been officially determined, many difficulties had to be conquered. The faithful priests who had never taken the schismatical oath now numbered about 15,000, and many of them began once more to officiate in the churches. The constitutional or schismatic clergy, whose credit was diminishing daily, waged war against the "insermentés" priests and against Mgr. de Maillé in particular, whose influence over the faithful excited their jealousy; but nothing daunted, he continued to give confirmation, to ordain, to preach and to officiate publicly, always in presence of a sympathetic crowd of Catholics.

As a preliminary measure to the definite acceptance of the Concordat, Pius VII. was obliged, in the interests of religion, to accept the division of the dioceses of France that had been carried out by the Revolutionary Government. Instead of the 134 dioceses that existed in 1789, there were now only 83. After a long resistance, the Pope further yielded to the First Consul's imperious injunctions and consented to demand the demission of the Bishop of the old "régime" in order to create a completely new hierarchy, where Bonaparte intended that a certain number of "constitutional" or schismatic Bishops who had renounced their errors should have a place.

These concessions were made by the Pope unwillingly and with much pain, but the First Consul was unyielding. In a letter dated August 15, 1801, the eve of the day when the Concordat was definitely ratified, Pius VII. appealed to the Bishops of the old

"régime" and required them, in a delay of ten days, to send in their resignation. He did not attempt to deny that the "sacrifice" he demanded was considerable and that their devotion to the general good could alone help them to make it willingly.

Forty-five Archbishops and Bishops submitted to the Pope's desire, among them Mgr. de Maillé, whose letter has a generous ring in keeping with his character. "I am too happy," he says, "at the price of this sacrifice to contribute to the peace of the Church and to the prosperity of my country."

Thirty-six Archbishops and Bishops deemed that the Pope had overstepped his power, and addressed to him respectful "expostulations." Their attitude, though apparently wanting in docility, may be understood, if not excused, when we remember the anti-religious character of the Government that had suppressed the dioceses of the old "régime" and the little confidence that they placed in the First Consul, for he, too, belonged to the Revolution and was associated, in their minds, with a period that they naturally detested.

Many of these prelates were men of exceptionally high character, and there is no denying that the arguments that they used to justify their attitude have a certain value; they were sincere and disinterested in their opposition, for thereby they condemned themselves to perpetual exile. Their manifest, which was dated from London, was signed, among others, by Mgr. de la Marche, Bishop of St. Paul, a holy prelate whose work among the "émigrés" made him famous, and also by Mgr. Grimaldi, in whose household at Le Mans our hero had spent his first months of priesthood. By degrees, however, the number of the opposing prelates, whose association was known as "La Petite Eglise," diminished, as one by one they made their submission until nine years later, in 1810, "La Petite Eglise" only possessed four members. Other difficulties came from the constitutional clergy that Bonaparte openly protected. Fifty constitutional Bishops accepted the Concordat, some publicly retracted their errors, and twelve of these were forced upon the Pope as members of the new hierarchy. This concession was of all others most distasteful to Pius VII.; but in order to secure the reorganization of the Church in France, he reluctantly accepted the First Consul's candidates, who in the end proved worthier of their responsibilities than their antecedents would lead one to suppose. To these twelve doubtful candidates were added to make up the new hierarchy seventeen Bishops of the old "régime," among whom were Mgr. de Maillé and thirty-one priests who had never wavered in their allegiance to the Holy See through the tragic years of the great upheaval.

Mgr. de Maillé's popularity, his brave attitude during the Terror

and the signal services he had rendered to the Church under the Directoire justified his nomination to the Bishopric of Rennes, where he was appointed in 1802. He was unwilling to accept these new responsibilities, and his friend M. Emery's influence strongly weighed on his decision. "He hesitated whether he would accept," wrote the latter, "but I much advised him to do so."

The new Bishop's situation was by no means an easy one. Mgr. de Girac, who was Bishop of Rennes before 1789, had emigrated. He was one of the prelates who had obeyed the Pope's behest and sent in their resignation when the Concordat was signed. During the Revolution his see was occupied by a "constitutional" or schismatic Bishop, Claude le Coz, an able man, who was one of the prominent chiefs of the schismatical party. His private life was above suspicion, but his ambition, his spirit of intrigue and his devotion to the principles of the "Constitution Civile" had a deplorable effect at Rennes, and though he had now made his submission and was appointed to the See of Besançon, the priests once trained by him formed a powerful party that on every occasion opposed Mgr. de Maillé's influence.

The latter from the outset showed the love of peace that had always characterized him. His first pastoral letter, dated July 18, 1801, begins with the words "Pax vobis," and it breathes throughout a spirit of benevolence, good will, moderation and dignity. It is at once the letter of a gentleman and of a zealous and charitable pastor, and it tactfully combines respect for the traditions of the past with a clear view of the necessities of the present.

The people of Rennes received their new pastor with delight, and his noble presence and fatherly kindness excited their enthusiasm. "Do not crush me to death, my children," he said smilingly when the delighted Bretons crowded round him on the day of his solemn entrance into Rennes. The schismatic priests either kept aloof or to the new Bishop's advances they responded by venomous attacks and vexations that made Mgr. de Maillé's task a difficult one. They were encouraged by the prefect of Rennes, Mounier, and by Fouché, the Minister of Police, himself an apostate, who never failed to support the schismatics against their lawful pastors. Mgr. de Maillé, whose conciliating spirit was well known, was nevertheless represented by him as a violent, fanatical prelate, whose attitude towards the "constitutional" clergy was marked by hardness and injustice. These reports came to the ears of the First Consul, and he sent for Mgr. de Maillé. The latter went to Paris and had an interview with Bonaparte, who, after violently reproaching him with his unfair dealings towards the "constitutionals," added: "As for me, I only recognize two ways of leading the Church—either

by policy or by miracles." "And I know of a third," retorted the Bishop, "which is to lead her according to her own rules."

This dignified reply struck the First Consul; his manner suddenly changed. "What is your salary?" he asked. "Ten thousand francs? That is nothing." Going to his writing table, he gave Mgr. de Maillé a check for ten thousand francs more. In the midst of his arduous life the Bishop of Rennes occasionally found time to visit an old friend with whom he could recall his tragic experiences of the Reign of Terror. M. de Freslon, a Breton gentleman, who in 1793 served the Bishop's Mass in Paris while his jailer slept, lived at the Château de la Freslonniere, near Rennes. His daughter, Mlle. Pauline de Freslon, in her unpublished memoirs tells us of Mgr. de Maillé's visits to her parents. She was at that time a mere child, but she vividly remembered his benevolent countenance, his dignified and imposing appearance and unvarying kindness to his old friend's family. But although the Bishop of Rennes was only sixty years of age, his arduous work at Rennes, where he had to rebuild the institutions that the Revolution had swept away; the difficulties that he met with on the part of the schismatic priests; perhaps, too, the labors and hardships of an unusually checkered life, had exhausted his strength. In 1804 he had occasion to go to Paris, where he fell dangerously ill. His lifelong friend, M. Emery, hurried to his bedside, heard his general confession and gave him the last sacraments. "He died on November 25, 1804, with great faith and piety," says the latter. "I had the consolation to repay the debt of gratitude that we owed him for all the services that he rendered to the Church during the Reign of Terror."

It is these "services" that give this Bishop of the old "régime" a place of honor in the history of the French Church. Others thought it best to seek for religious liberty abroad, and their ecclesiastical spirit certainly had an influence for good in the countries where they found a refuge. Mgr. de Maillé, once a soldier, had the spirit of his crusading ancestors; he chose to remain on the breach, and at the daily risk of death to bring spiritual assistance to the faithful who were deprived of the sacraments when they needed them most. This is his distinctive privilege; it gives him a place apart among the prelates of the "old régime," and in the words of M. Emery, he thereby deserves the gratitude of the whole Church of France. His personal character, dignified and conciliating, brave and gentle, adds an extra charm to the distinguished personality of this true apostle.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

Paris, France.

THE VENERABLE MARK OF AVIANO AND THE SECOND
SIEGE OF VIENNA.

AT a time when the world's attention has been fixed on the stirring events which have just taken place in the Near East, when the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been practically extinguished by the Balkan League, it is opportune to recall one of the most momentous events in the history of that decadent Mohammedan power—the relief of Vienna by John Sobieski. There is a double opportuneness in reviving recollections of that memorable episode in the inspiring and suggestive record of the centuries-old struggle between Christianity and Islam. It brings before the mind's eye two historic personages—the heroic King of Poland and the saintly Capuchin friar, the Venerable Mark of Aviano. While historians have been lavish in their well-merited eulogies of the Polish sovereign, they have been very parsimonious of their praise and sparing of the space they have rather grudgingly given to the Franciscan, a patriot-priest and a worthy son of the saint of Assisi, the initial steps in the cause of whose beatification were taken by Pius X. when the reigning Pontiff was Patriarch of Venice.

The Turks were still a power to be feared. Conquest after conquest had marked the progress of their invading armies. In the preceding century—the sixteenth, that age of great men and great events—Suleyman the Magnificent by his brilliant achievements had vindicated his claim to the title which his courtly circle had already given him, and made himself “lord of the age,” falsifying the expectations of the European powers, aroused from their slumberous inactivity, who regarded the downfall of the Ottoman Empire as imminent. In 1521 he took Belgrade, the key alike of the Balkans and the Danube. Venice, the proud republic, the great maritime power seated in the island city in the Adriatic, became the Sultan's humble vassal and paid him tribute for Zante and Cyprus. In the next year Rhodes, the stronghold of the Knights of St. John, fell into his hands after a five-months' siege. In 1526 the Christian army, under Louis II. of Hungary, encountered a disastrous defeat on the fatal field of Mohacs, and Hungary, for over a century Europe's strong barrier against the terrible Turks, became for a hundred and forty years an Ottoman province. Buda and Pesth were occupied and a hundred thousand prisoners were sold into slavery.

Suleyman had sworn not to stop short of the Rhine. Overwhelming masses of Turkish troops poured like a devastating flood into Austria. Unable to muster in time an army large enough

or strong enough to check the Turkish advance, the Austrians concentrated all their efforts on the defense of their capital. When the Turks had almost reached the city, the suburbs were demolished, to prevent their being used as cover by the besiegers. The immediate result of this was that the homeless inhabitants having no time to escape, were harried by the Turkish soldiery, the savage "sackmen," who, forty thousand strong, ravaged the whole country, burning and slaughtering, murdering unborn children and brutally destroying helpless girls, whose outraged bodies strewed the roads. Scarcely a third of the population of Upper Austria survived this calamitous invasion.

An immense besieging army of a quarter of a million, encamped in thirty thousand tents, covered the country within sight of the walls; five hundred archers guarding, day and night, that of Suleyman, who had vowed to breakfast in Vienna on the 29th of September. When the day arrived and the city was still unsubdued, the Austrians sent out prisoners to the Sultan to tell him that his breakfast was getting cold, and they were afraid they had no better cheer to offer him but the produce of the guns on the battlements. Every effort of the enemy to get inside the defenses was successfully resisted by the dauntless defenders. The Turks, demoralized and discouraged and suffering from hard weather and bad food, as in the recent Balkan war, had to be driven to the assault by their officers' swords and whips—literally beaten into action. As an instance of the courage of the besieged, a story is told of a Portuguese and a German, of whom one had lost his right arm and the other his left in repelling an assault; the two then stood together, side by side, as it were making up a whole man between them. When the final assault was made and failed and Suleyman ordered a retreat, the Janissaries fired their camp and flung into the flames the old people and children who were prisoners and cut to pieces the remainder. The triumphant garrison celebrated their glorious victory with a salvo of artillery from the ramparts, while the city bells rang a joyous peal and a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

So ended the first siege of Vienna. It was to stand another and to win imperishable renown by a still more glorious victory. In the interval that elapsed between them, Suleyman three years later made an abortive attempt to renew the attack. In 1566 the great Sultan, whose military prestige during his long reign of forty-six years has caused him to be regarded as the greatest figure in Turkish history, died of senile decay in his tent on the 6th of September while superintending the siege of Szigetvar, leaving to his successors an empire of over forty thousand square miles.

The Turkish power had then reached its zenith. It commanded the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the Red Sea, and its dominions extended from Mecca to Buda, from Baghdad to Algiers. It held sway over the northern and southern shores of the Black Sea, a large part of what now figures on the map of Europe as Austria-Hungary, and North Africa from the Syrian frontier to Morocco. After that it began to decline, until the despotic monarch once grandiloquently described as "Sultan of Sultans, Lord of the two Seas and two Continents and the two sanctuaries of Islam," became ultimately the "Sick Man," to be kept alive and coddled by the European powers, until one or other should be ready to seize upon the richest part of his heritage—the final partition which will, sooner or later, complete the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. "Nothing seemingly but their own divisions," says Stanley Lane-Poole, "kept the powers from partitioning the Ottoman provinces at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Indeed, Sir Thomas Roe, who wrote an interesting account of his mission to Turkey, looked with confidence to the speedy collapse of the Ottoman State."¹ How history repeats itself!

The Venetian Republic was the first to contest the supremacy of the Ottoman Empire. When the Turkish commander, Lala Mustafa, signalized his capture of Cyprus from the Venetians by flaying alive its brave defender, Bragadino, in revenge for the loss of fifty thousand men, the wrath of Christendom was aroused. Christendom was still a concrete fact and not a mere phrase. It counted for something more than a modern European concert; it did not palter with a power sunk below the level of civilization, setting common humanity at nought; it did not confine itself to protestations and draw back from the adoption of any effective measures at the empty threat of a "holy war"—it *acted*. A great maritime league was formed by the Venetians, Spaniards, Knights of Malta and others. The famous sea fight, the battle of Lepanto, was fought against long odds on October 7, 1571; and Don John of Austria, the greatest general of his time, struck a blow at the Turkish power which made it reel, sinking or burning ninety-four of its ships, capturing at least a hundred and thirty, inflicting a loss of thirty thousand men on the enemy and freeing fifteen thousand Christian galley slaves.

This was followed by more decisive blows struck by Austria. When the changes of succession in Hungary and Transylvania embroiled the Porte with that power and Turkish armies marched towards the Danube, they sustained a humiliating defeat in the

¹ "Turkey," by Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman, p. 214.

battle of St. Gotthard (1664) at the hands of Raymond, Count of Montecuculi. Later, when Turkey resisted the claim of the King of Poland to include the Cossacks of the Ukraine among his subjects and the latter abandoned his pretensions, agreeing to pay tribute to the Porte and surrender Podolia as well as the Ukraine, the Polish nobles, headed by John Sobieski, refused to abide by these terms, and in two engagements—at Choczim in 1673 and at Lemberg in 1675—inflicted crushing defeats on the Turkish troops.

They were to sustain a still more crushing and humiliating defeat at the hands of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, when in 1683 the Turks besieged the Austrian capital for the second time; the Grand Vezir, Kara Mustafa, leading an army of four hundred thousand soldiers to the assault. Their march northwards spread dismay. Though defeated, time and again, and their progress checked, the marvelous recuperative energies and cohesion of the Turks made them still a formidable force. Their advance on Vienna seemed irresistible. It found the city as well as its ruler unprepared. The fortifications were in a ruinous condition. "When once the terrible horsetails had been seen retreating towards the south," says Lane-Poole,² "it was the custom of the princes of Europe to disband their armies and neglect their fortifications and to abandon themselves to all the delights of quarreling among themselves. Charles of Lorraine, indeed, who had fought beside Montecuculi at the battle of St. Gotthard, was ready to take his part in its defense, but he could only muster 33,000 men, and what were they against so many, above all, when a large number of them had to be told off to sundry fortresses for garrison duty? Disaffected Hungary sought to make peace with both sides by sending a miserable contingent of 3,000 under Esterhazy. But for one circumstance the triumph of the Turks might have been predicted with certainty."

There was another circumstance which the writer ignores. It was the presence and influence of the Capuchin friar, Mark of Aviano. He was the man of the hour, the pivotal personality upon whom the course of events and their issue turned. He came upon the scene at a critical time and rendered the most signal service not only to Vienna, to Austria, to the Hapsburg dynasty, but to all Europe. In the most dramatic event of his time he played a preponderating rôle. He arrived in the capital the bearer of letters from the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent XI., constituting him Papal Legate and chaplain of the Christian armies. But this army had to be formed. The Emperor, despairing of timely succor and incapable of organizing a defense, had fled with his court to Bavaria, from whence he wrote to the Capuchin: "Reverend Father, I trust

² *Op. cit.*, p. 227.

to you; I place all my hope in your prayers, in your authority with the army." To fulfill this trust called for no ordinary diplomacy. But Father Mark rose to the occasion. The Emperor had long alienated the princes whose support was now so necessary to him. It required all the friar's ascendancy to get Sobieski to forget that Leopold had done everything to prevent him mounting the throne of Poland, favoring the candidature of that very Duke of Lorraine with whom he was now to coöperate in the defense of Vienna. The King of Poland was not unmindful of the kind of gratitude he might expect from a sovereign, very pious no doubt, but very jealous of his prestige. It was Father Mark who reconciled the princes and made the organization of the army possible, just as it was he who had had a large share in bringing about the Holy Alliance against the Turks, in which the Republic of Venice joined, and in securing the election of Joseph I. as Romano-German Emperor, who recognized in the Capuchin friar the actual author of his elevation. The Pope added the weight of his Pontifical authority to the influence of Father Mark in urging the German princes to support the Emperor Leopold and undertake the liberation of Vienna under the leadership of the King of Poland.

When Sobieski had entered into alliance with Leopold they had jointly taken an oath in presence of the Papal Legate to make common cause against the Turks; but Sobieski was still in Poland when the Grand Vezir was marching on Vienna. Had the latter used forced marches, instead of loitering on the way, he must have infallibly entered the capital of the Holy Roman Empire without so much as striking a blow.⁸ The delay gave the garrison and the citizens time to prepare. Count Stahremberg, who conducted the defense, and the whole population worked incessantly at repairing the fortifications. University students and the trades guilds formed themselves into volunteer corps and were rapidly drilled, until of a population of 60,000 (half the people having abandoned the city) 20,000 were under arms at the dreaded moment when the flames of burning villages and the news of treacherous butchery told of the near approach of the invaders. As at the first siege, the suburbs were burned, lest they might serve as cover to the enemy.

On the 14th of July the siege began. The island suburb of Leopoldstadt soon fell into the hands of the Turks and became a smouldering ruin. Repeated assaults upon the city itself were made, and, though they were repulsed, Stahremberg, as he looked down upon the operations from the stone seat, which is still to be seen in the lofty spire of St. Stephen's, saw with sadness that inch by inch the Turks were gaining ground. Though they knew that

⁸ Lane-Poole.

a relieving army was on the march, it was doubtful if it would arrive in time or be strong enough or numerous enough to beat off the immense horde of Turks, who were mining nearer and nearer to the walls, while sickness and famine were weakening and thinning the garrison within. It was an anxious moment, and hope was almost giving place to despair when, at length, on the 6th of September, rockets announced the approach of Sobieski, who, thanks to the Capuchin, had united the Polish, Saxon, Austrian, Bavarian and other contingents to the number of about 85,000.

The Christian army occupied the hill of Kahlenberg, the one strategic position available for the relief of the city, which was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of the Moslems. Their presence raised the drooping spirits and hopes of the besieged, while Father Mark's stirring exhortations and prophetic assurances of victory over the Vezir's 100,000 troops inspirited the relieving forces. Prince Lubomirski, pointing out to him some neighboring hill, said: "If to-morrow, with the help of God, that place should be in our possession, we should have achieved much." "What!" exclaimed Father Mark; "to-morrow we shall be in the city!" And on that very day the Viennese heard for the last time the Turks raise their war cries of "Allah!"

At night the garrison signaled from the lofty cathedral tower to the Christian army outside that they could hold out no longer, pestilence and famine having made such ravages in the city. It was a critical moment. The position was perilous in the extreme. The entry of the Turks into Vienna would mean much more than the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg, so much desired by Louis XIV., who had lent the services of French captains and engineers to the assailants. The fate of other nations as well trembled in the balance. It was the gravest crisis in European history since the eighth century, when, three centuries after the Franks had crossed the Rhine, Charles Martel, at the battle of Tours, rolled back the flood of Saracenic conquest, which, pouring over the Pyrenees, threatened to submerge Christian civilization and subject the West to the debasing yoke of Mohammedanism—one of those signal deliverances, as Arnold expresses it, which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind. But Providence had raised up another man of the heroic type who was to reënact the part Martel had played in history and effect another signal deliverance.

Schimmer in his "Two Sieges of Vienna" has graphically described the thrilling scenes that took place at the close of the two months' investment of the Austrian capital. "In the Turkish lines the miner yet crawled to his task and the storming parties were still arrayed by order of the Vezir, ready for a renewal of the

assault, so often repeated in vain. The camp behind had been evacuated by the fighting men, the horsetails had been plucked from before the tents of the pashas, but their harems still tenanted the canvas city; masses of Christian captives awaited there their doom in chains; camels and drivers and camp followers still peopled the long streets of tents in all the confusion of fear and suspense. Nearer to the base of the hilly range of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg, the still imposing numbers of the Turkish army were drawn up in battle array, ready to dispute the egress of the Christian columns from the passes and prevent deployment on the plain. To the westward, on the reverse flank of the range, Christian troops might be seen toiling up the ascent. As they drew up on the crest of Leopoldsberg they formed a half-circle round the chapel of the Margrave, and when the bell for matins tolled, the clang of arms and the noise of the march was silenced. On the space kept clear round the chapel a standard with a white cross on a red ground was unfurled, as if to bid defiance to the blood-red flag planted in front of the tent of Kara Mustafa. One shout of acclamation and defiance broke out from the modern Crusaders as this emblem of a holy war was displayed, and all again was hushed as the gates of the castle were flung open and a procession of the princes of the empire and the other leaders of the Christian host moved forward to the chapel. It was headed by one whose tonsured crown and venerable beard betokened the monastic profession. The soldiers crossed themselves as he passed and knelt to receive the blessings which he gave them with outstretched hand. This was the Capuchin, Marco of Aviano, friend and confessor to the Emperor, whose acknowledged piety and exemplary life had earned for him the general reputation of prophetic inspiration. He had been the inseparable companion of the Christian army in its hours of difficulty and danger, and was now here to assist at the consummation of his prayers for its success. Among the stately warriors who composed his train three principally attracted the gaze of the curious. The first in rank and station was a man somewhat past the prime of middle life, strong-limbed and of imposing stature, but quick and lively in speech and gesture, his head partly shaved in the fashion of his semi-Eastern country, his hair, eyes and beard, dark, black-colored. His majestic bearing bespoke the soldier-king, the scourge and dread of the Moslems, the conqueror of Choczim—John Sobieski. On his left was his youthful son, Prince James, armed with a breastplate and helmet, and, in addition to an ordinary sword, with a short and broad-bladed sabre, a national weapon of former ages; on his right was the illustrious and heroic ancestor of the present reigning House of Austria, Charles of Lorraine.

Behind these moved many of the principal members of those sovereign houses of Germany. At the side of Louis of Baden was a youth of slender frame and moderate stature, but with that intelligence in his eye which pierced in after years the cloud of many a doubtful field and swayed the fortunes of empires. This was the young Eugene of Savoy, who drew his maiden sword in the quarrel in which his brother had lately perished."⁴

They prepared for the final conflict in a truly Christian manner, deeply impressed with the solemnity, gravity and importance of the occasion. On Sunday, September 12, Father Mark celebrated Mass in the chapel at Kahlenberg, the King of Poland serving him at the altar. The piety with which he always celebrated the Holy Sacrifice was so noticeable that his Mass was called "*Missa angelica*." Having given Holy Communion to the King, the Catholic princes and generals, he addressed the army in burning words, assuring them of victory, and then blessed the assembled troops. The King then stepped forward and conferred knighthood on his son, commending to him as an example of knightly valor and chivalry the Duke of Lorraine. Next turning to his soldiers, he said: "Warriors and friends! Yonder in the plains are our enemies, in numbers greater indeed than at Choczim, where we trod them under foot. We have to fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our own country, and under the walls of Vienna we are defending those of Warsaw and Cracow. We have to save to-day not a single city, but the whole of Christendom, of which that city of Vienna is the bulwark. The war is a holy one. There is a blessing on our arms and a crown of glory for him who falls. You fight not for your earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. His power has led you unopposed up the difficult access to these heights and has thus placed half the victory in your hands. The infidels see you now above their heads, and, with hopes blasted and courage depressed, are creeping among valleys destined to be their graves. I have but one command to give: Follow me! The time is come for the young to win their spurs."

Very different was the spirit which animated the Turks and the preparation they made for their final effort to capture Vienna and prevent its relief. The Grand Vezir began by ordering the slaughter of the thirty thousand captives in his camp, the majority of whom were women who had been forced to enter the soldiers' harems. The Turkish camp was thus converted into a human shambles. When their bloodthirst was satiated, the Vezir put his forces in order of battle. The contest, hotly waged on both sides, was short, sharp and decisive. Sobieski had already taken the measure of

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 136-138.

Kara Mustafa and discounted his generalship; to him the issue was no longer doubtful. The dashing onrush of the Polish cuirassiers, the cool, steady persistence of the Saxons and Bavarians, and Sobieski's skillful strategy won the day and saved Western Europe from the desolating dominion of the Moslems. When the Christian soldiers, bearing down all before them, swarmed into their camp, the Turks fled in panic and confusion. The Grand Vezir was carried along in the flying crowd, cursing and weeping by turns, while the Janissaries, still in the trenches and left to their fate by their flying leaders, were massacred to a man.

Meanwhile Father Mark of Aviano, mounted on a horse, had been in the thick of the fight. Crucifix in hand, he urged on the Christians with appeals to their faith and valor, invoking a blessing on their arms, while, looking towards the enemy, he exclaimed: "Behold the wood of the Cross! Fly, adversaries!" One writer says the sight of the Cross manifestly filled the enemy with terror as they began to recede and presently took to flight. It is related that a white dove was seen to circle round his brow, and as if he had been armed with an invisible breastplate, the bullets passed over his head or whistled in his ears without ever inflicting the slightest wound. It was he who persuaded the princes not to rest until they had utterly defeated the Turks by their pursuit. At 6 o'clock victory was proclaimed, a victory which cost the Turks the loss of over 300 pieces of artillery, 9,000 ammunition wagons, 100,000 oxen, 25,000 tents and 1,000,000 pounds of gunpowder. The unfortunate Vezir paid the usual penalty of defeat to his master, the Sultan; he lost his head.

The next day the victorious Christian army entered the city. At a solemn public thanksgiving service in the Cathedral Father Mark preached from the appropriate text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." Then he quietly retired to the convent of his order, upon which he had shed such brilliant lustre, so that in the solitude of the cloister he might give thanks to the God of armies who had heard his prayer and given them such a signal victory over the sworn enemies of Christianity, for it was ever his way, like a humble disciple of St. Francis, to fly from honors and not to seek the applause of men. Everybody in Vienna, however, assigned the chief merit of the victory to the Capuchin. A contemporary writer says: "Father Mark, whom all esteem a saint, as counsellor of the Emperor Leopold I. and the Pope's Apostolic Legate, was the author, the soul and the power that accomplished the overthrow of the Turks; he played a supernatural part in the whole action." The crucifix with which he blessed the Christian army and terrified the Turks is preserved in the treasury of the

cathedral church of Cattaro, other relics being reverently guarded elsewhere.

This epoch-making event, one of the decisive battles of the world, was appropriately recalled by Cardinal Wilhelm Van Rossum in his inaugural address on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna from the 12th to the 15th of September, 1912, the opening date coinciding with Sobieski's memorable relief of the Austrian capital during its second siege, when Alexander Zamparo, chancellor of the church of Goritz, delivered an eloquent oration on the work and worth of Fra Marco of Aviano.

Readers to whom his name may not be familiar will doubtless wish to know something more of the remarkable man who took so conspicuous a part in that great event. He was remarkable in many ways. He was not only a Christian hero, but a model Franciscan religious, calling himself "un povero Cappuccino e grande peccatore," a zealous missionary, a marvelous wonder-worker and one may add—with all the necessary reservations—a saint. Several learned ecclesiastics in Vienna have gone so far as to say that he was the greatest of the Capuchin saints, even greater than St. Lawrence of Brindisi. The Sacred Congregation of Rites on the 11th of December, 1912, passed the decree for the introduction of his cause. By this act the Church accords him the title of Venerable, pending his beatification and possible canonization.

Carlo di Cristofori was born on the 16th of November, 1631, at Aviano, a small town in Friuli, a mountainous part of Venetia, on the borders of Austria. When ten years old he was sent to the Jesuit school at Görz or Goritz. Even in his extreme youth he was fired with a burning desire to preach the Gospel to the Turks, among whom, if it pleased God, he might die a martyr of the faith. With this intention he left the Jesuit College, purposing to embark at Venice for the scene of his self-imposed mission. On his way his wants led him to make a detour to the Capuchin convent of Capodistria, where he was hospitably received and dissuaded, on account of his tender years, from further prosecuting his perilous design and to return homeward. The solitude of the monastery moved him to calmer reflections and a more mature decision. If he did not find martyrdom, he found his vocation. Two years afterwards he entered the Capuchin novitiate at Conegliano, taking, on receiving the habit, the name of Mark, out of veneration for the Apostle St. Mark, who had introduced Christianity into Aquileia and was held in the highest veneration throughout all Venetia, from whence the faith spread to Austria and the region of the Alps. During his novitiate and course of studies he was noted for his complete absorption in God, being much given to prayer and medi-

tation, indicating, it seemed, an attraction to the contemplative rather than to the active life. God, however, was preparing him for the latter. He was hardly ordained priest when his special gift was made manifest in his truly apostolic preaching, his sermons, full of unction, drawing tears from the eyes of sinners and touching the hardest hearts. His superiors, recognizing in him a typical missionary, imposed upon him the duty of preaching, in which he excelled to that degree that he was regarded as the most illustrious preacher of his time. Wherever the faith was languishing, wherever morals showed signs of decadence or the needs of the Church were most pressing, he was promptly sent. Everywhere great fruit was reaped by his missionary labors. People crowded in such numbers to hear him that the churches could not contain them, so that he was constrained to preach in the open air. Striking conversions were made and signal favors obtained. His fame extended beyond Italy. The rulers of Germany, the Tyrol and Bavaria petitioned the Pope to have Father Mark sent to preach missions there. He customarily preached in Italian. His method was very simple; it was to move his hearers to recite an act of contrition, which he had worded and which the Archbishop of Cologne in his pastorals in 1680 highly extolled, and then he gave them his blessing. Synopses of his sermons were printed and widely circulated.

Bozen was the first German town in which he preached. Afterwards he was heard in Innsbruck, Salzburg, München, Augsburg, Mainz and Köln. Thence he went to Switzerland, Spain, France and Flanders. After each mission he would retire to his convent to pray and meditate and fortify himself in soul and body for fresh labors. At night he would spend whole hours alone before the Blessed Sacrament.

Although France was the scene of numerous prodigies which marked his progress, and Lyons accorded him a triumphal reception and he went to court on the Queen's invitation, Louis XIV., possibly dreading that the political influence of such a man would be exercised in favor of Austria, had him secretly conducted to the Flemish frontiers. The Dauphine was then lying ill at Versailles, and was anxiously expecting a visit from the Capuchin, but was disappointed when she heard that by the King's orders he was not allowed to stop in Paris and had to proceed at once to Valenciennes.

The servant of God could not go anywhere without being eagerly sought after by crowds infirm of body or sick in soul—the blind, the deaf, the paralytic and cripples, or those who suffered from moral maladies. Many miracles attested his sanctity. He could not go from one convent to another or start on any journey but they followed him everywhere, even when every precaution was

taken to conceal the time of his departure or arrival. In some towns he was so besieged that the local authorities had to assign him an armed guard. To satisfy everybody he was obliged to give the blessing of the miracles, as it was called, at certain hours previously fixed. To this blessing he joined in spirit the absent, for numerous correspondents from all parts of the world commended invalids to his powerful prayers, and cures were obtained by them as well as by those present. On some occasions these miraculous cures were so numerous that crutches and other adjuncts of suffering were piled up in big pyramids in the Capuchin churches. Among the miracles judicially proved to have been wrought by his blessing was the raising to life of a dead child fourteen days after its decease and when the body was of course decomposing.

A contemporary letter, which Father Ubold, of Alençon, found in the municipal library of Tours, gives a vivid idea of the impression that Father Mark made in his incessant journeyings hither and thither. It was written to Don Pierre Savaumare, procurator of St. Nicaise, by a certain André Chevrier, and is dated Brussels, June 26, 1681. It consequently coincides with Father Mark's journey to Flanders, to which country he had been sent at the request of the Prince of Parma, Alessandro Farnese, and Anne Elizabeth of Lorraine, Princess of Vaudemont. It runs thus:

"The Capuchin who has passed through France, who has been conducted by order of the King from Lyons⁵ to Valenciennes; without being allowed to speak to any one, not even to stop in the convents of his order, has been here twice, once in Antwerp and again in Mechlin, and yesterday left for Ghent. One has never seen nor heard nor read in the histories and lives of all our great saints anything like it; it is no hyperbole and exaggeration; they are truths I am going to tell you. By his blessing alone he drives out devils, makes the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame and persons powerless in all their limbs and who have never had the use of them, or without power of moving them for many years—five, ten, twenty and twenty-two years—to walk. He converts the most hardened hearts when he enters the towns, and persons who have never been to confession for ten, twenty and thirty years have gone; and there is generally such a crowd of people in all the churches where confessions are heard that one can hardly get to the confessional from 4 o'clock in the morning up to the afternoon; and the churches not sufficing, confessions are heard in the sacristies, cloisters and parlors. Persons have come here from the towns and level plains without end; they have even come here from

⁵ Precisely from Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, arrondissement of Corbelle in Seine-et-Oise.

Tournai and from Isle in hundreds. It is the same thing at Mechlin, where I have also been during his sojourn, and they assure me that it is the same at Amiens. They have had everywhere to assign him guards of twenty and thirty men, without whom he would have been crushed by people wanting to touch him and cut off pieces of his habit. And the churches being too small, he had at last to give his blessing in the public squares, and even they were not large enough, while the houses were full to the roofs. One could not enumerate the number of miracles of all sorts, although everybody was not cured, only those who had faith. You know, father, I do not easily believe, and I must even say that at first I was incredulous, but I had to give in to the truth. I have seen the blind see clearly, a deaf woman to hear, crippled and paralyzed persons walk; but what I have taken pleasure in seeing and at my ease is the cure of a young man from Isle, who for about a year endured the greatest pains in his whole body and particularly in his stomach. They carried him on St. John's Eve (June 23, 1681) at an hour after midnight into a room of the infirmary of the Capuchin Fathers at Mechlin to get him this good father's blessing. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they asked me if I wished to go and see the invalid, whom I had seen several times during his illness. I went and remained in his room until 5 o'clock in the evening, when this good father came in. He approached the invalid's bed and asked if he understood Italian. They answered, yes. Then he addressed to him a little exhortation explaining what faith was; he made him make some acts of it, ask pardon of God, and then if he wished to be cured. The invalid having said 'yes,' he gave him his blessing and touched him, along with two other sick persons who were in the same room, and went out. The sick man at that very instant rose upright in his bed and got out of it by himself alone, saying that he was cured, walked as easily as myself through the room, went to the door of the Capuchin convent, where a carriage awaited him, and entered it. We drove him to . . . where I left him in the same disposition. He (Father Mark) does not once give the blessing but that at the same time one sees the sick and infirm of all sorts cured without touching them by fifty and more. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis*. He knows some words of French, which he mixes up with Italian. One cannot relate or express the wonders he works in this way. Tell all our reverend fathers and brethren Madame la Dauphine has sent a messenger to him to commend herself to his prayers. I commend myself to yours."

This messenger of the Dauphiness of France, Christina, had been brought to Father Mark of Aviano by an express conveyance. In

response the Capuchin sent her his blessing and promised to say Mass for her intention on the 24th of June. On that very day the Dauphin's wife experienced an improvement in the state of her health, which she naturally attributed to the merits of the prayers of Father Mark. The Governor of Haynaut, who, in the opinion of his physicians, suffered from four mortal maladies—continuous fever, consumption, dropsy and asthma—was miraculously cured by the Capuchin, whose progress through the country aroused the greatest religious enthusiasm.

In the archives of the French War Office in Paris is preserved an entire series of documents relating to Father Mark's sojourn in Flanders. They have been published in the third volume of the "*Etudes Franciscaines*" by Father Hilary, of Barenton. In a letter dated June 20, 1681, embodied in the report of the commissioners of Louis XIV. at Courtrai, where the dispute between France and Spain on the question of delimitation of frontier formed the subject of a conference, two miracles, which took place in the Church of St. Gudule, are incidentally referred to. "All Brussels," the writer says, "swarmed inside and outside the Capuchin convent, where they were obliged to place a guard of native Spaniards to keep back the crowd." Lepelletier, writing on June 12, said: "We hear that the Duke of Aremberg is out of danger and that he has been cured by a Capuchin reputed to be a saint." The presence of Father Mark at Courtrai became such an important event that the royal commissioners were obliged to postpone their sittings. They wrote on July 6 to Louvois: "Yesterday on the arrival of M. Lepelletier we informed the Spanish commissioners that we were ready to begin the conference at that hour if it pleased them. We even urged them to do so this morning, in order to be in a position to report to you by to-day's post what took place at the conference; but it is the day that Father Daviano (*sic*) is to give a special blessing to the city of Courtray and to all those assembled and who shall have disposed themselves to receive the fruit thereof. Everybody here is moved to devotion, and these gentlemen wished that we should postpone the conference to this afternoon. So, monseigneur, we cannot report to you until to-morrow as to what we shall have done."⁶

It was not only the blind, the lame and the halt who sought him, but kings, princes, dukes, Cardinals and Papal Nuncios sent for him, to enjoy his conversation, ask his advice or receive his blessing. He was in correspondence with all the great personages of his time. The number of letters he received and wrote is unimaginable; those of the Emperor Leopold, who called him his "angel-guardian,"

⁶ "Arch. hist. du ministère de la guerre." Paris, Vol. 662.

published by Onno Klopp at the time of the tercentenary of the relief of Vienna, form alone an enormous folio. Another collection of 331 letters, dedicated to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, was published in 1888. From these we gather that Father Mark had a part not only in the raising of the siege of Vienna, but in other contests with the Turks: in the recovery of Buda, in the battles of Neuhausel and Esseg, and particularly in expelling the Moslems from Belgrade.⁷ In subsequent years, when the troops could not be assembled in one place, he gave them his blessing from a distance at the appointed time, the sole knowledge of which animated and aroused the ardor of the soldiers. The victory of Prince Eugene of Savoy at Zentha was announced when Father Mark, with a large congregation of the citizens, was pouring forth prayers in presence of the Blessed Sacrament for the success of the troops under that prince's command. When the news came, the whole population acclaimed the Capuchin, and a *Te Deum* was sung in presence of the Emperor. There was no one in whom the Pope and the Emperor reposed more confidence than in this humble friar. There was never an administrator of state affairs, leader in war or one skilled in ecclesiastical or civil jurisdiction who showed more knowledge, wielded more authority, brought more force of character and ingenuity to bear on matters committed to him than Mark of Aviano.

In the years succeeding the relief of Vienna, if his counsels prevailed, the Turks would, more than three centuries ago, have been expelled from Europe; but dissensions among the allied sovereigns hindered unity of action. Besides, the Emperor Leopold was weary of campaigns in which he personally never took a part; he had saved his own crown, and he was satisfied. To the great grief of Father Mark, he could not be got to follow up his successes.

Refusing all the honors and rewards that the Emperor could bestow, the Capuchin longed for the calm seclusion of his convent, which he never left except under obedience. He said he was not made for camps or courts. But the Emperor sent for him every year, and, by the Pope's order, he had to undertake a long journey to Vienna. It was during his last sojourn in the Austrian capital that he finished his course, the 13th of August, 1699. Leopold, with all the imperial family, went into his poor cell to be present at his last moments. The Emperor not only directed that his obsequies should be celebrated with the greatest solemnity and *éclat* and had his remains deposited in the crypt of the Capuchin church at Vienna, among the imperial tombs containing the deceased mem-

⁷ Buda was taken, after one hundred and forty-five years of vassalage, in 1686; the Austrians took Belgrade in 1688.

bers of the House of Hapsburg, but himself wrote his epitaph, as follows:

Epitaphium
quod Patri Marco ab Aviano
Augustissimus Imperator Leopoldus
ipse fecit:
Patri Marco ab Aviano Capucino
Conclonatori evangelicis virtutibus
exornato
Viennæ Austriæ in osculo Domini sui
Suaviter expiranti
Leopoldus Augustus, Augusta sua
Filii que moesti posuere
Patri Marco de Aviano vere Jesu servo
Requies et lux perpetua.

It was, no doubt, a great honor, but it rendered it impossible for the people to venerate this tomb and there implore, after his death, the succor of the servant of God. It is noteworthy that miracles thereafter ceased, and this has retarded his beatification. It was at the instance of Dr. Porzer, a venerable lawyer, that Pius X., when Patriarch of Venice, took his cause in hand. "As long as he will be among emperors," said the present Pontiff to the superiors of his order, "his humility will prevent him from working miracles." It is to be hoped that he will fulfill the wishes of the illustrious promoter of his cause and afford the Pope, who is one of his fellow-countrymen, the satisfaction and happiness of raising him to the honors of the altars, an honor transcending that which emperors could bestow. When Cardinal Vives reminded His Holiness that it was he himself began the process, the latter said: "Why, I have presided at all the sittings; I have signed all the documents, except the last, because the Cardinals had already made me a prisoner here." And he added: "He must perform miracles." "Most Holy Father," was the reply, "he has wrought so many during his life that he will have no difficulty in multiplying them also after his death."

It was so late as 1891 that a memorial tablet was erected to him in the Capuchin church in Vienna. His *socius*, or traveling companion, Father Como, of Castelfranco, left a manuscript biography of Father Mark of Aviano, which is preserved, along with other original documents, in the archives of the Capuchin province of Venice. This is the main source from which all subsequent writers have, directly or indirectly, drawn their information. About a hundred years after his death his life was written by one of his brethren, Father Fidelis, of Zara.⁸ Other biographies followed, but the late Father Louis Antoine, of Porrentruy, discovering several inaccuracies in them by collating them with a mass of documents which his indefatigable research had brought together in Rome,

⁸ "Notizie storiche concernenti l'illustre servo di Dio P. Marco d'Aviano," compilate dal P. Fedele da Zara. Venezia, 1798.

where he had filled the office of definitor general, resolved to write a new life, and had got half way through with it when, unhappily, his death in March, 1912, put an end to his labors. The completion of this work has been entrusted to the Very Rev. Father Ernest Marie, the biographer of the celebrated French Capuchin, Pere Marie Antoine, called the Apostle of Toulouse. It could not have been put into abler hands, and those who are interested in the subject may confidently look forward to the approaching publication of a thoroughly satisfactory life of this remarkable historic personality.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Cork, Ireland.

PIUS PP. X.

UNIVERSIS CHRISTIFIDELIBUS

HAS NOSTRAS LITTERAS INSPECTURIS

SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

MAGNI faustique eventus commemoratio, quo sedecim abhinc saeculis pax tandem Ecclesiae concessa fuit, dum omnes catholicas gentes summa afficit laetitia, eisque pietatis opera suadet, Nos movet imprimis ad caelestium munerum thesauros aperiendos, ut ex huiusmodi solemnitate lecti uberesque fructus in Domino percipiantur. Par enim atque item peropportunum videtur, Edictum a Constantino Magno Imperatore Mediolani promulgatum concelebrare, quod prope secutum est victoriam contra Maxentium, glorioso Crucis vexillo partam, et saevis in Christianos vexationibus finem faciens, illos in eam libertatem vindicavit, cuius pretium divini Redemptoris et Martyrum sanguis fuit. Tum demum militans Ecclesia primum ex iis triumphis egit, qui qualibet eius aetate omnigenas insectationes perpetuo subsequuntur, atque ex eo die potiora semper in humani generis societatem contulit beneficia. Nam homines superstitioso idolorum cultu paulatim relicto, tum legibus, tum moribus institutisque christianam vitae rationem magis ac magis amplexi sunt, atque ita factum est, ut iustitia simul et caritas in terris florerent. Consentaneum igitur esse ducimus, hac felici occasione, qua tam egregium factum recolitur, Deum, Virginem Eius Genitricem et reliquos Caelites, Apostolos praesertim, etiam atque etiam adprecari, ut populi universi decus et honorem Ecclesiae instaurantes, ad tantae matris gremium confugiant, errores, quibus inconsulti fidei inimici eius claritati tenebras obducere nituntur, pro viribus depellant, Romanum Pontificem summa observantia colant, in catholica denique religione omnium rerum praesidium et columen fidenti animo intueantur. Tum sperare licebit, homines oculis ad Crucem denuo fixis, in hoc salutari signo et Christiani nominis osores, et effraenatas cordis cupiditates omnino devicturos. Verum quo humiles preces, in catholico orbe hac saeculari solemnitate adhibendae, spirituali fidelium bono satius cumulentur, eas Plenaria Indulgentia in forma Iubilaei locupletandas censuimus, omnes Ecclesiae filios vehementer hortantes, ut Nostris suas quoque supplicationes pietatisque officia coniungant, et hac eis oblata Iubilaei gratia in animorum emolumentum pariter atque in religionis utilitatem quam maxime fruantur. Quare de Omnipotentis Dei misericordia ac Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli auctoritate confisi, ex illa

ligandi solvendique potestate, quae Nobis licet immerentibus divinitus data fuit, atque auditis etiam VV. FF. NN. S. R. E. Cardd. Inquisitoribus Generalibus, praesentium tenore omnibus ac singulis utriusque sexus Christifidelibus vel in hac alma Urbe Nostra degentibus, vel advenientibus ad eam, qui hoc vertente anno a Dominica in Albis, ex qua saecularia sollemnia in Ecclesiae pacis memoriam incipient, usque ad festivitatem Deiparare Virginis ab Immaculata Conceptione inclusive, Basilicas S. Ioannis in Laterano, S. Petri Principis Apostolorum ac S. Pauli extra muros bis singulas adeant, et ibi aliquandiu pro Ecclesiae catholicae et huius Apostolicae Sedis prosperitate et exaltatione, pro haeresum extirpatione, et omnium errantium conversione, pro Christianorum Principum concordia et totius fidelium populi pace et unitate secundum mentem Nostram preces ad Deum effundant, ac semel intra huiusmodi temporis spatium, admissis rite expiatis, caelesti convivio se reficiant, atque insuper eleemosynam pro sua quisque facultate vel in egenos, vel, si malint, ad pias causas erogent, plenissimam omnium peccatorum Indulgentiam ad instar Iubilaei generalis concedimus et impertimus. Iis vero qui ad Urbem convenire nequeant, Plenariam eandem largimur Indulgentiam, dummodo sui loci templum vel templa, ab Ordinario semel tantum designanda, pari temporis intervallo, omnino sexies visitent, et alia pietatis opera, quae superius diximus, integre perficiant. Veniam praeterea facimus, ut haec Plenaria Indulgentia etiam animabus, quae Deo in caritate coniunctae ex hac vita migraverint, per modum suffragii applicari possit ac valeat. Concedimus autem, ut navigantes et iter agentes, ubi ad sua domicilia seu alio ad certam stationem se receperint, operibus suprascriptis peractis, et visitata sexies ecclesia cathedrali vel maiori aut parochiali loci eorum domicilii seu stationis, eandem Indulgentiam consequi licite queant. Regularibus vero personis utriusque sexus, etiam in claustris perpetuo degentibus, nec non aliis quibuscumque sive laicis, sive ecclesiasticis saecularibus vel regularibus, in carcere vel captivitate existentibus, vel aliqua corporis infirmitate, seu alio quovis impedimento detentis, qui memorata opera, vel aliqua ex iis praestare nequeant, ut illa Confessarius in alia pietatis opera commutare, vel in aliud proximum tempus prorogare possit, eaque iniungere, quae ipsi poenitentes efficere poterunt, cum facultate etiam dispensandi super Communione cum pueris, qui ad eam nondum admissi fuerint concedimus item atque indulgemus. Insuper omnibus et singulis Christifidelibus tum laicis, tum ecclesiasticis saecularibus vel regularibus, cuiusvis Ordinis et Instituti, etiam specialiter nominandi, facultatem facimus, ut sibi ad hunc effectum eligere possint quemlibet presbyterum Confessarium saecularem seu regularem ex actu approbatis, et hac facultate fas sit uti etiam

monialibus, novitiis, aliisque mulieribus intra claustra degentibus, dummodo Confessarius approbatus sit pro monialibus. Talis Confessarius eosdem vel easdem intra dictum temporis spatium ad confessionem apud ipsum peragendam accedentes animo praesens Iubilaeum consequendi, et reliqua opera ad illud lucrandum necessaria adimplendi, hac vice et in foro conscientiae dumtaxat ab excommunicationis, suspensionis, et aliis ecclesiasticis sententiis et censuris a iure vel ab homine quavis de causa latis vel inflictis, etiam Ordinariis locorum et Nobis, seu Sedi Apostolicae etiam in casibus cuicumque ac Summo Pontifici et Sedi Apostolicae *speciali licet modo* reservatis, et qui alias in concessione quantumvis ampla non intelligerentur concessi, nec non ab omnibus peccatis et excessibus, quantumcumque gravibus et enormibus, etiam iisdem Ordinariis ac Nobis et Sedi Apostolicae, ut praefertur, reservatis, iniuncta ipsis poenitentia salutaris, aliisque de iure iniungendis, et si de haeresi agatur, abiuratis prius et retractatis erroribus, prout de iure, absolvere; nec non vota quaecunque etiam iurata ac Sedi Apostolicae reservata (exceptis semper castitatis, religionis, et obligationis, quae a tertio acceptata fuerint, seu in quibus agatur de praeiudicio tertii, nec non poenalibus, quae praeservativa a peccato nuncupantur, nisi commutatio futura iudicetur eiusmodi, ut non minus a peccato committendo refrenet, quam prior voti materia) in alia pia et salutaria opera commutare, et cum poenitentibus huiusmodi in sacris Ordinibus constitutis, etiam regularibus, super occulta irregularitate ad exercitium eorundem Ordinum, et ad superiorum assecutionem dumtaxat contracta, dispensare possit ac valeat. Non intendimus autem per praesentes super alia quavis irregularitate, sive ex delicto sive ex defectu, vel publica vel occulta aut nota, aliave incapacitate, aut inhabilitate quoquo modo contracta dispensare, vel aliquam facultatem tribuere super praemissis dispensandi, seu habilitandi et in pristinum statum restituendi etiam in foro conscientiae; neque etiam derogare Constitutioni cum appositis declarationibus editae a fel. rec. Benedicto XIV. decessore Nostro, quae incipit "Sacramentum Poenitentiae" neque demum easdem praesentes iis, qui a Nobis et Apostolica Sede vel aliquo Praelato seu Iudice ecclesiastico nominatim excommunicati, suspensi, interdicti, seu alias in sententias et censuras incidisse declarati, vel publice denunciati fuerint, nisi intra praedictum tempus satisfecerint, et cum partibus, ubi opus fuerit, concordaverint, ullo modo suffragari posse aut debere. Quod si intra praefinitum terminum, iudicio Confessarii, satisfacere non potuerint, absolvi posse concedimus in foro conscientiae ad effectum dumtaxat assequendi Indulgentias Iubilaei, iniuncta obligatione satisfaciendi statim ac poterunt. Quapropter in virtute sanctae obedientiae praesentium tenore districte praecipimus, atque man-

damus omnibus Ordinariis locorum ubicumque existentibus, eorumque Vicariis et Officialibus, vel, ipsis deficientibus, illis, qui curam animarum exercent, ut quum praesentium Litterarum transumpta aut exempla etiam impressa acceperint, illa per suas ecclesias ac dioeceses, provincias, civitates, oppida, terras et loca publicent, vel publicanda curent, populisque etiam verbi Dei praedicatione, quoad fieri possit, rite praeparatis, ecclesiam seu ecclesias visitandas, ut supra, designent. Non obstantibus Constitutionibus et Ordinationibus Apostolicis, praesertim quibus facultas absolvendi in certis tunc expressis casibus ita Romano Pontifici pro tempore existenti reservatur, ut nec etiam similes vel dissimiles indulgentiarum et facultatum huiusmodi concessionem, nisi de illis expressa mentio vel specialis derogatio fiat, cuiquam suffragari possint; nec non regula de non concedendis indulgentiis ad instar, ac quorumcumque Ordinum, et Congregationum sive Institutorum etiam iuramento, confirmatione Apostolica, vel quavis firmitate alia roboratis statutis, et consuetudinibus, privilegiis quoque indultis, et Litteris Apostolicis eisdem Ordinibus, Congregationibus et Institutis, illorumque personis quomodolibet concessis, approbatis et innovatis; quibus omnibus et singulis etiamsi de illis eorumque totis tenoribus specialis, specifica, expressa et individua, non autem per clausulas generales idem importantes, mentio seu alia quaevis expressio habenda, aut alia aliqua exquisita forma ad hoc servanda foret, illorum tenores praesentibus pro sufficienter expressos, ac formam in iis traditam pro servata habentes, hac vice specialiter, nominatim et expresse ad effectum praemissorum derogamus, ceterisque contrariis quibuscumque. Ut denique praesentes Nostrae, quae ad singula loca deferri non possunt, ad omnium notitiam facilius deveniant, volumus, ut praesentium transumptis, vel exemplis etiam impressis, manu alicuius Notarii publici subscriptis et sigillo personae in dignitate ecclesiastica constitutae munitis, ubicumque locorum et gentium eadem prorsus fides habeatur, quae haberetur ipsis praesentibus, si forent exhibitae vel ostensae.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, sub anulo Piscatoris, die VIII. martii MCMXIII., Pontificatus Nostri anno X.

De speciali mandato Ss.mi.

L. ✠ S.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,
a Secretis Status.

LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER

PIUS X.

ESTABLISHING A UNIVERSAL JUBILEE

IN MEMORY OF THE PEACE

GIVEN BY THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

TO THE CHURCH.

PIUS PP. X.

TO ALL the faithful in Christ who shall read this our letter, health and the apostolic benediction.

(*Magni faustique.*) The commemoration of the great and happy event through which, sixteen centuries ago, peace was finally given to the Church, while it fills all Catholics with the greatest joy and calls them to works of piety, moves us to open the treasures of celestial gifts that choice and copious fruits may accrue from that solemnity. Nothing, indeed, could be more fitting and opportune than the celebration of the edict promulgated at Milan by the Emperor Constantine the Great, following close upon the victory over Maxentius obtained under the glorious standard of the Cross—the edict which put an end to the cruel persecution of the Christians and placed them in possession of the liberty bought at the price of the blood of the Divine Redeemer and the martyrs. Then at last the Church militant gained the first of those triumphs which throughout its history have invariably followed persecutions of every sort, and from that day ever increasing benefits have accrued to the human race. For men, abandoning by degrees the superstitious worship of idols, in their laws, customs and institutions followed ever more the rule of Christian life, and so it came to pass that justice and love flourished together on the earth. Therefore, we think it appropriate that on this happy occasion on which such a great event is commemorated prayers should be multiplied to God, to His Virgin Mother and to all the blessed, especially to the Holy Apostles, that all peoples, renewing the dignity and glory of the Church, may take refuge in the bosom of this their mother, may root out the errors by which insensate enemies of the Church strive to shroud its splendor in darkness, may surround the Roman Pontiff with the highest homage, and, with their minds at rest in perfect trust, may see, indeed, in the Catholic religion the defense and safeguard of all things. Then will it be possible to hope that men, again fixing their eyes on the Cross, the sign of salvation,

will be able completely to overcome the enemies of the Christian name and the unbridled lusts of their hearts. To the purpose, then, that the humble prayers that should be offered on the occasion of this solemn commemoration throughout the Catholic world may redound to the greater spiritual good of the faithful, we ordain that they be enriched with a plenary indulgence in jubilee form, urgently exhorting all the children of the Church that they unite their prayers and their works of piety to ours, to the end that by means of the spiritual favor of jubilee offered to them these may bear the greatest possible fruit both to the profit of souls and the advantage of religion.

Relying, therefore, on the mercy of Almighty God and on the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and having consulted our venerable brethren, the Cardinal inquisitors general of the Holy Roman Church, of that power of binding and loosing which to us, though unworthy, has been entrusted, we by this present letter grant and impart, in the form of a general jubilee, a plenary indulgence of all sins to all and sundry of the faithful of both sexes, whether resident of this dear city of ours or coming to visit it, who in this present year, from Low Sunday, when the secular celebrations intended to commemorate the peace of the Church begin, to the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God inclusive, twice visit each of the Basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Peter Prince of the Apostles and St. Paul outside the Walls; who there, according to our intention, for some time pour forth their prayers to God for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all who are in error, for concord amongst Christian princes and peace and unity amongst all the faithful; who, having properly confessed their sins, refresh themselves during the period indicated with the celestial banquet; and who, furthermore, each one according to his means, give an alms to the needy, or, if preferred, assign it for some pious purpose. To those, however, who cannot visit the city, we grant the same plenary indulgence, provided, during the same interval, they visit six times in all a church or churches in their own locality, to be designated by the Ordinary, and perform in their integrity the other works of piety which we have above specified. Further, we permit that this plenary indulgence may and can be applied by way of suffrage to the souls who have passed from this life united to God by charity.

To sailors and those engaged in travel we grant that when they visit their homes or otherwise when they arrive at any station they can lawfully gain the same indulgence when they shall have per-

formed the works above prescribed and shall have visited six times the cathedral or the principal or the parochial church of their home or of the station.

As to the religious of both sexes, including those bound to perpetual enclosure, as well as all others whomsoever, whether the laity or ecclesiastics, secular or regular, who are detained in prison or captivity, or who labor under any bodily infirmity or under any other impediment whatsoever, and who cannot perform the works mentioned or any one of them, we likewise grant and permit that the confessor can commute those works into other works of piety, or postpone them to another not distant time, and that he can enjoin such works as his penitents can perform; for children who have not yet been admitted to First Communion, we also grant him authority to dispense from Holy Communion.

Further to all and sundry of the faithful, both the laity and ecclesiastics, secular or regular, of whatsoever order and institute, even those that should be specially named, we grant authority to select for this purpose any priest whatever, secular or regular, who is an approved confessor; and it is permitted also that nuns, novices and other women living in enclosure avail of this authorization, provided the confessor they select be approved for hearing the confessions of nuns. All who go to confession within the aforesaid appointed time, intending to gain the jubilee and to perform the works necessary for gaining it, any such confessor can absolve and is empowered to absolve, for this occasion and in the tribunal of conscience only, from all sentences and censures of excommunication and suspension, and from other ecclesiastical sentences and censures, by the law or by man for whatever cause enacted or inflicted, even from those reserved to Ordinaries and to us or the Apostolic See, even cases *specially reserved*, no matter to whom and to the Sovereign Pontiff and the Apostolic See, and which otherwise are not understood to be granted by any concession how ample soever. He can also absolve and is empowered to absolve from all sins and excesses, however grievous and enormous, even from those reserved, as has been said, to the same Ordinaries and to us and the Apostolic See, but he is to impose a salutary penance and to observe the other things enjoined by the law; and if there is question of heresy, he can absolve and is empowered to absolve from it, when, according to the prescriptions of the law, error has been abjured and retracted. He can also commute into other pious and salutary works vows of whatsoever kind, even those confirmed by oath and reserved to the Holy See, always excepting vows of chastity, of religion and of an obligation which has been accepted from a third party or in which there is question of prejudice to a third party; excepting

also penal vows, which are called vows preserving from sin, unless there be indicated a commutation of such a character as will in future serve to restrain from sin as much as the subject-matter of the original vow. And in regard to penitents of this kind who are in holy orders, even regulars, he can dispense and is empowered to dispense them from an occult irregularity contracted solely for the exercise of their orders and for the attainment of higher orders.

We do not intend, however, by our present letter to dispense from any other irregularity whatsoever, whether arising from crime or from defect, either public or hidden or known, nor from any other incapacity or disability in what manner soever contracted. Nor do we intend to concede any authority to dispense in the premises, or to rehabilitate or to restore to the pristine state even in the tribunal of conscience. Nor do we intend to derogate from the Constitution, with appended declarations, published by our predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XIV., which begins *Sacramentum Poenitentiae*. Nor in fine do we intend that this same letter can or should in any wise help those who by us and the Apostolic See or by any prelate or ecclesiastical judge have been *by name* excommunicated, suspended, interdicted or declared to have incurred other sentences or censures, unless within the aforesaid time they shall have made satisfaction, and, when necessary, come to terms with the parties. But if within the appointed time they could not, in the judgment of the confessor, make satisfaction, we grant that he can absolve them in the tribunal of conscience, only in order that they may gain the indulgences of the jubilee, the obligation of making satisfaction as soon as they can being imposed upon them.

Wherefore, in virtue of holy obedience, we, by this present letter, strictly order and command all Ordinaries, wheresoever residing, and their vicars and officials, and, failing them, those who are charged with the cure of souls, that when they receive transcripts or printed copies of the present letter, they publish it, or take care that it be published in their churches and dioceses, provinces, cities, towns, territories and districts, and that to the people duly prepared, as far as possible even by the preaching of the Word of God, they designate, as explained above, the church or churches to be visited.

Notwithstanding Apostolic constitutions and ordinances, especially those by which the faculty of absolving in certain therein expressed cases is so reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being that even similar or dissimilar concessions of such indulgences and faculties cannot avail anybody unless express mention and special derogation of them be made; notwithstanding also the special rule against the granting of indulgences *ad instar* and of the indulgences of any whatsoever orders, congregations and institutes, even when

based and established on oath, apostolic confirmation or any other guarantee, also indult, privileges and apostolic letters for said orders, congregations, institutes and persons thereof in whatsoever way conceded, approved and introduced; all and several of which, although of them and of their whole tenor a special, specific, express and individual mention, and not merely mention by general clauses, would have to be made or any expression whatsoever indicated, or any other for whatsoever elaborated, for the observance of this, regarding their tenor as sufficiently expressed in this present letter and the form prescribed for them as observed, we do for this once derogate specially *nominatim* and expressly for the effort as aforesaid; and all things else whatsoever to the contrary. Finally that this our present letter, which cannot be taken to every place, may more easily come to the knowledge of all, we will that transcripts or even printed copies, when signed by the hand of a notary public and sealed with the seal of an ecclesiastical dignitary, shall everywhere and for all have absolutely the same authority as would belong to this present letter, if exhibited and shown.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, on the 8th day of March, 1913, in the tenth year of our pontificate.

By special mandate of His Holiness.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,
Secretary of State.

Book Reviews.

IN ST. DOMINIC'S COUNTRY. By *C. M. Anthony*, author of "Joan of Arc, the Maid of France;" "The Angelical Cardinal, Reginald Pole;" "St. Anthony of Padua," "St. Pius V." Edited, with Preface, by Rev. T. M. Schwertner, O. P., S. T. L. 12mo., pp. 316. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"If we would understand why the Middle Ages—which were in the full sense of the term the ages of faith—saw the rise and rapid spread of many strange and dangerous heresies, we must look back to the times which immediately followed upon the inrushing of the barbarian peoples of the North. The countless bands of missionaries sent forth by Rome at intervals to bear the good tidings of salvation to those half-savage hordes, to soften their hard hearts and to teach them to harden their hands by a labor which was sanctified by prayer—the missionaries soon saw the proud heads of those untamed children of the mountain and forest bow meekly at the baptismal font to receive the waters of regeneration. However, if the young nations of Europe put on the yoke of Christ right gladly, they rebelled at intervals against its constant chafing upon the shoulders which had known no other burden than battle-axe and spear. Again and again the loud call to the cruel sports of their former life, to war and barbarous massacre rang in the ears of those new converts who had but now been listening to the words of peace, to the hard sayings of Christian asceticism. Against their own consciences and the words of Christ's heralds they fared forth to battle—and how could men whose passion for slaying was aroused curb the other passions of their hearts?"

"If the mediæval world was saved from this mighty cataclysm, it was in great part due to St. Dominic, who with wisdom and foresight and true knowledge of the needs of the hour threw up the impregnable dykes of Catholic teaching and morality against the murky waters that rushed onward and downward. Others before him had essayed to stem the tide. But their defense was unavailing, because they had failed to measure the strength of the force opposed to them. Dominic Guzman, with the best and purest of Gothic blood in his veins, came to the desolate plains of Languedoc, and before taking up his sword in defense of the Bride of Christ studied well the strength of his foes, their weapons, method of warfare and plans of campaign. And then fortified by prayer, he set forth, ready to lay down his life for the Church of France."

With these thoughts in mind, the author of the present work visited all those spots which St. Dominic had sanctified by his pres-

ence whilst battling with the Catharist heresy. The book is full of historic interest, shows the most painstaking care, reads like a romance and is beautifully illustrated.

LIFE OF VENERABLE MOTHER JAVOUHEY, Foundress of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Cluny (1779-1851). Translated from the French by J. B. Cullen. With an Introduction by Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport. 12mo., pp. 284. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

"The life which is here presented to English readers in a very acceptable form is that of a holy woman who, about one hundred years ago, founded a very remarkable work of charity and religion. The Venerable Mother Anne-Marie Javouhey was one of those distinguished women who were raised up to save the faith of France in the devastation and religious anarchy which followed the great Revolution. Like Blessed Sophie Barat, Marie Rivier, Emily Rudat, Anne Victoria de Mejanès, Julie Postel, the first mothers who worked with the Venerable Louis Baudouin, and many others, Anne Javouhey, who lived as a child in the Terror, the Consulate and the Empire, began her efforts in secrecy, in humble cottages, among the children and the neighbors, and after trials of every kind succeeded in establishing an institute of religious women whose influence is widely-spread and lasting. By the time she was seven-and-twenty she had gathered together a community and had flourishing schools in Chalon-sur-Saône, in the Diocese of Autun. The Bishop of Autun established them as a religious congregation (1806), the municipality of the town welcomed and helped her and the Emperor Napoleon, at the instance of M. Portalis, found time to sign a rescript, dated from Posen, authorizing the institute for the "training of children of both sexes in industry, good morals and Christian virtue."

Books of this kind have a value which perhaps is not apparent to the casual observer. They are not only interesting in a biographical way and in a spiritual way by encouraging vocations, but they move even the lukewarm and the vicious to better things. As in life very few persons are so degraded as not to show respect and reverence to those who leave all to follow Christ, so the record of those who not only make this sacrifice themselves, but lead others to follow their example, must have a salutary effect on all who think. From the beginning men have excused themselves for not following the teachings of Christ because it was not possible. "This is a hard saying," was objected to our Lord directly, and has been repeated in every age since his time. The answer is found in the lives of the saints, and especially in the lives of the founders of religious communities, who generally in the face of apparently

insurmountable obstacles have put the teachings of Christ into practice in a heroic degree, and have brought forth fruit a hundred-fold. The book before us is a splendid example of this and will bring consolation and encouragement to many a weary soul.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP: ITS BASIS AND EQUITABLE CONDITIONS. By *Rev. J. Kelleher*. 12mo., pp. 212. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"The object of this work is to defend the system of private ownership and to explain the conditions on which alone that system can be defended in theory or much longer maintained in practice.

"The most confirmed optimist can scarcely look with complacency on the present condition of social life in these countries. It is not merely that poverty abounds and that suffering and squalor shock the senses wherever one turns. All that is bad enough, but nothing new; perhaps in the past it was even worse. But there is a consciousness of oppression now appearing amongst the masses, wider and more deep-seated than was ever known before. True, it is a vague consciousness, but it is on that account none the less intense, and it certainly is all the more dangerous. Convinced, and not without reason, that they are being made the victims of injustice, and not able to determine precisely where the injustice lies, desperate men are almost prepared in their wretchedness and in the bitterness of their resentment to set at nought the just and natural bonds that hold society together. Present economic conditions are flagrantly unjust to them, and it is not surprising if they fail to distinguish what is just and necessary in these conditions from what is the result of unjust and selfish oppression. The entire order is looked on with suspicion, and everything which goes to maintain it is likely to be called into question."

This quotation from the author's preface indicates that he grasps the serious nature of his subject and approaches it with caution and fear. It is certainly a timely subject and of universal interest. Unrest, unhappiness, suspicion and desperation are abroad, and it is difficult to get men to think. Many causes exist for this state of affairs, but the great fundamental cause is that men have forgotten that "they have not here a lasting city, but must tend to one that is beyond." They are living for time only and not for eternity.

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By *Robert Hugh Benson*. 12mo., pp. 469. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

In his latest story Monsignor Benson returns to the English persecutions under Elizabeth, and produces a companion volume to

"By What Authority?" They both deal with those sad days when the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of the world were arrayed in mortal combat, with all the inevitable and harrowing consequences that follow such a conflict. Many think that Monsignor Benson is at his best in this field. It is a most fruitful field and the laborers are few. As on the stage the best managers get the most satisfactory results when they are capable of conceiving the various characters of the play in a clear and individual manner, so the novelist succeeds best who is able to make the characters of his story live as distinct persons. Monsignor Benson has this ability. His characters are not merely men and women, but they are persons with distinct personalities, with their various distinguishing traits and their personal interests and responsibilities, all sufficiently marked to make them living human beings and not merely flat pictures.

But this power alone is not sufficient to make the successful novelist. He must also be able to live in another age, in different surroundings, in the midst of other customs and modes of life, if he will write the story of other times. Monsignor Benson is unusually well equipped in this respect. We can imagine him as an actual participant in the stirring scenes which he depicts.

This is a sad story, and there is little to lighten the gloom, except the glimpse of heaven which the eye of faith catches in the distance.

SERMON NOTES OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN (1849-1878). Edited by Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. 12mo., pp. 344. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1913.

Admirers of Cardinal Newman, and their name is legion, always have a welcome for him. His sermon notes are so intimately personal that they not only take us back to the church in which he preached, but invite us to follow him into the oratory and join him while he comments upon them. Here is the history of the notes:

"Cardinal Newman in his Church of England days always read his sermons. He discontinued this practice, except on very special occasions, after his conversion. At both periods he was following what happened to be the more general custom in the communion to which he belonged.

"Neither does the change, though he was past middle life when he made it, seem to be a difficulty to him. Apparently he soon discovered that the thoughts that he had in his mind when he entered the pulpit developed themselves and took new shapes while he was speaking, for the notes which are now being published were for the most part written out not before, but after the sermon.

"These notes were given by the late Father William Neville,

the Cardinal's literary executor, to Father Henry Bellasis, then a member of the Birmingham, now of the Roman Oratory. 'The Sermon Notes,' writes Father Bellasis, 'were given me by Father William as a present one Christmas. The only thing I remember his saying was that the Cardinal had the practice of going to his room after preaching and writing down in the form of notes what he had said. This is how they came to be in this book.'"

These notes are very interesting. They give us the thoughts of a great man on serious subjects, and they make us witnesses of the process. As they were written for himself alone, they will not help the ordinary preacher very much. They will be most useful to those who are familiar with Cardinal Newman's sermons.

THE NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FREER COLLECTION. Part I.: The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels. By *Henry A. Sanders*, University of Michigan. Four vo., pp. 250. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is Volume IX. of the Humanistic Series published by authority of the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. It is the second volume of the Biblical MSS. in the Freer collection. This collection is made up of four manuscripts which were purchased by Mr. Freer from an Arab dealer near Cairo on December 19, 1906. They contained: I., Deuteronomy and Joshua; II., Psalms; III., Gospels; IV., Fragments of the Epistles of St. Paul. The first has already been published, and now we have the second before us. As soon as the value of the collection was recognized it was determined not only to publish the MSS. in full, but also to make a most diligent search for the missing portions, and related finds, as well as for the original resting place of the MSS.

The editor gives arguments for tracing the manuscript back to the sixth, fifth and even the fourth century. The work has been most carefully done, and the publishers have spared no pains to make the published volume worthy of the original and of the learned comments on it. This was by no means easy, because it required the photographic reproduction of the old manuscript and also the careful indication of variations in form and arrangement of letters. The work is very valuable and interesting, and Biblical students will wait eagerly for the succeeding volumes.

This second part of the original MSS. is to be placed in the Smithsonian Institution.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT. By *Robert Hugh Benson*. 12mo., pp. 165. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The following chapters were first published, in substance, in the American Catholic magazine, the *Ave Maria*, in 1906-1907, and

it is by the kind permission of the editor, Father Hudson, that they are now reprinted, with a few additions and corrections. During the time that has elapsed since their serial appearance the writer has received a very large number of applications that they should be issued in book form, and after a long hesitation he has acceded to these requests. He hesitated partly because it appeared to him really doubtful whether their issue would be of any real service at all, partly because he occasionally contemplated adding considerably to them, and annexing to them further "confessions of a convert" since his conversion. This latter idea, however, he has abandoned for the present, owing to the extraordinary difficulty he has found in drawing any real comparisons between the rapidly-fading impression of Anglicanism upon his memory and the continually deepening experiences of the Catholic religion."

Monsignor Benson's "Confessions of a Convert" bear on their face the mark of candor and sincerity. If he had been tempted to revise them or reëdit or annotate them, he would have spoiled them. They are very good and really useful.

FAUSTULA, A. D. 340. By *John Ayscough*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

LEVIA PONDERA. An Essay Book. By *John Ayscough*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In "Faustula" this gifted author takes us back to the early ages of Christianity and introduces us to the pagan and the Christian communities of that time when truth was beginning to prevail against falsehood. While the writer's talent is very versatile and his power of delineation apparently unlimited, it seems to us that he is at his very best in "San Celestino" and "Faustula," and this is high praise. We do not know any other author who can approach him in describing the beauties of Italy and in bringing to life those who lived in that country centuries ago. The combination of Marion Crawford and Henry Harlan again suggests itself, as on a former occasion, but with not the slightest suggestion of imitation.

In "Levia Pondera" we have what the author himself, in his dedication of the volume to Cardinal Bourne, describes as "a mere bundle of essays." They are on various subjects, of varying length and written at different times. The reading public have learned quickly to appreciate all that comes from the pen of John Ayscough, because it is sure to be excellent. His keen observance of men and things, his penetrating philosophy, his sure logic, his quaint humor all combine to give a value to all his work that is very exceptional.

Some of these essays, especially those on literary subjects, are

more formal, and fall more naturally under the term essay. Others are much shorter and informal, and might perhaps be more accurately described as comments on passing events.

OUR REASONABLE SERVICE. An Essay in the Understanding of the Deep Things of God. By *Vincent J. McNabb, O. P.* 12mo., pp. 138. London, W., Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author thus explains this short collection of essays:

"The contents of the following pages have been begotten during a course of years and under the impulse of many causes. Hardly one of them has been the offspring of that rare privilege of apostolic life—an hour of idleness. Some have grown out of a wish to make the New Testament in the twentieth century what it was in the golden days of Christian thought, when Thomas and Bonaventure took it as the text-book of theology. Others have been dictated by an effort to slough off from a dim supernatural truth the inexpert, unhappy word that heightens the dimness into a 'dark night of the soul.' A few have been written down at the close of one of the priest's deepest joys, when, with a brother-priest as road-fellow, he has wayfared hurriedly into the hill country of God's mysteries. Yet though each has had its own partly-forgotten and partly-remembered begetting, all have been given to the day under an over-mastering desire to bring light first of all to the writer himself and then to the casual reader, who, seeing his own perplexities in its pages—

"Should find brief solace there, as I have found."

The subjects are: "Logic and Faith," "The Logos of St. John," "The Virgin Birth," "The Resurrection and Faith," "St. Peter in the Gospels," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Newman and Spencer," "Of Impersonal Teaching," "On Evil."

The book is stamped with Father McNabb's well-known characteristics: it is earnest, sincere, convincing.

MARTYROLOGIUM ROMANUM, GREGORII XIII. Iussu Editum, Urbani VIII. et Clementis X. Auctoritate Recognitum. Editio Novissima. Mechliniae: H. Dessain. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A new edition of the Martyrology is an event of importance in the ecclesiastical world and is quite in keeping with the various reforms that have been made in ecclesiastical affairs by the present gloriously reigning Pontiff.

This new edition has been thoroughly revised, including the eulogies for each day, which have been supplemented and completed. Entire revision was made under the supervision of the Sacred Con-

gregation of Rites and approved of as the official text. The clear and bold type, the correctness in accentuation, as well as the complete appendix, containing all the martyrs of the various religious orders, recommend this volume in a special manner to those communities who recite the divine office in common, while the complete and reliable index of all the saints commended by the Church make it a valuable and an almost indispensable book of reference in the library of every priest and religious community. Prices, with supplement in full morocco, net \$5.50; half morocco, \$4.50; without supplement in full morocco, \$3.75; half morocco, \$2.75.

BODILY HEALTH AND SPIRITUAL VIGOUR. A Book for Preachers and Teachers. By *William J. Lockington, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 128. With diagrams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The following chapters have been compiled from lectures given to members of the Society of Jesus. The aim of the lectures was to point out the evil effects consequent upon neglect of the body, the house wherein the tenant soul must work; to show the obligation that exists of taking a rational care of the body and to furnish a practical method of keeping it in good working order. It has been suggested that they may be of use to a wider audience—to the teachers and preachers who labor so heroically in the vineyard and whose work is often hampered by ill health. To this end they are here published. The main ideas they put forward are founded primarily on the spirit exercises of St. Ignatius and the rules contained therein. Written as they were for Jesuit listeners, much illustrative matter was drawn from the lives of Jesuit workers. This has been allowed to stand unaltered."

The most striking features of these lectures are their clearness, their brevity, their practicability. Any one can understand them, learn them in a short time and put them into practice with profit. The diagrams make it all easier.

THE WAY OF THE HEART. Letters of Direction. By *Mgr. D'Hulst*. Edited, with an Introduction, by *Mgr. A. Baudrillart*, Rector of the Catholic Institute, Paris. Translated by *W. H. Mitchell, M. A.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

These letters were addressed to a penitent whom Mgr. d'Hulst directed without interruption for twenty-one years, from 1875 to 1896, the last being written three days before his death. She lived in the country, he in Paris. They were more than five hundred in number. They deal with all kinds of difficulties, but especially with those which are more common to enlightened classes. The correspondence is not published in its entirety, because many of the

letters deal too intimately with personal or family matters. What is published is admirable in every way, full of information, consolation and direction. Mgr. d'Hulst was a famous director, and a perusal of these letters brings the reader into close touch with him.

CARLYLE, par *L. Cazamian*, professeur à la Sorbonne. 1 vol. in-16 de la collection des Grands Écrivains étrangers. Bloud et Cie, éditeurs, 7, place Saint-Sulpice, Paris (VI.).

This study endeavors to grasp, in its entire development, a powerful work, which dominates the intellectual history of England in the nineteenth century; it endeavors also to seize and explain a fretted personality for which our admiration is greater than our love. In the light of biographical documents now accessible we can study the growth of a soul and character and find the principal influences which have formed both. The course of life and the progress of thought are thus closely associated; but the centre of interest is in faith and its multiple aspects, philosophic, moral, social. Without permitting details to hide the principal parts, the author has tried to make for each step, for each masterly work, the place which is due to it and to neglect nothing essential.

VESPERALE ROMANUM Excerptum ex Antiphonali S. R. E. iussu SS. D. N. Pii X. Pontificis Maximi Restituto et Editio. Editio Ratisbonensis iuxta Vaticanam. Ratisbonae et Romae: Sumptibus et Typis Fr. Pustet.

This new edition of the Vespéral is in strict accordance with the apostolic constitution "Divino Afflatu" of November, 1911, concerning the new psalter and the apostolic letters of Pius X., dated April 25, 1904, concerning Church music, and it is therefore the Vespéral par excellence. In the beginning of the book is shown the Decree of the Congregation of Rites approving the Vatican issue and the letter of the Bishop of Ratisbon authenticating the present edition. This is the best guarantee of correctness and trustworthiness of the book, and its material excellencies are apparent at a glance. The paper, type and binding are so attractive that it is a pleasure to use the book, while the binding is so well done that it will wear indefinitely.

OZANAM, par *M. l'Abbé Ch. Calippe*. Un vol. in-16 de vi.-212 pages, de la Collection "La Pensée et l'Œuvre sociale du Christianisme." Paris, Tralin, 1913.

This new volume from Abbé Calippe is most timely, since it appears exactly as the celebration of the centenary of Ozanam especially attracts the attention of all to the illustrious founder of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. The author, whose previous

works on the social history of French Catholics in the nineteenth century have well prepared him for the task, endeavors to replace Ozanam's charitable activity in the intellectual, moral and religious atmosphere in which he first saw light, in which he grew up and which alone permitted him to attain complete development. What social occupations most attracted him? What faith inspired and sustained him? To these questions we find in this book a faithful and complete answer. From numerous and characteristic writings—of which many are very little known, since they are directly derived from collections which have become hard to find—putting the reader in a position to follow by himself the interesting growth of Ozanam's thought. And as this thought and this activity were never for a moment an isolated specialty of the interior, spiritual life of Ozanam, as they were the direct issue of his religious faith, this the single work on the subject constitutes an authority of the first order in favor of the social vitality of the Catholic faith.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES. By *Rev. T. P. Gallagher, S. T. L., B. C. L.* 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.75. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The object of this work is to see the history of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Old and New Testament, side by side, and assist the reader in forming a grander concept of Him who, while being the Son of God, deigned to become our Elder Brother.

The author takes up the prophecies of the Old Testament in regard to the Messiah, discusses the various interpretations of them, quoting authorities for various opinions concerning them and then draws the conclusion of the Catholic Church.

In the second part he shows the fulfillment of these Old Testament Prophecies in the person of Christ as the New Testament makes Him known to us.

A very interesting and instructive book.

DE DEO UNO ET TRINO ET DE DEO CREATORE. Auctore *Daniel Coghlan, S. T. D.*, Sacrae Theologiae in Collegio Maynutiano S. Patritii Professore. Duo volumina, pp. 708. Dublini: Apud Browne et Nolan.

In these two volumes Dr. Coghlan treats of the matter for the first of the four-year regular course of theology at Maynooth. He follows the Summa with Satolli, Billot and Janssens as guides. The author has an unusually attractive style and uses a simple but elegant Latin, which does not obscure the meaning, but rather makes it clear and easily understood. The book is well suited to class purposes and ought to be much in demand for use in seminaries.

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